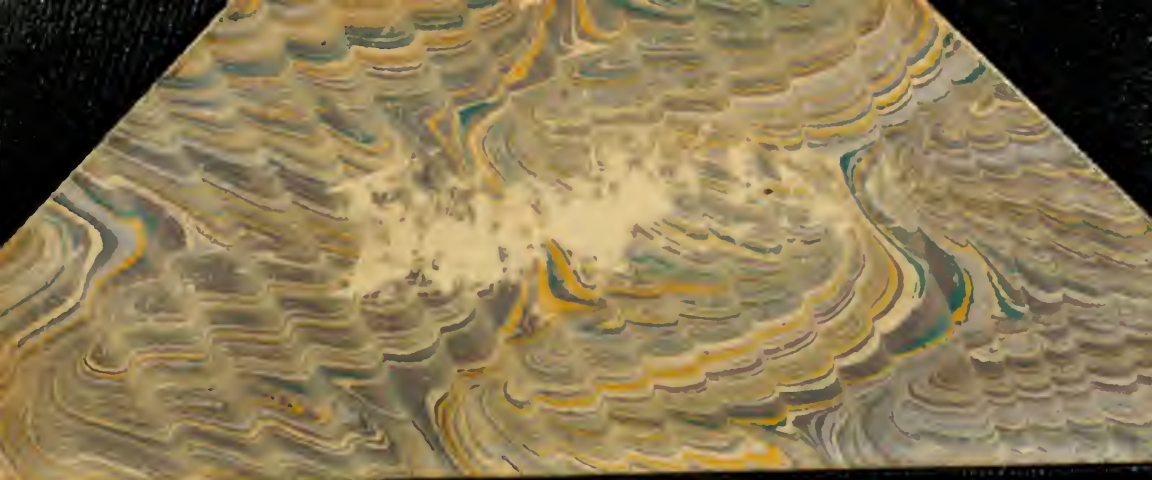

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THE WORKS OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FORTY-NINTH.

LONDON:

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THE

FORTY-NINTH VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS;

CONTAINING

HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK XIII.—XXIV.

THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The fourth Battle continued, in which Neptune aſſiſts the Greeks: the acts of Idomeneus.

NEPTUNE, concerned for the loſs of the Grecians, upon ſeeing the fortification forced by Hector (who had entered the gate near the ſtation of the Ajaxes) aſſumes the ſhape of Calchas, and inſpires thoſe heroes to oppoſe him: then, in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks, who had retired to their veſſels. The Ajaxes form their troops in a cloſe phalanx, and put a ſtop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed; Meriones, loſing his ſpear in the encounter, repairs to ſeek another at the tent of Idomeneus; this occaſions a converſation between thoſe two warriours, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus ſignalizes his courage above the reſt; he kills Othryoneus, Aſius, and Alcathous: Deïphobus and Æneas march againſt him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus, and kills Piſander. The Trojans are repulſed in the left wing; Hector ſtill keeps his ground againſt the Ajaxes, till, being galled by the Locrian ſlingers and archers, Polydamas adviſes to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, but goes firſt to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight and twentieth day ſtill continues. The ſcene is between the Grecian wall and the ſea-ſhore.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XIII.

WHEN now the Thunderer on the ſea-beat coaſt
Had fix'd great Hector and his conquering hoſt;
He left them to the Fates, in bloody fray,
To toil and ſtruggle through the well-fought day;
Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight
Thoſe eyes that ſhed inſufferable light:
To where the Myſians prove their martial force,
And hardy Thracians tame the ſavage horſe;
And where the far-fam'd Hippemolgian ſtrays,
Renown'd for juſtice and for length of days;
Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,
From milk, innoxious, ſeek their ſimple food:
Jove ſees delighted; and avoids the ſcene
Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men:
No aid, he deems, to either hoſt is given,
While his high law ſuſpends the powers of Heaven.
Mean-time the * Monarch of the watery main
Obſerv'd the Thunderer, nor obſerv'd in vain.
In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,
Whoſe waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,
He ſate; and round him caſt his azure eyes,
Where Ida's miſty tops confus'dly riſe;

* Neptune.

Below, fair Ilion's glittering ſpires were ſeen,
The crouded ſhips, and ſable ſeas between.
There, from the cryſtal chambers of the main
Emerg'd, he ſate; and mourn'd his Argives ſlain.
At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury ſtung,
Prone down the rocky ſteep he ruſh'd along;
Fierce as he paſt, the lofty mountains nod,
The foreſt ſhakes! earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footſteps of th' immortal God.
From realm to realm three ample ſtrides he took,
And, at the fourth, the diſtant Ægæ ſhook.
Far in the bay his ſhining palace ſtands,
Eternal frame! not rais'd by mortal hands:
This having reach'd, his braſs-hoof'd ſteeds he reins,
Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
Immortal arms of adamant and gold.
He mounts the car, the golden ſcourge applies,
He ſits ſuperior, and the chariot flies:
His whirling wheels the glaſſy ſurface ſweep;
Th' enormous monſters, rolling o'er the deep,
Gambol around him on the watery way;
And heavy whales in aukward meaſures play:
The ſea ſubſiding ſpreads a level plain,
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
The parting waves before his courſers fly:
The wondering waters leave his axle dry.
Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave;
Between where Tenedos the ſurges lave,
And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave:

There

There the great Ruler of the azure round
Stopp'd his swift chariot, and his steeds unbound,
Fed with ambrosial herbage from his hand,
And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,
Infrangible, immortal: there they stay,
The Father of the floods pursues his way;
Where, like a tempest darkening heaven around,
Or fiery deluge that devours the ground,
Th' impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,
Embattled roll'd as Hector rush'd along:
To the loud tumult and the barbarous cry,
The heavens re-echo, and the shores reply;
They vow destruction to the Grecian name,
And in their hopes, the fleets already flame.
But Neptune, rising from the seas profound,
The God whose earthquakes rock the solid ground,
Now wears a mortal form; like Calchas seen,
Such his loud voice, and such his manly mein;
His shouts incessant every Greek inspire,
But most th' Ajaces, adding fire to fire.
'Tis yours, O warriours, all our hopes to raise;
Oh, recollect your ancient worth and praise:
'Tis yours to save us, if you cease to fear;
Flight, more than shameful, is destructive here.
On other works though Troy with fury fall,
And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall;
There, Greece has strength: but this, this part o'erthrown,
Her strength were vain; I dread for you alone.
Here Hector rages like the force of fire,
Vaunts of his Gods, and calls high Jove his sire.

If yet ſome heavenly Power your breaſt excite,
Breathe in your hearts, and ſtring your arms to fight,
Greece yet may live, her threaten'd fleet remain;
And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be vain:

Then with his ſceptre, that the deep controuls,
He touch'd the chiefs, and ſteel'd their manly ſouls:
Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,
Prompts their light limbs, and ſwells their daring hearts.
Then, as a falcon from the rocky height,
Her quarry ſeen, impetuous at the ſight
Forth-ſpringing inſtant, darts herſelf from high,
Shoots on the wing, and ſkims along the ſky:
Such, and ſo ſwift, the power of Ocean flew;
The wide horizon ſhut him from their view.

Th' inſpiring God, Oileus' active ſon
Perceiv'd the firſt, and thus to Telamon:

Some God, my friend, ſome God in human form
Favouring deſcends, and wills to ſtand the ſtorm.
Not Calchas this, the venerable ſeer;
Short as he turn'd, I ſaw the Power appear:
I mark'd his parting, and the ſteps he trod;
His own bright evidence reveals a God;
Ev'n now ſome energy divine I ſhare,
And ſeem to walk on wings, and tread in air!

With equal ardour (Telamon returns)
My ſoul is kindled, and my boſom burns:
New riſing ſpirits all my force alarm,
Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.
This ready arm, unthinking, ſhakes the dart;
The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart;

Singly,

Singly, methinks, yon towering chief I meet,
And ſtretch the dreadful Hector at my feet.
Full of the God that urg'd their burning breaſt,
The heroes thus their mutual warmth expreſs'd.
Neptune mean-while the routed Greeks inſpir'd,
Who, breathleſs, pale, with length of labours tir'd,
Pant in the ſhips; while Troy to conqueſt calls,
And ſwarms victorious o'er their yielding walls:
Trembling before th' impending ſtorm they lie,
While tears of rage ſtand burning in their eye.
Greece ſunk they thought, and this their fatal hour;
But breathe new courage as they feel the power.
Teucer and Leitus firſt his words excite;
Then ſtern Peneleus riſes to the fight;
Thoas, Deïpyrus, in arms renown'd,
And Merion next, th' impulſive fury found;
Laſt Neſtor's ſon the ſame bold ardour takes,
While thus the God the martial fire awakes:
Oh laſting infamy, oh dire diſgrace
To chiefs of vigorous youth and manly race!
I truſted in the Gods, and you, to ſee
Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free:
Ah no—the glorious combat you diſclaim,
And one black day clouds all her former fame.
Heavens! what a prodigy theſe eyes ſurvey,
Unſeen, unthought, till this amazing day!
Fly we at length from Troy's oft-conquer'd bands?
And falls our fleet by ſuch inglorious hands?
A rout undiſciplin'd, a ſtraggling train,
Not born to glories of the duſty plain;

Like frighted fawns, from hill to hill purſued,
A prey to every ſavage of the wood:
Shall theſe, ſo late who trembled at your name,
Invade your camps, involve your ſhips in flame?
A change ſo ſhameful, ſay, what cauſe has wrought?
The ſoldier's baſeneſs, or the general's fault?
Fools! will ye periſh for your leader's vice;
The purchaſe infamy, and life the price?
'Tis not your cauſe, Achilles' injur'd fame:
Another's is the crime, but yours the ſhame.
Grant that our chief offend through rage or luſt,
Muſt you be cowards if your king's unjuſt?
Prevent this evil, and your country ſave:
Small thought retrieves the ſpirits of the brave.
Think, and ſubdue! on daſtards dead to fame
I waſte no anger, for they feel no ſhame:
But you, the pride, the flower of all our hoſt,
My heart weeps blood to ſee your glory loſt!
Nor deem this day, this battle, all you loſe;
A day more black, a fate more vile, enſues.
Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,
On endleſs infamy, on inſtant death,
For lo! the fated time, th' appointed ſhore;
Hark! the gates burſt, the brazen barriers roar!
Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall;
The hour, the ſpot, to conquer, or to fall.

Theſe words the Grecians' fainting hearts inſpire,
And liſtening armies catch the god-like fire.
Fix'd at his poſt was each bold Ajax found,
With well-rang'd ſquadrons ſtrongly circled round:
So cloſe their order, ſo diſpos'd their fight,
As Pallas' ſelf might view with fix'd delight;

Or

Or had the God of War inclin'd his eyes,
The God of War had own'd a juſt ſurprize.
A choſen phalanx, firm, reſolv'd as Fate,
Deſcending Hector and his battle wait.
An iron ſcene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
Armour in armour lock'd, and ſhields in ſhields,
Spears lean on ſpears, on targets targets throng,
Helms ſtuck to helms, and man drove man along.
The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
As when an earthquake ſtirs the nodding grove;
And, level'd at the ſkies with pointing rays,
Their brandiſh'd lances at each motion blaze.
Thus breathing death, in terrible array,
The cloſe-compacted legions urg'd their way:
Fierce they drove on, impatient to deſtroy;
Troy charg'd the firſt, and Hector firſt of Troy.
As from ſome mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne
(Which from the ſtubborn ſtone a torrent rends)
Precipitate the ponderous maſs deſcends:
From ſteep to ſteep the rolling ruin bounds;
At every ſhock the crackling wood reſounds;
Still gathering force, it ſmokes; and, urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain:
There ſtops—So Hector. Their whole force he prov'd,
Reſiſtleſs when he rag'd, and when he ſtopt, unmov'd.
On him the war is bent, the darts are ſhed,
And all their falchions wave around his head:
Repuls'd he ſtands, nor from his ſtand retires;
But with repeated ſhouts his army fires.

Trojans!

Trojans! be firm; this arm ſhall make your way
Through yon ſquare body, and that black array.
Stand, and my ſpear ſhall rout their ſcattering power,
Strong as they ſeem, embattled like a tower.
For he that Juno's heavenly boſom warms,
The firſt of Gods, this day inſpires our arms.

He ſaid, and rouz'd the ſoul in every breaſt;
Urg'd with deſire of fame, beyond the reſt,
Forth march'd Deïphobus; but, marching, held
Before his wary ſteps his ample ſhield.
Bold Merion aim'd a ſtroke (nor aim'd it wide)
The glittering javelin pierc'd the tough bull-hide;
But pierc'd not through: unfaithful to his hand,
The point broke ſhort, and ſparkled in the ſand.
The Trojan warriour, touch'd with timely fear,
On the rais'd orb to diſtance bore the ſpear:
The Greek retreating mourn'd his fruſtrate blow,
And curs'd the treacherous lance that ſpar'd a foe:
Then to the ſhips with ſurly ſpeed he went,
To ſeek a ſurer javelin in his tent.

Meanwhile with riſing rage the battle glows,
The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.
By Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,
The ſon of Mentor, rich in generous ſteeds.
Ere yet to Troy the ſons of Greece were led,
In fair Pedæus' verdant paſtures bred,
The youth had dwelt; remote from war's alarms,
And bleſs'd in bright Medeſicaſte's arms:
(This nymph, the fruit of Priam's ravith'd joy,
Ally'd the warriour to the houſe of Troy.)

To

To Troy, when glory call'd his arms, he came,
And match'd the braveſt of her chiefs in fame:
With Priam's ſons, a guardian of the throne,
He liv'd, belov'd and honour'd as his own.
Him Teucer pierc'd between the throat and ear:
He groans beneath the Telamonian ſpear.
As from ſome far-ſeen mountain's airy crown,
Subdued by ſteel, a tall aſh tumbles down,
And foils its verdant treſſes on the ground:
So falls the youth; his arms the fall reſound.
Then Teucer ruſhing to deſpoil the dead,
From Hector's hand a ſhining javelin fled:
He ſaw, and ſhunn'd the death; the forceful dart
Sung on, and pierc'd Amphimachus's heart,
Cteatus' ſon, of Neptune's forceful line;
Vain was his courage, and his race divine!
Proſtrate he falls; his clanging arms reſound,
And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
To ſeize his beamy helm the victor flies,
And juſt had faſten'd on the dazzling prize,
When Ajax' manly arm a javelin flung;
Full on the ſhield's round boſs the weapon rung;
He felt the ſhock, nor more was doom'd to feel,
Secure in mail, and ſheath'd in ſhining ſteel.
Repuls'd, he yields; the victor Greeks obtain
The ſpoils conteſted, and bear off the ſlain.
Between the leaders of th' Athenian line
(Stichius the brave, Meneſtheus the divine)
Deplor'd Amphimachus, ſad object! lies;
Imbrius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize.

As

As two grim lions bear across the lawn,
Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a slaughter'd fawn,
In their fell jaws high-lifting through the wood,
And sprinkling all the shrubs with drops of blood;
So these the chief: great Ajax from the dead
Strips his bright arms, Oïleus lops his head:
Toss'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,
At Hector's feet the gory visage lay.

The God of Ocean, fir'd with stern disdain,
And pierc'd with sorrow for his * grandson slain,
Inspires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands,
And breathes destruction on the Trojan bands.
Swift as a whirlwind rushing to the fleet,
He finds the lance-fam'd Idomen of Crete;
His pensive brow the generous care express'd
With which a wounded soldier touch'd his breast,
Whom in the chance of war a javelin tore,
And his sad comrades from the battle bore;
Him to the surgeons of the camp he sent;
That office paid, he issued from his tent,
Fierce for the fight; to whom the God begun,
In Thoas' voice, Andræmon's valiant son,
Who rul'd where Calydon's white rocks arise,
And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the skies:

Where's now th' imperious vaunt, the daring boast,
Of Greece victorious, and proud Ilion lost?

To whom the king: On Greece no blame be thrown,
Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.
Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains
Nor fear withholds, nor shameful sloth detains.

* Amphimachus.

'Tis Heaven, alas! and Jove's all-powerful doom,
That far, far distant from our native home
Wills us to fall, inglorious! Oh my friend!
Once foremost in the fight, still prone to lend
Or arms or counsels, now perform thy best,
And what thou canst not singly, urge the rest.

Thus he; and thus the God, whose force can make
The solid globe's eternal basis shake:
Ah! never may he see his native land,
But feed the vultures on this hateful strand,
Who seeks ignobly in his ships to stay,
Nor dares to combat on this signal day!
For this, behold! in horrid arms I shine,
And urge thy soul to rival acts with mine:
Together let us battle on the plain;
Two, not the worst; nor ev'n this succour vain:
Not vain the weakest, if their force unite;
But ours, the bravest have confess'd in fight.

This said, he rushes where the combat burns;
Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns.
From thence, two javelins glittering in his hand,
And clad in arms that lighten'd all the strand,
Fierce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove;
Like lightning bursting from the arm of Jove,
Which to pale man the wrath of Heaven declares,
Or terrifies th' offending world with wars;
In streamy sparkles, kindling all the skies,
From pole to pole the trail of glory flies.
Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng
Gleam'd dreadful, as the monarch flash'd along.

Him,

Him near his tent, Meriones attends;
Whom thus he queſtions: Ever beſt of friends!
O ſay, in every art of battle ſkill'd,
What holds thy courage from ſo brave a field?
On ſome important meſſage art thou bound,
Or bleeds my friend by ſome unhappy wound?
Inglorious here, my ſoul abhors to ſtay,
And glows with proſpects of th' approaching day.
O prince! (Meriones replies) whoſe care
Leads forth th' embattled ſons of Crete to war;
This ſpeaks my grief; this headleſs lance I wield;
The reſt lies rooted in a Trojan ſhield.
To whom the Cretan: Enter, and receive
The wanted weapons; thoſe my tent can give;
Spears I have ſtore (and Trojan lances all)
That ſhed a luſtre round th' illumin'd wall.
Though I, diſdainful of the diſtant war,
Nor truſt the dart, nor aim th' uncertain ſpear,
Yet hand to hand I fight, and ſpoil the ſlain;
And thence theſe trophies and theſe arms I gain.
Enter, and ſee on heaps the helmets roll'd,
And high-hung ſpears, and ſhields that flame with gold.
Nor vain (ſaid Merion) are our martial toils;
We too can boaſt of no ignoble ſpoils.
But thoſe my ſhip contains; whence diſtant far,
I fight conſpicuous in the van of war.
What need I more? if any Greek there be
Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee.
To this, Idomeneus: The fields of fight
Have prov'd thy valour, and unconquer'd might:

And were ſome ambuſh for the foes deſign'd,
Ev'n there, thy courage would not lag behind.
In that ſharp ſervice, ſingled from the reſt,
The fear of each, or valour, ſtands confeſt,
No force, no firmneſs, the pale coward ſhows;
He ſhifts his place; his colour comes and goes;
A dropping ſweat creeps cold on every part,
Againſt his boſom beats his quivering heart;
Terrour and death in his wild eye-balls ſtare;
With chattering teeth he ſtands, and ſtiffening hair,
And looks a bloodleſs image of deſpair!
Not ſo the brave—ſtill dauntleſs, ſtill the ſame,
Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame;
Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
And fix'd his ſoul, to conquer or to die:
If aught diſturb the tenour of his breaſt,
'Tis but the wiſh to ſtrike before the reſt.
In ſuch aſſays thy blameleſs worth is known,
And every art of dangerous war thy own.
By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,
Thoſe wounds were glorious all, and all before;
Such as may teach, 'twas ſtill thy brave delight
T' oppoſe thy boſom where the foremoſt fight.
But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms?
Go—from my conquer'd ſpears the choiceſt take,
And to their owners ſend them nobly back.
Swift as the word bold Merion ſnatch'd a ſpear,
And breathing ſlaughter follow'd to the war.
So Mars armipotent invades the plain
(The wide deſtroyer of the race of man).

Terrour,

Terrour, his beſt-lov'd ſon, attends his courſe,
Arm'd with ſtern boldneſs, and enormous force;
The pride of haughty warriours to confound,
And lay the ſtrength of tyrants on the ground:
From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms
Of warring Phlegyians, and Ephyrian arms;
Invok'd by both, relentleſs, they diſpoſe
To theſe glad conqueſt, murderous rout to thoſe.
So march'd the leaders of the Cretan train,
And their bright arms ſhot horrour o'er the plain.
Then firſt ſpake Merion: Shall we join the right,
Or combat in the centre of the fight?
Or to the left our wanted ſuccour lend?
Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.
Not in the centre (Idomen reply'd):
Our ableſt chiefmains the main battle guide;
Each god-like Ajax makes that poſt his care,
And gallant Teucer deals deſtruction there:
Skill'd, or with ſhafts to gall the diſtant field,
Or bear cloſe battle on the ſounding ſhield.
Theſe can the rage of haughty Hector tame:
Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame;
Till Jove himſelf deſcends, his bolts to ſhed,
And hurl the blazing ruin at our head.
Great muſt he be, of more than human birth,
Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,
Him neither rocks can cruſh, nor ſteel can wound,
Whom Ajax fells not on th' enſanguin'd ground:
In ſtanding fight he mates Achilles' force,
Excell'd alone in ſwiftneſs in the courſe.

Then

Then to the left our ready arms apply,
And live with glory, or with glory die.
He said; and Merion to th' appointed place,
Fierce as the God of battles, urg'd his pace.
Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld
Rush like a fiery torrent o'er the field,
Their force embodied in a tide they pour;
The rising combat sounds along the shore.
As warring winds, in Sirius' sultry reign,
From different quarters sweep the sandy plain;
On every side the dusty whirlwinds rise,
And the dry fields are lifted to the skies:
Thus, by despair, hope, rage, together driven,
Met the black hosts, and, meeting, darken'd heaven.
All dreadful glar'd the iron face of war,
Bristled with upright spears, that flash'd afar;
Dire was the gleam, of breast-plates, helms, and shields,
And polish'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields;
Tremendous scene! that general horrour gave,
But touch'd with joy the bosoms of the brave.
Saturn's great sons in fierce contention vy'd,
And crouds of heroes in their anger dy'd.
The Sire of earth and heaven, by Thetis won
To crown with glory Peleus' god-like son,
Will'd not destruction to the Grecian powers,
But spar'd a while the destin'd Trojan towers:
While Neptune, rising from his azure main,
Warr'd on the King of Heaven with stern disdain,
And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the Grecian train.
Gods of one source, of one ethereal race,
Alike divine, and heaven their native place;

But Jove the greater; firſt-born of the ſkies,
And more than men, or Gods, ſupremely wiſe.
For this, of Jove's ſuperior might afraid,
Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid.
Theſe powers infold the Greek and Trojan train
In War and Diſcord's adamantine chain,
Indiſſolubly ſtrong; the fatal tye
Is ſtretch'd on both, and, cloſe-compell'd, they die.
Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats grey,
The bold Idomeneus controls the day.
Firſt by his hand Othryoneus was ſlain,
Swell'd with falſe hopes, with mad ambition vain!
Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,
From high Cabeſus' diſtant walls he came;
Caſſandra's love he fought, with boaſts of power,
And promis'd conqueſt was the proffer'd dower.
The king conſented, by his vaunts abus'd;
The king conſented, but the Fates refus'd.
Proud of himſelf, and of th' imagin'd bride,
The field he meaſur'd with a larger ſtride.
Him, as he ſtalk'd, the Cretan javelin found;
Vain was his breaſt-plate to repel the wound:
His dream of glory loſt, he plung'd to hell:
His arms reſounded as the boaſter fell.
The great Idomeneus beſtrides the dead;
And thus (he cries) behold thy promiſe ſped!
Such is the help thy arms to Ilion bring,
And ſuch the contract of the Phrygian king!
Our offers now, illuſtrious prince! receive;
For ſuch an aid what will not Argos give?

To

To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,
And count Atrides' fairest daughter thine.
Meantime, on farther methods to advise,
Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies;
There hear what Greece has on her part to say.
He spoke, and dragg'd the gory corse away.
This Asius view'd, unable to contain,
Before his chariot warring on the plain;
(His crouded coursers, to his squire consign'd,
Impatient panted on his neck behind)
To vengeance rising with a sudden spring,
He hop'd the conquest of the Cretan king.
The wary Cretan, as his foe drew near,
Full on his throat discharg'd the forceful spear:
Beneath the chin the point was seen to glide,
And glitter'd, extant at the farther side.
As when the mountain-oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,
Groans to the oft-heav'd ax, with many a wound,
Then spreads a length of ruin o'er the ground:
So sunk proud Asius in that dreadful day,
And stretch'd before his much-lov'd coursers lay.
He grinds the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the shore,
Depriv'd of motion, stiff with stupid fear,
Stands all aghast his trembling charioteer,
Nor shuns the foe, nor turns the steeds away,
But falls transfix'd, an unresisting prey:
Pierc'd by Antilochus, he pants beneath
The stately car, and labours out his breath.

Thus Aſius' ſteeds (their mighty maſter gone)
Remain the prize of Neſtor's youthful ſon.
Stabb'd at the fight, Deïphobus drew nigh,
And made, with force, the vengeful weapon fly.
The Cretan ſaw; and, ſtooping, caus'd to glance
From his ſlope ſhield, the diſappointed lance.
Beneath the ſpacious targe (a blazing round,
Thick with bull-hides and brazen orbits bound,
On his rais'd arm by two ſtrong braces ſtay'd)
He lay collected in defenſive ſhade;
O'er his ſafe head the javelin idly ſung,
And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.
Ev'n then, the ſpear the vigorous arm confeſt,
And pierc'd, obliquely, king Hypſenor's breaſt:
Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore
The chief, his people's guardian now no more!
Not unattended (the proud Trojan cries)
Nor unreveng'd, lamented Aſius lies:
For thee though hell's black portals ſtand diſplay'd,
This mate ſhall joy thy melancholy ſhade.
Heart-piercing anguiſh, at the haughty boaſt,
Touch'd every Greek, but Neſtor's ſon the moſt.
Griev'd as he was, his pious arms attend,
And his broad buckler ſhields his ſlaughter'd friend;
Till ſad Meciſtheus and Alaſtor bore
His honour'd body to the tented ſhore.
Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws;
Reſolv'd to periſh in his country's cauſe,
Or find ſome foe, whom heaven and he ſhall doom
To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom.

He

He ſees Alcathoüs in the front aſpire:
Great Æſyetes was the hero's ſire:
His ſpouſe Hippodamè, divinely fair,
Anchiſes' eldeſt hope, and darling care;
Who charm'd her parent's and her huſband's heart,
With beauty, ſenſe, and every work of art:
He once, of Ilion's youth, the lovelieſt boy,
The faireſt ſhe, of all the fair of Troy.
By Neptune now the hapleſs hero dies,
Who covers with a cloud thoſe beauteous eyes,
And fetters every limb: yet, bent to meet
His fate, he ſtands; nor ſhuns the lance of Crete.
Fixt as ſome column, or deep-rooted oak,
(While the winds ſleep) his breaſt receiv'd the ſtroke.
Before the ponderous ſtroke his corſelet yields,
Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.
The riven armour ſends a jarring ſound:
His labouring heart heaves with ſo ſtrong a bound,
The long lance ſhakes, and vibrates in the wound.
Faſt-flowing from its ſource, as prone he lay,
Life's purple tide impetuous guſh'd away.
Then Idomen, inſulting o'er the ſlain;
Behold, Deïphobus! nor vaunt in vain:
See! on one Greek three Trojan ghoſts attend,
This, my third victim, to the ſhades I ſend.
Approaching now, thy boaſted might approve,
And try the proweſs of the ſeed of Jove.
From Jove, enamour'd on a mortal dame,
Great Minos, guardian of his country, came:
Deucalion, blameleſs prince! was Minos' heir;
His firſt-born I, the third from Jupiter:

O'er ſpacious Crete and her bold ſons I reign,
And thence my ſhips tranſport me through the main:
Lord of a hoſt, o'er all my hoſt I ſhine,
A ſcourge to thee, thy father, and thy line.
The Trojan heard; uncertain, or to meet
Alone, with venturous arms, the king of Crete;
Or ſeek auxiliar force: at length decreed
To call ſome hero to partake the deed,
Forthwith Æneas riſes to his thought:
For him, in Troy's remoteſt lines, he ſought;
Where he, incens'd at partial Priam, ſtands,
And ſees ſuperiour poſts in meaner hands.
To him, ambitious of ſo great an aid,
The bold Deïphobus approach'd, and ſaid:
Now, Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms,
If e'er thy boſom felt fair honour's charms.
Alcathoüs dies, thy brother and thy friend!
Come, and the warriour's lov'd remains defend.
Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,
One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.
This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe;
Haſte, and revenge it on th' inſulting foe.
Æneas heard, and for a ſpace reſign'd
To tender pity all his manly mind;
Then, riſing in his rage, he burns to fight:
The Greek awaits him, with collected might.
As the fell boar on ſome rough mountain's head,
Arm'd with wild terrours, and to ſlaughter bred,
When the loud ruſticks riſe, and ſhout from far,
Attends the tumult, and expects the war;

O'er

O'er his bent back the briſtly honours riſe,
Fires ſtream in lightning from his ſanguine eyes;
His foaming tuſks both dogs and men engage,
But moſt his hunters rouze his mighty rage:
So ſtood Idomeneus, his javelin ſhook,
And met the Trojan with a lowering look.
Antilochus, Deïpyrus, were near,
The youthful offspring of the God of war,
Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd:
To theſe the warriour ſent his voice around:
Fellows in arms! your timely aid unite;
Lo, great Æneas ruſhes to the fight:
Sprung from a God, and more than mortal bold;
He freſh in youth, and I in arms grown old.
Elſe ſhould this hand, this hour, decide the ſtrife,
The great diſpute, of glory, or of life.
He ſpoke; and all as with one ſoul obey'd;
Their lifted bucklers caſt a dreadful ſhade
Around the chief. Æneas too demands
Th' aſſiſting forces of his native lands:
Paris, Deïphobus, Ajenor join;
(Co-aids and captains of the Trojan line)
In order follow all th' embodied train;
Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'er the plain;
Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,
Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold:
With joy the ſwain ſurveys them, as he leads
To the cool fountains, through the well-known meads,
So joys Æneas, as his native band
Moves on in rank, and ſtretches o'er the land.

Round dead Alcathoüs now the battle roſe;
On every ſide the ſteely circle grows;
Now batter'd breaſt-plates and hack'd helmets ring,
And o'er their heads unheeded javelins ſing.
Above the reſt two towering chiefs appear,
There great Idomeneus, Æneas here.
Like Gods of war, diſpenſing fate, they ſtood,
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.
The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air,
The Cretan ſaw, and ſhunn'd the brazen ſpear:
Sent from an arm ſo ſtrong, the miſſive wood
Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it ſtood.
But Oenomas receiv'd the Cretan's ſtroke,
The forceful ſpear his hollow corſelet broke,
It ripp'd his belly with a ghaſtly wound,
And roll'd the ſmoaking entrails to the ground.
Stretch'd on the plain, he ſobs away his breath,
And furious graſps the bloody duſt in death.
The victor from his breaſt the weapon tears;
(His ſpoils he could not, for the ſhower of ſpears.)
Though now unfit an active war to wage,
Heavy with cumberous arms, ſtiff with cold age,
His liſtleſs limbs unable for the courſe;
In ſtanding fight he yet maintains his force:
Till, faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,
His tir'd ſlow ſteps he drags from off the field.
Deïphobus beheld him as he paſt,
And, fir'd with hate, a parting javelin caſt:
The javelin err'd, but held its courſe along,
And pierc'd Aſcalaphus, the brave and young:

The

The ſon of Mars fell gaſping on the ground,
And gnaſh'd the duſt all bloody with his wound.
Nor knew the furious father of his fall;
High-thron'd amidſt the great Olympian hall,
On golden clouds th' immortal ſynod ſate;
Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and Fate.
Now, where in duſt the breathleſs hero lay,
For ſlain Aſcalaphus commenc'd the fray.
Deïphobus to ſeize his helmet flies,
And from his temples rends the glittering prize;
Valiant as Mars, Meriones drew near,
And on his loaded arm diſcharg'd his ſpear:
He drops the weight, diſabled with the pain;
The hollow helmet rings againſt the plain.
Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,
From his torn arm the Grecian rent away
The reeking javelin, and rejoin'd his friends.
His wounded brother good Polites tends;
Around his waiſt his pious arms he threw,
And from the rage of combat gently drew:
Him his ſwift courſers, on his ſplendid car,
Rapt from the leſſening thunder of the war;
To Troy they drove him, groaning from the ſhore,
And ſprinkling, as he paſs'd, the ſands with gore.
Meanwhile freſh ſlaughter bathes the ſanguine ground,
Heaps fall on heaps, and heaven and earth reſound.
Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled;
As tow'rd the chief he turn'd his daring head,
He pierc'd his throat; the bending head, depreſt
Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breaſt;

His

His ſhield revers'd o'er the fall'n warriour lies;
And everlaſting ſlumber ſeals his eyes.
Antilochus, as Thoön turn'd him round,
Tranſpierc'd his back with a diſhoneſt wound:
The hollow vein that to the neck extends
Along the chine, his eager javelin rends:
Supine he falls, and to his ſocial train
Spreads his imploring arms, but ſpreads in vain.
Th' exulting victor, leaping where he lay,
From his broad ſhoulders tore the ſpoils away;
His time obſerv'd; for, clos'd by foes around,
On all ſides thick, the peals of arms reſound.
His ſhield, emboſs'd, the ringing ſtorm ſuſtains,
But he impervious and untouch'd remains.
(Great Neptune's care preſerv'd from hoſtile rage
This youth, the joy of Neſtor's glorious age)
In arms intrepid, with the firſt he fought,
Fac'd every foe, and every danger ſought;
His winged lance, reſiſtleſs as the wind,
Obeys each motion of the maſter's mind,
Reſtleſs it flies, impatient to be free,
And meditates the diſtant enemy.
The ſon of Aſius, Adamas, drew near,
And ſtruck his target with the brazen ſpear,
Fierce in his front: but Neptune wards the blow,
And blunts the javelin of th' eluded foe.
In the broad buckler half the weapon ſtood;
Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.
Diſarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew;
But Merion's ſpear o'ertook him as he flew,

Deep

Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,
Where sharp the pang, and mortal is the wound.
Bending, he fell, and doubled to the ground,
Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters ty'd,
While death's strong pangs distend his labouring side,
His bulk enormous on the field displays;
His heaving heart beats thick, as ebbing life decays.
The spear, the conqueror from his body drew,
And death's dim shadows swam before his view.
Next brave Deïpyrus in dust was laid:
King Helenus wav'd high the Thracian blade,
And smote his temples, with an arm so strong,
The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng:
There, for some luckier Greek it rests a prize;
For dark in death the god-like owner lies!
Raging with grief, great Menelaüs burns,
And, fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns;
That shook the ponderous lance, in act to throw;
And this stood adverse with the bended bow:
Full on his breast the Trojan arrow fell,
But harmless bounded from the plated steel.
As on some ample barn's well-harden'd floor,
(The winds collected at each open door)
While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
Light leaps the golden grain, resulting from the ground:
So from the steel that guards Atrides' heart,
Repell'd to distance flies the bounding dart.
Atrides, watchful of th' unwary foe,
Pierc'd with his lance the hand that grasp'd the bow,

And

And nail'd it to the eugh: the wounded hand
Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the sand.
But good Agenor gently from the wound
The spear solicits, and the bandage bound;
A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,
At once the tent and ligature supply'd.

Behold! Pisander, urg'd by Fate's decree,
Springs through the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
Great Menelaüs! to enhance thy fame;
High-towering in the front, the warriour came.
First the sharp lance was by Atrides thrown;
The lance far distant by the winds was blown.
Nor pierc'd Pisander through Atrides' shield;
Pisander's spear fell shiver'd on the field.
Not so discourag'd, to the future blind,
Vain dreams of conquest swell his haughty mind;
Dauntless he rushes where the Spartan lord
Like lightning brandish'd his far-beaming sword.

His left arm high oppos'd the shining shield:
His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-ax held
(An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,
Distinct with studs; and brazen was the blade);
This on the helm discharg'd a noble blow;
The plume dropt nodding to the plain below,
Shorn from the crest. Atrides wav'd his steel:
Deep through his front the weighty falchion fell;
The crashing bones before its force gave way;
In dust and blood the groaning hero lay;
Forc'd from their ghastly orbs, and spouting gore,
The clotted eye-balls tumble on the shore.

The

The fierce Atrides ſpurn'd him as he bled,
Tore off his arms, and, loud-exulting, ſaid:
Thus, Trojans, thus, at length be taught to fear;
O race perfidious, who delight in war!
Already noble deeds ye have perform'd,
A princeſs rapt tranſcends a navy ſtorm'd:
In ſuch bold feats your impious might approve,
Without th' aſſiſtance, or the fear, of Jove.
The violated rites, the raviſh'd dame,
Our heroes ſlaughter'd, and our ſhips on flame,
Crimes heap'd on crimes ſhall bend your glory down,
And whelm in ruins yon flagitious town.
O thou, great Father! Lord of earth and ſkies,
Above the thought of man! ſupremely wiſe!
If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,
From whence this favour to an impious foe,
A godleſs crew, abandon'd and unjuſt,
Still breathing rapine, violence, and luſt?
The beſt of things, beyond their meaſure, cloy;
Sleep's balmy bleſſing, love's endearing joy;
The feaſt, the dance; whate'er mankind deſire,
Ev'n the ſweet charms of ſacred numbers tire.
But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight
In thirſt of ſlaughter, and in luſt of fight.
This ſaid, he ſeiz'd (while yet the carcaſs heav'd)
The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd:
Then ſudden mix'd among the warring crew,
And the bold ſon of Pylæmenes ſlew,
Harpalion had through Aſia travel'd far,
Following his martial father to the war;

Through

Through filial love he left his native ſhore,
Never, ah never, to behold it more!
His unſucceſsful ſpear he chanc'd to fling
Againſt the target of the Spartan king;
Thus of his lance diſarm'd, from death he flies,
And turns around his apprehenſive eyes.
Him, through the hip tranſpiercing as he fled,
The ſhaft of Merion mingled with the dead.
Beneath the bone the glancing point deſcends,
And, driving down, the ſwelling bladder rends:
Sunk in his ſad companions arms he lay,
And in ſhort pantings ſobb'd his ſoul away;
(Like ſome vile worm extended on the ground)
While life's red torrent guſh'd from out the wound.
Him on his car the Paphlagonian train
In ſlow proceſſion bore from off the plain.
The penſive father, father now no more!
Attends the mournful pomp along the ſhore;
And unavailing tears profuſely ſhed;
And, unreveng'd, deplor'd his offspring dead.
Paris from far the moving ſight beheld,
With pity ſoften'd, and with fury ſwell'd;
His honour'd hoſt, a youth of matchleſs grace,
And lov'd of all the Paphlagonian race;
With his full ſtrength he bent his angry bow,
And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.
A chief there was, the brave Euchenor nam'd,
For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,
Who held his ſeat in Corinth's ſtately town;
Polydus' ſon, a ſeer of old renown.

Oft

Oft had the father told his early doom,
By arms abroad, or slow disease at home:
He climb'd his vessel, prodigal of breath,
And chose the certain, glorious path to death.
Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went;
The soul came issuing at the narrow vent;
His limbs, unnerv'd, drop useless on the ground,
And everlasting darkness shades him round.

Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield
(Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field);
Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,
And conquest hovers o'er th' Achaian bands:
With such a tide superior virtue sway'd,
And he * that shakes the solid earth, gave aid.
But in the center Hector fix'd remain'd,
Where first the gates were forc'd and bulwarks gain'd;
There, on the margin of the hoary deep,
(Their naval station where th' Ajaces keep,
And where low walls confine the beating tides,
Whose humble barrier scarce the foe divides;
Where late in fight, both foot and horse engag'd,
And all the thunder of the battle rag'd)
There join'd, the whole Bœotian strength remains,
The proud Ionians with their sweeping trains,
Locrians and Phthians, and th' Epæan force;
But, join'd, repel not Hector's fiery course.
The flower of Athens, Stichius, Phidas led,
Bias and great Menestheus at their head.
Meges the strong the Epeian bands control'd,
And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold;

* Neptune.

The

The Phthians Medon, fam'd for martial might,
And brave Podarces, active in the fight.
This drew from Phylacus his noble line;
Iphiclus' son: and that (Oileus) thine:
(Young Ajax' brother, by a ſtol'n embrace;
He dwelt far diſtant from his native place,
By his fierce ſtepdame from his father's reign
Expell'd and exil'd for her brother ſlain.)
Theſe rule the Phthians, and their arms employ
Mixt with Bœotians, on the ſhores of Troy.

Now ſide by ſide, with like unweary'd care,
Each Ajax labour'd through the field of war:
So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,
Force the bright plow-ſhare through the fallow ſoil,
Join'd to one yoke, the ſtubborn earth they tear,
And trace large furrows with the ſhining ſhare;
O'er their huge limbs the foam deſcends in ſnow,
And ſtreams of ſweat down their four foreheads flow.
A train of heroes follow'd through the field,
Who bore by turns great Ajax' ſeven-fold ſhield;
Whene'er he breath'd, remiſſive of his might,
Tir'd with inceſſant ſlaughters of the fight.
No following troops his brave aſſociate grace:
In cloſe engagement an unpractis'd race,
The Locrian ſquadrons nor the javelin wield,
Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony ſhield;
But ſkill'd from far the flying ſhaft to wing,
Or whirl the founding pebble from the ſling;
Dextrous with theſe they aim a certain wound,
Or fell the diſtant warriour to the ground.

Thus

Thus in the van, the Telamonian train
Throng'd in bright arms, a preſſing fight maintain;
Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie,
Whoſe ſtones and arrows intercept the ſky,
The mingled tempeſt on the foes they pour;
Troy's ſcattering orders open to the ſhower.
Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquir'd,
And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retir'd;
But ſage Polydames, diſcreetly brave,
Addreſs'd great Hector, and this counſel gave:
Though great in all, thou ſeem'ſt averſe to lend
Impartial audience to a faithful friend;
To Gods and men thy matchleſs worth is known,
And every art of glorious war thy own;
But in cool thought and counſel to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well?
Content with what the bounteous Gods have given,
Seek not alone t' engroſs the gifts of Heaven.
To ſome the powers of bloody war belong,
To ſome, ſweet muſick, and the charm of ſong;
To few, and wondrous few, has Jove aſſign'd
A wiſe, extenſive, all-conſidering mind;
Their guardians theſe, the nations round confeſs,
And towns and empires for their ſafety bleſs.
If Heaven have lodg'd this virtue in my breaſt,
Attend, O Hector, what I judge the beſt:
See, as thou mov'ſt, on dangers dangers ſpread,
And war's whole fury burns around thy head.
Behold! diſtreſs'd within yon hoſtile wall,
How many Trojans yield, diſperſe, or fall?

What troops, out-number'd, ſcarce the war maintain?
And what brave heroes at the ſhips lie ſlain?
Here ceaſe thy fury; and the chiefs and kings
Convok'd to council, weigh the ſum of things.
Whether (the Gods ſucceeding our deſires)
To yon tall ſhips to bear the Trojan fires;
Or quit the fleet, and paſs unhurt away,
Contented with the conqueſt of the day.
I fear, I fear, leſt Greece, not yet undone,
Pay the large debt of laſt revolving ſun;
Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!
The counſel pleas'd; and Hector, with a bound,
Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground;
Swift as he leap'd his clanging arms reſound.
'To guard this poſt (he cried) thy art employ,
And here detain the ſcatter'd youth of Troy;
Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,
And haſten back to end the doubtful day.
This ſaid; the towering chief prepares to go,
Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,
And ſeems a moving mountain topt with ſnow.
Through all his hoſt, inſpiring force, he flies,
And bids anew the martial thunder riſe.
To Panthus' ſon, at Hector's high command,
Haſte the bold leaders of the Trojan band:
But round the battlements, and round the plain,
For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain;
Deiphobus, nor Helenus the ſeer,
Nor Aſius' ſon, nor Aſius ſelf appear.

For

For these were pierc'd with many a ghastly wound,
Some cold in death, some groaning on the ground;
Some low in dust (a mournful object) lay;
High on the wall some breath'd their souls way.
Far on the left, amid the throng he found
(Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)
The graceful Paris; whom, with fury mov'd,
Opprobrious, thus, th' impatient chief reprov'd:
Ill-fated Paris! slave to woman-kind,
As smooth of face as fraudulent of mind!
Where is Deïphobus, where Asius gone?
The god-like father, and th' intrepid son?
The force of Helenus, dispensing fate;
And great Othryoneus, so fear'd of late?
Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging Gods,
Imperial Troy from her foundations nods;
Whelm'd in thy country's ruins shalt thou fall,
And one devouring vengeance swallow all.
When Paris thus: My brother and my friend,
Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.
In other battles I deserv'd thy blame,
Though then not deedless, nor unknown to fame:
But since yon rampart by thy arms lay low,
I scatter'd slaughter from my fatal bow.
The chiefs you seek on yonder shore lie slain;
Of all those heroes, two alone remain;
Deïphobus, and Helenus the seer:
Each now disabled by a hostile spear.
Go then, successful, where thy soul inspires:
This heart and hand shall second all thy fires:

What with this arm I can, prepare to know,
Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.
But, 'tis not ours, with forces not our own
To combat; ſtrength is of the Gods alone.
Theſe words the hero's angry mind aſſuage:
Then fierce they mingle where the thickeſt rage.
Around Polydamas, diſtain'd with blood.
Cebrion, Phalces, ſtern Orthæus ſtood.
Palmus, with Polypætes the divine,
And two bold brothers of Hippotion's line:
(Who reach'd fair Ilion, from Aſcania far,
The former day; the next engag'd in war.)
As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind ſprings,
That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,
Wide o'er the blaſted fields the tempeſt ſweeps;
Then, gather'd, ſettles on the hoary deeps;
Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar;
The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the ſhore:
Thus rank on rank the thick battalions throng,
Chief urg'd on chief, and man drove man along.
Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,
The brazen arms reflect a beamy light:
Full in the blazing van great Hector ſhin'd,
Like Mars commiſſion'd to confound mankind.
Before Him flaming, his enormous ſhield
Like the broad ſun, illumin'd all the field:
His nodding helm emits a ſtreamy ray;
His piercing eyes through all the battle ſtray,

And, while beneath his targe he flaſh'd along,
Shot terrours round, that wither'd ev'n the ſtrong.
Thus ſtalk'd he, dreadful; death was in his look;
Whole nations fear'd; but not an Argive ſhook.
The towering Ajax, with an ample ſtride,
Advanc'd the firſt, and thus the chief defy'd:
Hector! come on, thy empty threats forbear:
'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thundering Jove we fear:
The ſkill of war to us not idly given,
Lo! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but Heaven.
Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,
To force our fleet: the Greeks have hands, and hearts.
Long ere in flames our lofty navy fall,
Your boaſted city and your god-built wall
Shall ſink beneath us, ſmoaking on the ground;
And ſpread a long, unmeaſur'd ruin round,
The time ſhall come, when, chac'd along the plain,
Ev'n thou ſhalt call on Jove, and call in vain;
Ev'n thou ſhalt wiſh, to aid thy deſperate courſe,
The wings of falcons for thy flying horſe;
Shalt run, forgetful of a warriour's fame,
While clouds of friendly duſt conceal thy ſhame.
As thus he ſpoke, behold, in open view,
On ſounding wings a dexter eagle flew.
To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians riſe,
And hail, with ſhouts, his progreſs through the ſkies:
Far-echoing clamours bound from ſide to ſide:
They ceas'd; and thus the chief of Troy reply'd:
From whence this menace, this inſulting ſtrain?
Enormous boaſter; doom'd to vaunt in vain.

So may the Gods on Hector life beſtow,
(Not that ſhort life which mortals lead below,
But ſuch as thoſe of Jove's high lineage born,
The blue-ey'd Maid, or He that gilds the morn.)
As this deciſive day ſhall end the fame
Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name.
And thou, imperious! if thy madneſs wait
The lance of Hector, thou ſhalt meet thy fate:
That giant corpſe, extended on the ſhore,
Shall largely feed the fowls with fat and gore.
He ſaid, and like a lion ſtalk'd along:
With ſhouts inceſſant earth and ocean rung.
Sent from his following hoſt: the Grecian train
With anſwering thunders fill'd the echoing plain;
A ſhout that tore Heaven's concave, and above
Shook the fix'd ſplendours of the throne of Jove.

THE

FOURTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

I L I A D.

ARGUMENT.

Juno deceives Jupiter by the Girdle of Venus.

NESTOR, ſitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the encreaſing clamour of the war, and haſtens to Agamemnon: on his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulyſſes, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon propoſes to make their eſcape by night, which Ulyſſes withſtands; to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they ſhould go forth and encourage the army with their preſence; which advice is purſued. Juno, ſeeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a deſign to over-reach him; ſhe ſets off her charms with the utmoſt care, and (the more ſurely to enchant him) obtains the magic circle of Venus. She then applies herſelf to the God of Sleep, and, with ſome difficulty, perſuades him to ſeal the eyes of Jupiter; this done, ſhe goes to Mount Ida, where the God, at firſt ſight, is raviſhed with her beauty, ſinks in her embraces, and is laid aſleep. Neptune takes advantage of his ſlumber, and ſuccours the Greeks: Hector is ſtruck to the ground with a prodigious ſtone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle. Several actions ſucceed; till the Trojans, much diſtreſſed, are obliged to give way: the leſſer Ajax ſignalizes himſelf in a particular manner.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XIV.

BUT nor the genial feaſt, nor flowing bowl,
Could charm the cares of Neſtor's watchful ſoul;
His ſtartled ears th' encreaſing cries attend:
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend:
What new alarm, divine Machaon, ſay,
What mixt events attend this mighty day?
Hark! how the ſhouts divide, and how they meet,
And now come full, and thicken to the fleet!
Here, with the cordial draught, diſpel thy care,
Let Hecamede the ſtrengthening bath prepare,
Refreſh thy wound, and cleanſe the clotted gore;
While I th' adventures of the day explore.
He ſaid: and ſeizing Thraſymedes' ſhield,
(His valiant offspring) haſten'd to the field;
(That day, the ſon his father's buckler bore)
Then ſnatch'd a lance, and iſſued from the door.
Soon as the proſpect open'd to his view,
His wounded eyes the ſcene of ſorrow knew;
Dire diſarray! the tumult of the fight,
The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight.
As when old Ocean's ſilent ſurface ſleeps,
The waves juſt heaving on the purple deeps;

While

While yet th' expected tempeſt hangs on high,
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the ſky,
The maſs of waters will no wind obey;
Jove ſends one guſt, and bids them roll away.
While wavering counſels thus his mind engage,
Fluctuates in doubtful thought the Pylian ſage,
To join the hoſt, or to the general haſte;
Debating long, he fixes on the laſt:
Yet, as he moves, the fight his boſom warms;
The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms;
The gleaming faulchions flaſh, the javelins fly;
Blows echo blows, and all or kill, or die.

Him, in his march, the wounded princes meet,
By tardy ſteps aſcending from the fleet:
The king of men, Ulyſſes the divine,
And who to Tydeus owes his noble line.
(Their ſhips at diſtance from the battle ſtand,
In lines advanc'd along the ſhelving ſtrand:
Whoſe bay, the fleet unable to contain
At length; beſide the margin of the main,
Rank above rank, the crouded ſhips they moor:
Who landed firſt lay higheſt on the ſhore.)
Supported on their ſpears, they took their way,
Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.
Neſtor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breaſt,
Whom thus the general of the hoſt addreſt:

O grace and glory of th' Achaian name!
What drives thee, Neſtor, from the field of fame?
Shall then proud Hector ſee his boaſt fulfill'd,
Our fleets in aſhes, and our heroes kill'd?

Such

Such was his threat, ah now too ſoon made good,
On many a Grecian boſom writ in blood.
Is every heart inflam'd with equal rage
Againſt your king, nor will one chief engage?
And have I liv'd to ſee with mournful eyes
In every Greek a new Achilles riſe?
Gerenian Neſtor then: So Fate has will'd;
And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd.
Not he that thunders from th' aërial bower,
Not Jove himſelf, upon the paſt has power.
The wall, our late inviolable bound,
And beſt defence, lies ſmoaking on the ground:
Ev'n to the ſhips their conquering arms extend,
And groans of ſlaughter'd Greeks to heaven aſcend.
On ſpeedy meaſures then employ your thought,
In ſuch diſtreſs. If counſel profit aught;
Arms cannot much: though Mars our ſouls excite;
Theſe gaping wounds withhold us from the fight.
To him the monarch: That our army bends,
That Troy triumphant our high fleet aſcends,
And that the rampart, late our ſureſt truſt,
And beſt defence, lies ſmoaking in the duſt:
All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear,
Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.
Paſt are the days when happier Greece was bleſt,
And all his favour, all his aid confeſt;
Now Heaven, averſe, our hands from battle ties,
And lifts the Trojan glory to the ſkies.
Ceaſe we at length to waſte our blood in vain,
And launch what ſhips lie neareſt to the main;

Leave

Leave theſe at anchor till the coming night:
Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,
Bring all to ſea, and hoiſt each ſail for flight.
Better from evils, well foreſeen, to run,
Than periſh in the danger we may ſhun.
Thus he. The ſage Ulyſſes thus replies,
While anger flaſh'd from his diſdainful eyes:
What ſhameful words (unkingly as thou art)
Fall from that trembling tongue, and timorous heart.
Oh, were thy ſway the curſe of meaner powers,
And thou the ſhame of any hoſt but ours!
A hoſt, by Jove endued with martial might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight:
Adventurous combats and bold wars to wage,
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.
And wilt thou thus deſert the Trojan plain?
And have whole ſtreams of blood been ſpilt in vain?
In ſuch baſe ſentence if thou couch thy fear,
Speak it in whiſpers, leſt a Greek ſhould hear.
Lives there a man ſo dead to fame, who dares
To think ſuch meanneſs, or the thought declares?
And comes it ev'n from him whoſe ſovereign ſway
The bandied legions of all Greece obey?
Is this a general's voice that calls to flight,
While war hangs doubtful, while his ſoldiers fight?
What more could Troy? What yet their fate denies,
Thou giv'ſt the foe: all Greece becomes their prize.
No more the troops (our hoiſted ſails in view,
Themſelves abandon'd) ſhall the fight purſue;
But thy ſhips flying, with deſpair ſhall ſee;
And owe deſtruction to a prince like thee.

Thy

Thy juſt reproofs (Atrides calm replies)
Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wiſe.
Unwilling as I am to loſe the hoſt,
I force not Greece to leave this hateful coaſt.
Glad I ſubmit, whoe'er, or young or old,
Aught, more conducive to our weal, unfold.
Tydides cut him ſhort, and thus began:
Such counſel if you ſeek, behold the man
Who boldly gives it; and what he ſhall ſay,
Young though he be, diſdain not to obey:
A youth, who from the mighty Tydeus ſprings,
May ſpeak to councils and aſſembled kings.
Hear then in me the great Oenides' ſon,
Whoſe honour'd duſt (his race of glory run)
Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall;
Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall;
With three bold ſons was generous Prothoüs bleſt,
Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon poſſeſt;
Melas and Agrius, but (who far ſurpaſt
The reſt in courage) Oeneus was the laſt.
From him, my Sire. From Calydon expell'd,
He paſs'd to Argos, and in exile dwell'd;
The monarch's daughter there (ſo Jove ordain'd)
He won, and flouriſh'd where Adraſtus reign'd;
There, rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,
Beheld his vines their liquid harveſt yield,
And numerous flocks that whiten'd all the field.
Such Tydeus was, the foremoſt once in fame!
Nor lives in Greece a ſtranger to his name.
Then, what for common good my thoughts inſpire,
Attend; and in the ſon, reſpect the ſire:

Though

Though ſore of battle, though with wounds oppreſt,
Let each go forth, and animate the reſt,
Advance the glory which he cannot ſhare,
Though not partaker, witneſs of the war.
But leſt new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite,
Beyond the miſſile javelin's ſounding flight,
Safe let us ſtand; and from the tumult far,
Inſpire the ranks, and rule the diſtant war.
He added not: the liſtening kings obey,
Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way.
The God of Ocean (to inflame their rage)
Appears a warriour furrow'd o'er with age;
Preſt in his own, the general's hand he took,
And thus the venerable hero ſpoke:
Atrides, lo! with what diſdainful eye
Achilles ſees his country's forces fly;
Blind impious man! whoſe anger is his guide,
Who glories in unutterable pride.
So may he periſh, ſo may Jove diſclaim
The wretch relentleſs, and o'erwhelm with ſhame!
But heaven forſakes not thee: o'er yonder ſands
Soon ſhalt thou view the ſcatter'd Trojan bands
Fly diverſe; while proud kings, and chiefs renown'd,
Driven heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd around
Of rolling duſt, their winged wheels employ
To hide their ignominious heads in Troy.
He ſpoke, then ruſh'd amid the warriour crew;
And ſent his voice before him as he flew,
Loud, as the ſhout encountering armies yield,
When twice ten thouſand ſhake the labouring field;

Such

Such was the voice, and such the thundering sound
Of him, whose trident rends the solid ground.
Each Argive bosom beats to meet the fight,
And grisly war appears a pleasing sight.
Meantime Saturnia from Olympus' brow,
High thron'd in gold, beheld the fields below;
With joy the glorious conflict she survey'd,
Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid.
But plac'd aloft, on Ida's shady height
She sees her Jove, and trembles at the sight.
Jove to deceive, what methods shall she try,
What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye?
At length she trusts her power; resolv'd to prove
The old, yet still successful, cheat of love;
Against his wisdom to oppose her charms,
And lull the Lord of Thunders in her arms.
Swift to her bright apartment she repairs,
Sacred to dress and beauty's pleasing cares:
With skill divine had Vulcan form'd the bower,
Safe from access of each intruding power.
Touch'd with her secret key, the doors unfold:
Self-clos'd, behind her shut the valves of gold.
Here first she bathes; and round her body pours
Soft oils of fragrance, and ambrosial showers:
The winds, perfum'd, the balmy gale convey
Through heaven, through earth, and all th' aërial way;
Spirit divine! whose exhalation greets
The sense of Gods with more than mortal sweets.
Thus while she breath'd of heaven, with decent pride
Her artful hands the radiant tresses ty'd;

Part

Part on her head in ſhining ringlets roll'd,
Part o'er her ſhoulders wav'd like melted gold.
Around her next a heavenly mantle flow'd,
That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd:
Large claſps of gold the foldings gather'd round,
A golden zone her ſwelling boſom bound.
Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
Each gem illumin'd with a triple ſtar.
Then o'er her head ſhe caſts a veil more white
Than new-fall'n ſnow, and dazzling as the light.
Laſt her fair feet celeſtial ſandals grace.
Thus iſſuing radiant with majeſtic pace,
Forth from the dome th' imperial Goddeſs moves,
And calls the Mother of the Smiles and Loves.
How long (to Venus thus apart ſhe cried)
Shall human ſtrife celeſtial minds divide?
Ah yet, will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,
And ſet aſide the cauſe of Greece and Troy?
Let Heaven's dread empreſs (Cytheræa ſaid)
Speak her requeſt, and deem her will obey'd.
Then grant me (ſaid the Queen) thoſe conquering charms,
That power, which mortals and immortals warms,
That love, which melts mankind in fierce deſires,
And burns the ſons of Heaven with ſacred fires!
For lo I haſte to thoſe remote abodes,
Where the great parents (ſacred ſource of Gods!)
Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,
On the laſt limits of the land and deep.
In their kind arms my tender years were paſt;
What time old Saturn, from Olympus caſt,

Of

Of upper heaven to Jove reſign'd the reign,
Whelm'd under the huge maſs of earth and main.
For ſtrife, I hear, has made the union ceaſe,
Which held ſo long that ancient pair in peace.
What honour, and what love, ſhall I obtain,
If I compoſe thoſe fatal feuds again;
Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,
And what my youth has ow'd, repay their rage?
She ſaid. With awe divine the Queen of Love
Obey'd the ſiſter and the wife of Jove:
And from her fragrant breaſt the zone unbrac'd,
With various ſkill, and high embroidery grac'd.
In this was every art, and every charm,
To win the wiſeſt, and the coldeſt warm:
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay deſire,
The kind deceit, the ſtill reviving fire,
Perſuaſive ſpeech, and more perſuaſive ſighs,
Silence that ſpoke, and eloquence of eyes.
This, on her hand the Cyprian Goddeſs laid;
Take this, and with it all thy wiſh, ſhe ſaid.
With ſmile ſhe took the charm; and ſmiling preſt
The powerful ceſtus to her ſnowy breaſt.
Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew;
Whilſt from Olympus pleas'd Saturnia flew.
O'er high Pieria thence her courſe ſhe bore,
O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleaſing ſhore,
O'er Hemus' hills with ſnows eternal crown'd;
Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.
Then taking wing from Athos' lofty ſteep,
She ſpeeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,
And ſeeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.

Sweet pleasing Sleep! (Saturnia thus began)
Who spread'st thy empire o'er each god and man;
If e'er obsequious to thy Juno's will,
O Power of Slumbers! hear, and favour still:
Shed thy soft dews on Jove's immortal eyes,
While sunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.
A splendid footstool, and a throne, that shine
With gold unfading, Somnus, shall be thine;
The work of Vulcan; to indulge thy ease,
When wine and feasts thy golden humours please.
Imperial Dame (the balmy power replies)
Great Saturn's heir, and empress of the skies!
O'er other Gods I spread my easy chain;
The sire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,
And his hush'd waves lie silent on the main.
But how, unbidden, shall I dare to steep
Jove's awful temples in the dew of sleep?
Long since, too venturous, at thy bold command,
On those eternal lids I laid my hand:
What time, deserting Ilion's wasted plain,
His conquering son, Alcides, plough'd the main.
When lo! the deeps arise, the tempests roar,
And drive the hero to the Coan shore;
Great Jove awaking, shook the blest abodes
With rising wrath, and tumbled Gods on Gods;
Me chief he sought, and from the realms on high
Had hurl'd indignant to the nether sky,
But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid,
(The friend of earth and heaven) her wings display'd;
Impower'd the wrath of gods and men to tame,
Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable Dame.

Vain

Vain are thy fears (the Queen of Heaven replies,
And, ſpeaking, rolls her large majeſtic eyes)
Think'ſt thou that Troy has Jove's high favour won,
Like great Alcides, his all-conquering ſon?
Hear, and obey the miſtreſs of the ſkies,
Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;
For know, thy lov'd one ſhall be ever thine,
The youngeſt Grace, Paſithaë the divine.
Swear then (he ſaid) by thoſe tremendous floods
That roar through hell, and bind th' invoking Gods:
Let the great parent Earth one hand ſuſtain,
And ſtretch the other o'er the ſacred main.
Call the black Titans, that with Chronos dwell,
To hear and witneſs from the depths of hell;
That ſhe, my lov'd one, ſhall be ever mine,
The youngeſt Grace, Paſithaë the divine.
The queen aſſents; and from th' infernal bowers
Invokes the ſable ſubtartarean Powers,
And thoſe who rule th' inviolable floods,
Whom mortals name the dread Titanian Gods.
Then ſwift as wind, o'er Lemnos ſmoky iſle,
They wing their way, and Imbrus' ſea-beat ſoil,
Through air unſeen, involv'd in darkneſs glide,
And light on Lectos, on the point of Ide
(Mother of ſavages, whoſe echoing hills
Are heard reſounding with a hundred rills);
Fair Ida trembles underneath the God;
Huſh'd are her mountains, and her foreſts nod;
There on a fir, whoſe ſpiry branches riſe
To join its ſummit to the neighbouring ſkies;

Dark in embowering ſhade, conceal'd from ſight,
Sat Sleep, in likeneſs of the bird of Night.
(Chalcis his name by thoſe of heavenly birth,
But call'd Cymidis by the race of earth).
To Ida's top ſucceſsful Juno flies;
Great Jove ſurveys her with deſiring eyes:
The God, whoſe lightning ſets the heavens on fire,
Through all his boſom feels the fierce deſire;
Fierce as when firſt by ſtealth he ſeiz'd her charms,
Mix'd with her ſoul, and melted in her arms,
Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,
Then preſs'd her hand, and thus with tranſport ſpoke:
Why comes my goddeſs from th' ætherial ſky,
And not her ſteeds and flaming chariot nigh?
Then ſhe—I haſte to thoſe remote abodes,
Where the great parents of the deathleſs gods,
The reverend Ocean and grey Tethys reign,
On the laſt limits of the land and main.
I viſit theſe, to whoſe indulgent cares
I owe the nurſing of my tender years;
For ſtrife, I hear, has made that union ceaſe,
Which held ſo long this ancient pair in peace.
The ſteeds, prepar'd my chariots to convey
O'er earth and ſeas, and through th' aerial way,
Wait under Ide: of thy ſuperior power
To aſk conſent, I leave th' Olympian bower;
Nor ſeek, unknown to thee, the ſacred cells
Deep under ſeas, where hoary Ocean dwells.
For that (ſaid Jove) ſuffice another day;
But eager love denies the leaſt delay.

Let

Let ſoftet cares the preſent hour employ,
And be theſe moments ſacred all to joy.
Ne'er did my ſoul ſo ſtrong a paſſion prove,
Or for an earthly, or a heavenly love:
Not when I preſs'd Ixion's matchleſs dame
Whence roſe Perithoüs like the Gods in fame.
Not when fair Danaë felt the ſhower of gold
Stream into life, whence Perſeus brave and bold.
Not thus I burn'd for either Theban dame,
(Bacchus from this, from that Alcides came)
Not Phœnix' daughter, beautiful and young,
Whence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos ſprung.
Not thus I burn'd for fair Latonia's face,
Nor comelier Ceres' more majeſtic grace.
Not thus ev'n for thyſelf I felt deſire,
As now my veins receive the pleaſing fire.
He ſpoke: the Goddeſs with the charming eyes
Glows with celeſtial red, and thus replies:
Is this a ſcene for love? On Ida's height
Expos'd to mortal and immortal ſight;
Our joy profan'd by each familiar eye,
The ſport of heaven, and fable of the ſky.
How ſhall I e'er review the bleſt abodes,
Or mix among the ſenate of the Gods?
Shall I not think, that, with diſorder'd charms,
All heaven beholds me recent from thy arms?
With ſkill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bower,
Sacred to love and to the genial hour;
If ſuch thy will, to that receſs retire,
And ſecret there indulge thy ſoft deſire.

She ceas'd; and, ſmiling with ſuperior love,
Thus anſwer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove:
Nor god nor mortal ſhall our joys behold,
Shaded with clouds, and circumfus'd in gold;
Not ev'n the Sun, who darts through heaven his rays,
And whoſe broad eye th' extended earth ſurveys.

Gazing he ſpoke, and kindling at the view,
His eager arms around the Goddeſs threw.
Glad earth perceives, and from her boſom pours
Unbidden herbs and voluntary flowers:
Thick new-born violets a ſoft carpet ſpread
And cluſtering lotos ſwell'd the riſing bed,
And ſudden hyacinths the turf beſtrow,
And flamy crocus made the mountain glow.
There golden clouds conceal'd the heavenly pair,
Steep'd in ſoft joys, and circumfus'd with air;
Celeſtial dews, deſcending o'er the ground,
Perfume the mount, and breathe ambroſia round.
At length, with Love and Sleep's ſoft power oppreſt,
The panting Thunderer nods, and ſinks to reſt.

Now to the navy borne on ſilent wings,
To Neptune's ear ſoft Sleep his meſſage brings;
Poſte him ſudden, unperceiv'd he ſtood,
And thus with gentle words addreſs'd the God:

Now, Neptune! now th' important hour employ,
To check a while the haughty hopes of Troy:
While Jove yet reſts, while yet my vapours ſhed
The golden viſion round his ſacred head;
For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleaſing ties,
Have clos'd thoſe awful and eternal eyes.

Thus

Thus having ſaid, the Power of Slumber flew,
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.
Neptune, with zeal increas'd, renews his care,
And towering in the foremoſt ranks of war,
Indignant thus—Oh once of martial fame!
O Greeks! if yet ye can deſerve the name!
This half-recover'd day, ſhall Troy obtain?
Shall Hector thunder at your ſhips again?
Lo ſtill he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fires,
While ſtern Achilles in his wrath retires.
One hero's loſs too tamely you deplore,
Be ſtill yourſelves, and we ſhall need no more.
Oh yet, if glory any boſom warms,
Brace on your firmeſt helms, and ſtand to arms:
His ſtrongeſt ſpear each valiant Grecian wield,
Each valiant Grecian ſeize his broadeſt ſhield;
Let, to the weak, the lighter arms belong,
The ponderous targe be wielded by the ſtrong.
(Thus arm'd) not Hector ſhall our preſence ſtay:
Myſelf, ye Greeks! myſelf will lead the way.
The troops aſſent; their martial arms they change,
The buſy chiefs their banded legions range.
The kings, though wounded, and oppreſt with pain,
With helpful hands themſelves aſſiſt the train.
The ſtrong and cumbrous arms the valiant wield,
The weaker warriour takes a lighter ſhield.
Thus ſheath'd in ſhining braſs, in bright array
The legions march, and Neptune leads the way:
His brandiſh'd faulchion flames before their eyes,
Like lightning flaſhing through the frighted ſkies.

Clad in his might, th' Earth-ſhaking Power appears;
Pale mortals tremble, and confeſs their fears.
Troy's great defender ſtands alone unaw'd,
Arms his proud hoſt, and dares oppoſe a God:
And lo! the God and wondrous man appear:
The ſeas ſtern Ruler there, and Hector here.
The roaring main, at her great maſter's call,
Roſe in huge ranks: and form'd a watery wall
Around the ſhips; ſeas hanging o'er the ſhores,
Both armies join: Earth thunders, Ocean roars.
Not half ſo loud the bellowing deeps reſound,
When ſtormy winds diſcloſe the dark profound;
Leſs loud the winds, that from th' Æolian hall
Roar through the woods, and make whole forests fall;
Leſs loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
Catch the dry mountain, and its ſhades devour:
With ſuch a rage the meeting hoſts are driven,
And ſuch a clamour ſhakes the ſounding heaven.
The firſt bold javelin urg'd by Hector's force,
Direct at Ajax' boſom wing'd its courſe;
But there no paſs the croſſing belts afford,
(One brac'd his ſhield, and one ſuſtain'd his ſword.)
Then back the diſappointed Trojan drew,
And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew:
But ſcap'd not Ajax; his tempeſtuous hand
A ponderous ſtone upheaving from the ſand,
(Where heaps, laid looſe beneath the warriour's feet,
Or ſerv'd to ballaſt, or to prop the fleet)
Toſs'd round and round, the miſſive marble flings;
On the raz'd ſhield the falling ruin rings,

Full

Full on his breaſt and throat with force deſcends;
Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury ſpends,
But whirling on, with many a fiery round,
Smokes in the duſt, and ploughs into the ground.
As when the bolt, red-hiſſing from above,
Darts on the conſecrated plant of Jove,
The mountain-oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and ſmokes of ſulphur riſe;
Stiff with amaze the pale beholders ſtand,
And own the terrours of th' Almighty hand!
So lies great Hector proſtrate on the ſhore;
His ſlacken'd hand deſerts the lance it bore;
His following ſhield the fallen chief o'erſpread;
Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head;
His load of armour ſinking to the ground,
Clanks on the field; a dead, and hollow ſound.
Loud ſhouts of triumph fill the crouded plain;
Greece ſees, in hope, Troy's great defender ſlain:
All ſpring to ſeize him; ſtorms of arrows fly;
And thicker javelins intercept the ſky.
In vain an iron tempeſt hiſſes round;
He lies protected, and without a wound.
Polydamas, Agenor the divine,
The pious warriour of Anchiſes' line,
And each bold leader of the Lycian band;
With covering ſhields (a friendly circle) ſtand.
His mournful followers, with aſſiſtant care,
The groaning hero to his chariot bear;
His foaming courſers, ſwifter than the wind,
Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.

When

When now they touch'd the mead's enamel'd ſide,
Where gentle Xanthus rolls his eaſy tide,
With watery drops the chief they ſprinkle round,
Plac'd on the margin of the flowery ground,
Rais'd on his knees, he now ejects the gore;
Now faints anew, low-ſinking on the ſhore;
By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting ſkies,
And ſeals again, by fits, his ſwimming eyes.
Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld,
With double fury each invades the field.
Oïlean Ajax firſt his javelin ſped,
Pierc'd by whoſe point the ſon of Enops bled;
(Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neïs bore
Amidſt her flocks, on Satnio's ſilver ſhore)
Struck through the belly's rim, the warriour lies
Supine, and ſhades eternal veil his eyes.
An arduous battle roſe around the dead;
By turns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans bled.
Fir'd with revenge, Polydamas drew near,
And at Prothœnor ſhook the trembling ſpear;
The driving javelin through his ſhoulder thruſt,
He ſinks to earth, and graſps the bloody duſt.
Lo thus (the victor cries) we rule the field,
And thus their arms the race of Panthus wield:
From this unerring hand there flies no dart
But bathes its point within a Grecian heart.
Prompt on that ſpear to which thou ow'ſt thy fall,
Go, guide thy darkſome ſteps to Pluto's dreary hall!
He ſaid, and ſorrow touch'd each Argive breaſt:
The ſoul of Ajax burn'd above the reſt.

As

As by his ſide the groaning warriour fell,
At the fierce foe he launch'd his piercing ſteel:
The foe reclining, ſhunn'd the flying death;
But Fate, Archilochus, demands thy breath:
Thy lofty birth no ſuccour could impart,
The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart.
Swift to perform Heaven's fatal will it ſled,
Full on the juncture of the neck and head,
And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain:
The dropping head firſt tumbled to the plain.
So juſt the ſtroke, that yet the body ſtood
Erect, then roll'd along the ſands in blood.
Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy eyes!
(The towering Ajax loud inſulting cries)
Say, is this chief extended on the plain,
A worthy vengeance for Prothœnor ſlain?
Mark well his port! his figure and his face
Nor ſpeak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race;
Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage known,
Antenor's brother, or perhaps his ſon.
He ſpake, and ſmil'd ſevere, for well he knew
The bleeding youth: Troy ſadden'd at the view.
But furious Acamas aveng'd his cauſe;
As Promachus his ſlaughter'd brother draws,
He pierc'd his heart—Such fate attends you all,
Proud Argives! deſtin'd by our arms to fall;
Not Troy alone, but haughty Greece ſhall ſhare
The toils, the ſorrows, and the wounds of war.
Behold your Promachus depriv'd of breath,
A victim ow'd to my brave brother's death.

Not

Not unappeas'd he enters Pluto's gate,
Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.
Heart-piercing anguish ſtruck the Grecian hoſt,
But touch'd the breaſt of bold Peneleus moſt;
At the proud boaſter he directs his courſe;
The boaſter flies, and ſhuns ſuperior force.
But young Ilioneus receiv'd the ſpear;
Ilioneus, his father's only care.
(Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train
Whom Hermes lov'd, and taught the arts of gain):
Full in his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,
And from the fibres ſcoop'd the rooted ball,
Drove through the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain:
He lifts his miſerable arms in vain!
Swift his broad faulchion fierce Peneleus ſpread,
And from the ſpouting ſhoulders ſtruck his head;
To earth at once the head and helmet fly;
The lance, yet ſtriking through the bleeding eye,
The victor ſeiz'd; and as aloft he ſhook
The gory viſage, thus inſulting ſpoke:
Trojans! your great Ilioneus behold!
Haſte, to his father let the tale be told:
Let his high roofs reſound with frantic woe,
Such, as the houſe of Promachus muſt know;
Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
Such, as to Promachus' ſad ſpouſe we bear;
When we victorious ſhall to Greece return,
And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn.
Dreadful he ſpoke, then toſs'd the head on high;
The Trojans hear, they tremble, and they fly:

Aghaſt

Aghaſt they gaze around the fleet and wall,
And dread the ruin that impends on all.
Daughters of Jove! that on Olympus ſhine,
Ye all-beholding, all-recording Nine!
O ſay, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,
What chief, what hero, firſt embrued the field?
Of all the Grecians what immortal name,
And whoſe bleſt trophies will ye raiſe to fame?
Thou firſt, great Ajax; on th' enſanguin'd plain
Laid Hyrtius, leader of the Myſian train.
Phalces and Mermer, Neſtor's ſon o'erthrew,
Bold Merion, Morys, and Hippotion ſlew.
Strong Periphætes and Prothoön bled,
By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead.
Pierc'd in the flank by Menelaüs' ſteel,
His people's paſtor, Hyperenor, fell;
Eternal darkneſs wrapt the warriour round,
And the fierce ſoul came ruſhing through the wound.
But ſtretch'd in heaps before Oïleus' ſon,
Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run;
Ajax the leſs, of all the Grecian race
Skill'd in purſuit, and ſwifteſt in the chace.

THE

THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The fifth Battle, at the ships; and the Acts of Ajax.

JUPITER awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Grecks. He is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submissions: she is then sent to Iris and Apollo. Juno, repairing to the assembly of the Gods, attempts, with extraordinary address, to incense them against Jupiter; in particular touches Mars with a violent resentment: he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter; Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. Apollo re-inspires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his Ægis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall: the Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XV.

NOW in ſwift flight they paſs the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gaſping on the ground:
Then ſtopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie;
Fear on their cheek and horrour in their eye.
Meanwhile, awaken'd from his dream of love,
On Ida's ſummit ſat imperial Jove:
Round the wide fields he caſt a careful view,
There ſaw the Trojans fly, the Greeks purſue;
Theſe proud in arms, thoſe ſcatter'd o'er the plain;
And, midſt the war, the Monarch of the Main.
Not far, great Hector on the duſt he ſpies
(His ſad aſſociates round with weeping eyes)
Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,
His ſenſes wandering to the verge of death.
The God beheld him with a pitying look,
And thus, incens'd, to fraudful Juno ſpoke:
O thou, ſtill adverſe to th' Eternal Will,
For ever ſtudious in promoting ill!
Thy arts have made the god-like Hector yield,
And driv'n his conquering ſquadrons from the field.
Canſt thou, unhappy in thy wiles! withſtand
Our power immenſe, and brave th' almighty hand?

Haſt thou forgot, when, bound and fix'd on high,
From the vaſt concave of the ſpangled ſky,
I hung thee trembling in a golden chain;
And all the raging Gods oppos'd in vain?
Headlong I hurl'd them from th' Olympian hall,
Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathleſs with the fall.
For god-like Hercules theſe deeds were done,
Nor ſeem'd the vengeance worthy ſuch a ſon:
When, by thy wiles induc'd, fierce Boreas toſt
The ſhipwreck'd hero on the Coan coaſt,
Him through a thouſand forms of death I bore,
And ſent to Argos, and his native ſhore.
Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,
Nor pull th' unwilling vengeance on thy head;
Leſt arts and blandiſhments ſucceſsleſs prove,
Thy ſoft deceits, and well-diſſembled love.
The Thunderer ſpoke: imperial Juno mourn'd,
And, trembling, theſe ſubmiſſive words return'd:
By every oath that Powers immortal ties,
The foodful earth, and all-infolding ſkies;
By thy black waves, tremendous Styx! that flow
Through the drear realms of gliding ghoſts below;
By the dread honours of thy ſacred head,
And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed!
Not by my arts the Ruler of the Main
Steeps Troy in blood, and ranges round the plain:
By his own ardour, his own pity, ſway'd
To help his Greeks; he fought, and diſobey'd:
Elſe had thy Juno better counſels given,
And taught ſubmiſſion to the Sire of Heaven.

Think'ſt

Think'ſt thou with me? fair Empreſs of the Skies!
(Th' immortal Father with a ſmile replies!)
Then ſoon the haughty Sea-god ſhall obey,
Nor dare to act but when we point the way.
If truth inſpires thy tongue, proclaim our will
To yon bright ſynod on th' Olympian hill;
Our high decree let various Iris know,
And call the God that bears the ſilver bow.
Let her deſcend, and from th' embattled plain
Command the Sea-god to his watery reign:
While Phœbus haſtes, great Hector to prepare
To riſe afreſh, and once more wake the war;
His labouring boſom re-inſpires with breath,
And calls his ſenſes from the verge of death.
Greece, chas'd by Troy ev'n to Achilles fleet,
Shall fall by thouſands at the hero's feet.
He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain
Shall ſend Patroclus, but ſhall ſend in vain.
What youths he ſlaughters under Ilion's walls!
Ev'n my lov'd ſon, divine Sarpedon, falls!
Vanquiſh'd at laſt by Hector's lance he lies,
Then, nor till then, ſhall great Achilles riſe:
And lo! that inſtant god-like Hector dies.
From that great hour the war's whole fortune turns,
Pallas aſſiſts, and lofty Ilion burns:
Not till that day ſhall Jove relax his rage,
Nor one of all the heavenly hoſt engage
In aid of Greece. The promiſe of a God
I gave, and ſeal'd it with th' almighty nod,
Achilles' glory to the ſtars to raiſe;
Such was our word, and Fate the word obeys.

The trembling Queen (th' almighty order given)
Swift from th' Idæan summit shot to heaven.
As some way-faring man, who wanders o'er
In thought a length of lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active mind from place to place,
Joins hill to dale, and measures space with space:
So swift flew Juno to the blest abodes,
If thought of man can match the speed of Gods,
There sat the Powers in awful synod plac'd;
They bow'd, and made obeisance as she pass'd,
Through all the brazen dome: with goblets crown'd
They hail her queen; the nectar streams around.
Fair Themis first presents the golden bowl,
And anxious asks what cares disturb her soul?

To whom the White-arm'd Goddess thus replies:
Enough thou know'st the Tyrant of the Skies,
Severely bent his purpose to fulfill,
Unmov'd his mind, and unrestrain'd his will.
Go thou, the feasts of heaven attend thy call;
Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall;
But Jove shall thunder through th' ethereal dome,
Such stern decrees, such threat'ned woes to come,
As soon shall freeze mankind with dire surprize,
And damp th' eternal banquets of the skies.

The Goddess said, and sullen took her place;
Black horrour sadden'd each celestial face.
To see the gathering grudge in every breast,
Smiles on her lips a spleenful joy express;
While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,
Sat stedfast care, and lowering discontent.

Thus

Thus ſhe proceeds—Attend, ye Powers above!
But know, 'tis madneſs to conteſt with Jove:
Supreme he ſits: and ſees, in pride of ſway,
Your vaſſal Godheads grudgingly obey:
Fierce in the majeſty of power controuls;
Shakes all the thrones of heaven, and bends the poles.
Submiſs, Immortals! all he wills, obey;
And thou, great Mars, begin and ſhew the way.
Behold Aſcalaphus! behold him die,
But dart not murmur, dare not vent a ſigh;
Thy own lov'd boaſted offſpring lies o'erthrown,
If that lov'd boaſted offſpring be thy own.
Stern Mars, with anguiſh for his ſlaughter'd ſon,
Smote his rebelling breaſt, and fierce begun:
Thus then, Immortals! thus ſhall Mars obey;
Forgive me, Gods, and yield my vengeance way:
Deſcending firſt to yon forbidden plain,
The God of battles dares avenge the ſlain:
Dares, though the thunder burſting o'er my head
Should hurl me blazing on thoſe heaps of dead.
With that, he gives command to Fear and Flight
To join his rapid courſers for the fight:
Then, grim in arms, with haſty vengeance flies;
Arms, that reflect a radiance through the ſkies.
And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driven,
Diſcharg'd his wrath on half the hoſt of heaven:
But Pallas, ſpringing through the bright abode,
Starts from her azure throne to calm the God.
Struck for th' immortal race with timely fear,
From frantick Mars ſhe ſnatch'd the ſhield and ſpear:

Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,
Thus to th' impetuous homicide ſhe ſaid:
By what wild paſſion, furious! art thou toſt?
Striv'ſt thou with Jove? thou art already loſt.
Shall not the Thunderer's dread command reſtrain,
And was imperial Juno heard in vain?
Back to the ſkies would'ſt thou with ſhame be driven,
And in thy guilt involve the hoſt of heaven?
Ilion and Greece no more ſhall Jove engage;
The ſkies would yield an ampler ſcene of rage,
Guilty and guiltleſs find an equal fate,
And one vaſt ruin whelm th' Olympian ſtate,
Ceaſe then thy offspring's death unjuſt to call;
Heroes as great have dy'd, and yet ſhall fall,
Why ſhould Heaven's law with fooliſh man comply,
Exempted from the race ordain'd to die?
This menace fix'd the warriour to his throne;
Sullen he ſat, and curb'd the riſing groan.
Then Juno call'd (Jove's orders to obey)
The winged Iris, and the God of Day.
Go wait the Thunderer's will (Saturnia cry'd)
On yon' tall ſummit of the fountfull Ide:
There in the Father's awful preſence ſtand,
Receive, and execute his dread command.
She ſaid, and ſat: the God that gilds the day,
And various Iris, wing their airy way.
Swift as the wind, to Ida's hill they came
(Fair nurſe of fountains and of ſavage game);
There ſat th' Eternal; he, whoſe nod controls
The trembling world, and ſhakes the ſteady poles.

Veil'd

Veil'd in a mist of fragrance him they found,
With clouds of gold and purple circled round:
Well-pleas'd the Thunderer saw their earnest care,
And prompt obedience to the Queen of Air;
Then (while a smile serenes his awful brow)
Commands the Goddess of the showery bow:
Iris! descend, and what we here ordain
Report to yon mad Tyrant of the Main.
Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,
Or breathe from slaughter in the fields of air.
If he refuse, then let him timely weigh
Our elder birthright, and superior sway.
How shall his rashness stand the dire alarms,
If Heaven's omnipotence descend in arms?
Strives he with me, by whom his power was given,
And is there equal to the Lord of Heaven?
Th' Almighty spoke; the Goddess wing'd her flight
To sacred Ilion from th' Idæan height.
Swift as the rattling hail, or fleecy snows,
Drive through the skies, when Boreas fiercely blows;
So from the clouds descending Iris falls;
And to blue Neptune thus the Goddess calls:
Attend the mandate of the Sire above,
In me behold the messenger of Jove:
He bids thee from forbidden wars repair
To thy own deeps, or to the fields of air.
This if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh
His elder birthright, and superior sway.
How shall thy rashness stand the dire alarms,
If Heaven's omnipotence descend in arms?

Striv'ſt thou with him, by whom all power is given?
And art thou equal to the Lord of Heaven?
What means the haughty Sovereign of the Skies
(The King of Ocean thus, incens'd, replies)
Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high;
No vaſſal God, nor of his train, am I.
Three brother Deities from Saturn came,
And ancient Rhea, Earth's immortal dame:
Aſſign'd by lot, our triple rule we know;
Infernal Pluto ſways the ſhades below;
O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the ſtarry plain,
Ethereal Jove extends his high domain;
My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,
And huſh the roarings of the ſacred deep:
Olympus, and this earth, in common lie;
What claim has here the Tyrant of the Sky?
Far in the diſtant clouds let him control,
And awe the younger brothers of the pole;
There to his children his commands be given,
The trembling, ſervile, ſecond race of Heaven.
And muſt I then (ſaid ſhe) O Sire of Floods!
Bear this fierce anſwer to the King of Gods?
Correct it yet, and change thy rath intent;
A noble mind diſdains not to repent.
To elder brothers guardian fiends are given,
To ſcourge the wretch inſulting them and Heaven.
Great is the profit (thus the God rejoin'd)
When miniſters are bleſt with prudent mind:
Warn'd by thy words, to powerful Jove I yield,
And quit, though angry, the contended field.

Not

Not but his threats with juſtice I diſclaim,
The ſame our honours, and our birth the ſame.
If yet, forgetful of his promiſe given
To Hermes, Pallas, and the Queen of Heaven;
To favour Ilion, that perfidious place,
He breaks his faith with half th' ethereal race;
Give him to know, unleſs the Grecian train
Lay yon proud ſtructures level with the plain,
Howe'er th' offence by other Gods be paſt,
The wrath of Neptune ſhall for ever laſt.
Thus ſpeaking, furious from the field he ſtrode,
And plung'd into the boſom of the flood.
The Lord of Thunders from his lofty height
Beheld, and thus beſpoke the Source of Light:
Behold! the God whoſe liquid arms are hurl'd
Around the globe; whoſe earthquakes rock the world;
Deſiſts at length his rebel war to wage,
Seeks his own ſeas, and trembles at our rage;
Elſe had my wrath, heaven's thrones all ſhaking round,
Burn'd to the bottom of the ſeas profound;
And all the Gods that round old Saturn dwell
Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.
Well was the crime and well the vengeance ſpar'd;
Ev'n power immenſe had found ſuch battle hard.
Go thou, my ſon! the trembling Greeks alarm,
Shake my broad ægis on thy active arm;
Be god-like Hector thy peculiar care,
Swell his bold heart, and urge his ſtrength to war:
Let Ilion conquer, till th' Achaian train
Fly to their ſhips, and Helleſpont again:

Then

Then Greece shall breathe from toils—The God had said;
His will divine the son of Jove obey'd.
Not half so swift the sailing falcon flies,
That drives a turtle through the liquid skies;
As Phœbus, shooting from th' Idæan brow,
Glides down the mountain to the plain below.
There Hector seated by the stream he sees,
His sense returning with the coming breeze;
Again his pulses beat, his spirits rise;
Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes;
Jove thinking of his pains, they past away.
To whom the God who gives the golden day:
Why sits great Hector from the field so far?
What grief, what wound, withholds thee from the war?
The fainting hero, as the vision bright
Stood shining o'er him, half unseal'd his sight:
What blest Immortal, with commanding breath,
Thus wakens Hector from the sleep of death?
Has fame not told, how while my trusty sword
Bath'd Greece in slaughter, and her battle gor'd,
The mighty Ajax with a deadly blow
Had almost sunk me to the shades below?
Ev'n yet, methinks, the gliding ghosts I spy,
And hell's black horrours swim before my eye.
To him Apollo: Be no more dismay'd;
See, and be strong! the Thunderer sends thee aid.
Behold! thy Phœbus shall his arms employ,
Phœbus, propitious still to thee, and Troy.
Inspire thy warriours then with manly force,
And to the ships impel thy rapid horse:

Ev'n

Ev'n I will make thy fiery courſers way,
And drive the Grecians headlong to the ſea.
Thus to bold Hector ſpoke the ſon of Jove,
And breath'd immortal ardour from above.
As when the pamper'd ſteed, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his ſtall, and pours along the ground;
With ample ſtrokes he ruſhes to the flood,
To bathe his ſides, and cool his fiery blood;
His head now freed, he toſſes to the ſkies;
His mane diſhevel'd o'er his ſhoulders flies:
He ſnuffs the females in the well-known plain,
And ſprings, exulting, to his fields again:
Urg'd by the voice divine, thus Hector flew,
Full of the God; and all his hoſts purſue.
As when the force of men and dogs combin'd
Invade the mountain-goat, or branching hind;
Far from the hunter's rage ſecure they lie
Cloſe in the rock (not fated yet to die);
When lo! a lion ſhoots acroſs the way!
They fly: at once the chacers and the prey.
So Greece, that late in conquering troops purſued,
And mark'd their progreſs through the ranks in blood.
Soon as they ſee the furious chief appear,
Forget to vanquiſh, and conſent to fear.
Thoas with grief obſerv'd his dreadful courſe,
Thoas, the braveſt of th' Ætolian force:
Skill'd to direct the javelin's diſtant flight,
And bold to combat in the ſtanding fight;
Nor more in councils fam'd for ſolid ſenſe,
Than winning words and heavenly eloquence.
Gods!

Gods! what portent (he cry'd) these eyes invades?
Lo! Hector rises from the Stygian shades!
We saw him, late, by thundering Ajax kill'd:
What God restores him to the frighted field;
And, not content that half of Greece he slain,
Pours new destruction on her sons again?
He comes not, Jove! without thy powerful will;
Lo! still he lives, pursues and conquers still!
Yet hear my counsel, and his worst withstand:
The Greeks' main body to the fleet command;
But let the few whom brighter spirits warm,
Stand the first onset, and provoke the storm.
Thus point your arms; and when such foes appear,
Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear.
The warrior spoke, the listening Greeks obey,
Thickening their ranks, and form a deep array.
Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion, gave command,
The valiant leader of the Cretan band,
And Mars-like Meges: these the chiefs excite,
Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.
Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,
To flank the navy, and the shores defend.
Full on the front the pressing Trojans bear,
And Hector first came towering to the war.
Phœbus himself the rushing battle led;
A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head:
High-held before him, Jove's enormous shield
Portentous shone, and shaded all the field;
Vulcan to Jove th' immortal gift consign'd,
To scatter hosts, and terrify mankind.

The

The Greeks expect the ſhock, the clamours riſe
From different parts, and mingle in the ſkies.
Dire was the hiſs of darts, by heroes flung,
And arrows leaping from the bow-ſtring ſung;
Theſe drink the life of generous warriours ſlain;
Thoſe guiltleſs fall, and thirſt for blood in vain.
As long as Phœbus bore unmov'd the ſhield,
Sat doubtful Conqueſt hovering o'er the field;
But when aloft he ſhakes it in the ſkies,
Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,
Deep horrour ſeizes every Grecian breaſt,
Their force is humbled, and their fear confeſt.
So flies a herd of oxen, ſcatter'd wide,
No ſwain to guard them, and no day to guide,
When two fell lions from the mountain come,
And ſpread the carnage through the ſhady gloom.
Impending Phœbus pours around them fear,
And Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.
Heaps fall on heaps: the ſlaughter Hector leads;
Firſt great Arceſilas, then Stichius, bleeds;
One to the bold Bœotians ever dear,
And one Meneſtheus' friend, and fam'd compeer.
Medon and Iäſus, Æneas ſped;
This ſprung from Phelus, and th' Athenians led;
But hapleſs Medon from Oïleus came;
Him Ajax honour'd with a brother's name,
Though born of lawleſs love: from home expell'd,
A baniſh'd man, in Phylacè he dwell'd,
Preſs'd by the vengeance of an angry wife;
Troy ends, at laſt, his labours and his life.

Mecyſtes

Mecyſtes next, Polydamas o'erthrew;
And thee, brave Clonius, great Agenor ſlew.
By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,
Pierc'd through the ſhoulder as he baſely flies.
Polites' arm laid Echius on the plain;
Stretch'd on one heap, the victors ſpoil the ſlain.
The Greeks diſmay'd, confus'd, diſperſe or fall,
Some ſeek the trench, ſome ſkulk behind the wall.
While theſe fly trembling, others pant for breath,
And o'er the ſlaughter ſtalks gigantic Death.
On ruſh'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night;
Forbids to plunder, animates the fight,
Points to the fleet: For, by the Gods, who flies,
Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies;
No weeping ſiſter his cold eye ſhall cloſe,
No friendly hand his funeral pyre compoſe.
Who ſtops to plunder at this ſignal hour,
The birds ſhall tear him, and the dogs devour.
Furious he ſaid; the ſmarting ſcourge reſounds;
The courſers fly; the ſmoking chariot bounds:
The hoſts ruſh on; loud clamours ſhake the ſhore;
The horſes thunder, Earth and Ocean roar!
Apollo, planted at the trench's bound,
Puſh'd at the bank: down ſunk th' enormous mound:
Roll'd in the ditch the heapy ruin lay;
A ſudden road! a long and ample way.
O'er the dread foſſe (a late-impervious ſpace)
Now ſteeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous paſs.
The wondering crouds the downward level trod;
Before them flam'd the ſhield, and march'd the God.

Then

Then with his hand he ſhook the mighty wall;
And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall.
Eaſy, as when aſhore the infant ſtands,
And draws imagin'd houſes in the ſands;
The ſportive wanton, pleas'd with ſome new play,
Sweeps the ſlight works and faſhion'd dom's away.
Thus vaniſh'd, at thy touch, the towers and walls;
The toil of thouſands in a moment falls.

The Grecians gaze around with wild deſpair,
Confus'd, and weary all the Powers with prayer;
Exhort their men with praiſes, threats, commands;
And urge the Gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.
Experienc'd Neſtor chief obteſts the ſkies,
And weeps his country with a father's eyes:
O Jove! if ever, on his native ſhore,
One Greek enrich'd thy ſhrine with offer'd gore;
If e'er, in hope our country to behold,
We paid the fatteſt firſtlings of the fold;
If e'er thou ſign'ſt our wiſhes with thy nod;
Perform the promiſe of a gracious God!
This day, preſerve our navies from the flame,
And ſave the reliques of the Grecian name.

Thus pray'd the ſage: th' Eternal gave conſent,
And peals of thunder ſhook the firmament:
Preſumptuous Troy miſtook th' accepting ſign,
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.
As, when black tempeſts mix the ſeas and ſkies,
The roaring deeps in watery mountains riſe,
Above the ſides of ſome tall ſhip aſcend,
Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend:

Thus

Thus loudly roaring, and, o'er-powering all,
Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall;
Legions on legions from each ſide ariſe:
Thick ſound the keels; the ſtorm of arrows flies,
Fierce on the ſhips above, the cars below,
Theſe wield the mace, and thoſe the javelin throw.
While thus the thunder of the battle rag'd,
And labouring armies round the works engag'd;
Still in the tent Patroclus ſat, to tend
The good Eurypylus, his wounded friend.
He ſprinkles healing balms to anguiſh kind,
And adds diſcourſe, the medicine of the mind.
But when he ſaw, aſcending up the fleet,
Victorious Troy; then, ſtarting from his ſeat,
With bitter groans his ſorrows he expreſt,
He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breaſt.
Though yet thy ſtate requires redreſs (he cries)
Depart I muſt: what horrours ſtrike my eyes!
Charg'd with Achilles' high commands I go,
A mournful witneſs of this ſcene of woe:
I haſte to urge him, by his country's care,
To riſe in arms, and ſhine again in war.
Perhaps ſome favouring God his ſoul may bend;
The voice is powerful of a faithful friend.
He ſpoke; and ſpeaking, ſwifter than the wind
Sprung from the tent, and left the ward behind.
Th' embody'd Greeks the fierce attack ſuſtain,
But ſtrive, though numerous, to repulſe in vain!
Nor could the Trojans, through that firm array,
Force to the fleet and tents th' impervious way.

As

As when a ſhipwright, with Palladian art,
Smooths the rough wood, and levels every part;
With equal hand he guides his whole deſign,
By the juſt rule, and the directing line:
The martial leaders, with like ſkill and care,
Preſerv'd their line, and equal kept the war.
Brave deeds of arms through all the ranks were try'd,
And every ſhip ſuſtain'd an equal tide.
At one proud bark, high-towering o'er the fleet,
Ajax the great and god-like Hector meet;
For one bright prize the matchleſs chiefs contend;
Nor this the ſhips can fire, nor that defend;
One kept the ſhore, and one the veſſel trod;
That fix'd as Fate, this acted by a God.
The ſon of Clytius in his daring hand,
The deck approaching, ſhakes a flaming brand;
But pierc'd by Telemon's huge lance expires;
Thundering he falls, and drops th' extinguiſh'd fires.
Great Hector view'd him with a ſad ſurvey,
As ſtretch'd in duſt before the ſtern he lay.
Oh! all of Trojan, all of Lycian race!
Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous ſpace:
Lo! where the ſon of royal Clytius lies;
Ah, ſave his arms, ſecure his obſequies!
This ſaid, his eager javelin ſought the foe:
But Ajax ſhunn'd the meditated blow.
Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown;
It ſtretch'd in duſt unhappy Lycophron:
An exile long, ſuſtain'd at Ajax' board,
A faithful ſervant to a foreign lord;

In peace, in war, for ever at his ſide,
Near his lov'd maſter, as he liv'd, he dy'd.
From the high poop he tumbles on the ſand,
And lies a lifeleſs load along the land.
With anguiſh Ajax views the piercing ſight,
And thus inflames his brother to the fight:
Teucer, behold! extended on the ſhore
Our friend, our lov'd companion! now no more!
Dear as a parent, with a parent's care
To fight our wars, he left his native air.
This death deplor'd, to Hector's rage we owe;
Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.
Where are thoſe darts on which the Fates attend?
And where the bow, which Phœbus taught to bend?
Impatient Teucer, haſtening to his aid,
Before the chief his ample bow diſplay'd;
The well-ſtor'd quiver on his ſhoulders hung:
Then hiſs'd his arrow, and the bow-ſtring ſung.
Clytus, Piſenor's ſon, renown'd in fame
(To thee, Polydamas! an honour'd name)
Drove through the thickeſt of th' embattled plains
The ſtartling ſteeds, and ſhook his eager reins.
As all on glory ran his ardent mind,
The pointed death arreſts him from behind.
Through his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies;
In youth's firſt bloom reluctantly he dies.
Hurl'd from the lofty ſeat, at diſtance far,
The headlong courſers ſpurn his empty car;
Till ſad Polydamas the ſteeds reſtrain'd,
And gave, Aſtynous, to thy careful hand;

Then

Then, fir'd to vengeance, ruſh'd amidſt the foe;
Rage edg'd his ſword, and ſtrengthen'd every blow.
Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cauſe,
At Hector's breaſt a choſen arrow draws;
And had the weapon found the deſtin'd way,
Thy fall, great Trojan! had renown'd that day.
But Hector was not doom'd to periſh then:
Th' all-wiſe Diſpoſer of the fates of men
(Imperial Jove) his preſent death withſtands;
Nor was ſuch glory due to Teucer's hands.
At its full ſtretch as the tough ſtring he drew,
Struck by an arm unſeen, it burſt in two;
Down dropp'd the bow: the ſhaft with brazen head
Fell innocent, and on the duſt lay dead.
Th' aſtoniſh'd archer to great Ajax cries,
Some God prevents our deſtin'd enterprize;
Some God, propitious to the Trojan foe,
Has, from my arm unfailing, ſtruck the bow,
And broke the nerve my hands had twin'd with art,
Strong to impel the flight of many a dart.
Since Heaven commands it (Ajax made reply)
Diſmiſs the bow, and lay thy arrows by,
(Thy arms no leſs ſuffice the lance to wield!)
And quit the quiver for the ponderous ſhield;
In the firſt ranks indulge thy thirſt of fame,
Thy brave example ſhall the reſt inflame.
Fierce as they are, by long ſucceſſes vain,
To force our fleet, or ev'n a ſhip to gain,
Aſks toil, and ſweat, and blood: their utmoſt might
Shall find its match—no more: 'tis ours to fight.

Then Teucer laid his faithleſs bow aſide;
The four-fold buckler o'er his ſhoulders ty'd;
On his brave head a creſted helm he plac'd,
With nodding horſe-hair formidably grac'd;
A dart, whoſe point with braſs refulgent ſhines,
The warriour wields; and his great brother joins.
This Hector ſaw, and thus expreſs'd his joy:
Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy!
Be mindful of yourſelves, your ancient fame,
And ſpread your glory with the navy's flame.
Jove is with us; I ſaw his hand, but now,
From the proud archer ſtrike his vaunted bow.
Indulgent Jove! how plain thy favours ſhine,
When happy nations bear the marks divine!
How eaſy then, to ſee the ſinking ſtate
Of realms accurſt, deſerted, reprobate!
Such is the fate of Greece, and ſuch is ours.
Behold, ye warriours, and exert your powers.
Death is the worſt; a fate which all muſt try;
And, for our country, 'tis a bliſs to die.
The gallant man, though ſlain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his nation ſafe, his children free;
Entails a debt on all the grateful ſtate;
His own brave friends ſhall glory in his fate;
His wife live honour'd, all his race ſucceed;
And late poſterity enjoy the deed!
This rouz'd the ſoul in every Trojan breaſt.
The god-like Ajax next his Greeks addreſt:
How long, ye warriours of the Argive race
(To generous Argos what a dire diſgrace!)

How

How long, on theſe curs'd confines will ye lie,
Yet undetermin'd, or to live, or die!
What hopes remain, what methods to retire,
If once your veſſels catch the Trojan fire?
Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall,
How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call!
Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites,
It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.
'Tis now no time for wiſdom or debates;
To your own hands are truſted all your fates;
And better far, in one deciſive ſtrife,
One day ſhould end our labour, or our life;
Than keep this hard-got inch of barren ſands,
Still preſs'd, and preſs'd by ſuch inglorious hands.
The liſtening Grecians feel their leader's flame,
And every kindling boſom pants for fame.
Then mutual ſlaughters ſpread on either ſide;
By Hector here the Phocian Schedius dy'd;
There, pierc'd by Ajax, ſunk Laodamas,
Chief of the foot, of old Antenor's race.
Polydamas laid Otus on the ſand,
The fierce commander of th' Epian band.
His lance bold Meges at the victor threw;
The victor, ſtooping, from the death withdrew,
(That valued life, O Phœbus, was thy care);
But Crœſmus' boſom took the flying ſpear:
His corpſe fell bleeding on the ſlippery ſhore;
His radiant arms triumphant Meges bore.
Dolops, the ſon of Lampus, ruſhes on,
Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,

And fam'd for proweſs in a well-fought field;
He pierc'd the centre of his ſounding ſhield:
But Meges Phyleus' ample breaſt-plate wore
(Well-known in fight on Selles' winding ſhore;
For king Euphetes gave the golden mail,
Compact, and firm with many a jointed ſcale);
Which oft, in cities ſtorm'd, and battles won,
Had ſav'd the father, and now ſaves the ſon.
Full at the Trojan's head he urg'd his lance,
Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,
New ting'd with Tyrian dye: in duſt below,
Shorn from the creſt, the purple honours glow.
Meantime their fight the Spartan king ſurvey'd,
And ſtood by Meges' ſide, a ſudden aid,
Through Dolops' ſhoulder urg'd his forceful dart,
Which held its paſſage through the panting heart,
And iſſued at his breaſt. With thundering ſound
The warriour falls, extended on the ground.
In ruſh the conquering Greeks to ſpoil the ſlain:
But Hector's voice excites his kindred train;
The hero moſt, from Hicetaon ſprung,
Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young.
He (ere to Troy the Grecians croſs'd the main)
Fed his large oxen on Percote's plain;
But when, oppreſs'd, his country claim'd his care,
Return'd to Ilion, and excell'd in war;
For this, in Priam's court, he held his place,
Belov'd no leſs than Priam's royal race.
Him Hector ſingled, as his troops he led,
And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead:

Lo,

Lo, Melanippus! lo where Dolops lies;
And is it thus our royal kinſman dies;
O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a prey,
And lo! they bear the bloody arms away!
Come on—a diſtant war no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage:
Till Greece at once, and all her glory end;
Or Ilion from her towery height deſcend,
Heav'd from the loweſt ſtone; and bury all
In one ſad ſepulchre, one common fall.
Hector (this ſaid) ruſh'd forward on the foes:
With equal ardour Melanippus glows:
Then Ajax thus—Oh Greeks! reſpect your fame,
Reſpect yourſelves, and learn an honeſt ſhame:
Let mutual reverence mutual warmth inſpire,
And catch from breaſt to breaſt the noble fire.
On valour's ſide the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worſe than death, eternal ſhame.
His generous ſenſe he not in vain imparts;
It ſunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts;
They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,
And flank the navy with a brazen wall;
Shields touching ſhields, in order blaze above,
And ſtop the Trojans, though impell'd by Jove.
The fiery Spartan firſt, with loud applauſe,
Warms the bold ſon of Neſtor in his cauſe:
Is there (he ſaid) in arms a youth like you,
So ſtrong to fight, ſo active to purſue?

Why ſtand you diſtant, nor attempt a deed?
Lift the bold lance, and make ſome Trojan bleed.
He ſaid; and backward to the lines retir'd;
Forth ruſh'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd,
Beyond the foremoſt ranks; his lance he threw,
And round the black battalions caſt his view.
The troops of Troy recede with ſudden fear,
While the ſwift javelin hiſs'd along in air.
Advancing Melanippus met the dart
With his bold breaſt, and felt it in his heart:
Thundering he falls; his falling arms reſound,
And his broad buckler rings againſt the ground.
The victor leaps upon his proſtrate prize:
Thus on a roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,
And rends his ſide, freſh-bleeding with the dart
The diſtant hunter ſent into his heart.
Obſerving Hector to the reſcue flew;
Bold as he was, Antilochus withdrew.
So when a ſavage, ranging o'er the plain,
Has torn the ſhepherd's dog, or ſhepherd ſwain;
While, conſcious of the deed, he glares around,
And hears the gathering multitude reſound,
Timely he flies the yet-untaſted food,
And gains the friendly ſhelter of the wood.
So fears the youth; all Troy with ſhouts purſue,
While ſtones and darts in mingled tempeſts flew;
But, enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns
His manly breaſt, and with new fury burns.
Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove,
Fierce to fulfil the ſtern decrees of Jove:

The Sire of Gods, confirming Thetis' prayer,
The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep deſpair;
But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands,
Swells all their hearts, and ſtrengthens all their hands.
On Ida's top he waits with longing eyes,
To view the navy blazing to the ſkies;
Then, nor till then, the ſcale of war ſhall turn,
The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilion burn.
Theſe fates revolv'd in his almighty mind,
He raiſes Hector to the work deſign'd,
Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,
And drives him, like a lightning, on the foe.
So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance call,
Shakes his huge javelin, and whole armies fall.
Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,
Wraps the vaſt mountains, and involves the poles.
He foams with wrath; beneath his gloomy brow
Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow:
The radiant helmet on his temples burns,
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns:
For Jove his ſplendour round the chief had thrown,
And caſt the blaze of both the hoſts on one.
Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,
Due to ſtern Pallas, and Pelides' ſpear:
Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,
And gave what Fate allow'd, the honours of a day!
Now, all on fire for fame his breaſt, his eyes
Burn at each foe, and ſingle every prize;
Still at the cloſeſt ranks, the thickeſt fight,
He points his ardour, and exerts his might.

The

The Grecian phalanx moveleſs as a tower
On all ſides batter'd, yet reſiſts his power:
So ſome tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
By winds aſſail'd, by billows beat in vain;
Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempeſt blow,
And ſees the watery mountains break below.
Girt in ſurrounding flames, he ſeems to fall,
Like fire from Jove, and burſts upon them all:
Burſts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And ſwell'd with tempeſts on the ſhip deſcends;
White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the maſts, and ſing through every ſhroud:
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the ſailors freeze with fears;
And inſtant death on every wave appears.
So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,
The chief ſo thunders, and ſo ſnakes the fleet.
As when a lion ruſhing from his den,
Amidſt the plain of ſome wide-water'd fen
(Where numerous oxen, as at eaſe they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead;)
Leaps on the herds before the herdſman's eyes:
The trembling herdſman far to diſtance flies:
Some lordly bull (the reſt diſpers'd and fled)
He ſingles out; arreſts, and lays him dead.
Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
All Greece in heaps; but one he ſeiz'd, and ſlew:
Mycenian Periphes, a mighty name,
In wiſdom great, in arms well known to fame;
The miniſter of ſtern Euryſtheus' ire,
Againſt Alcides, Corpreus was his ſire:

The

The ſon redeem'd the honours of the race,
A ſon as generous as the ſire was baſe;
O'er all his country's youth conſpicuous far
In every virtue, or of peace or war:
But doom'd to Hector's ſtronger force to yield!
Againſt the margin of his ample ſhield
He ſtruck his haſty foot: his heels up-ſprung;
Supine he fell; his brazen helmet rung.
On the fall'n chief th' invading Trojan preſt,
And plung'd the pointed javelin in his breaſt.
His circling friends, who ſtrove to guard too late
Th' unhappy hero, fled, or ſhar'd his fate.

Chac'd from the foremoſt line, the Grecian train
Now man the next, receding tow'rd the main:
Wedg'd in one body at the tents they ſtand,
Wall'd round with ſterns, a gloomy deſperate band.
Now manly ſhame forbids th' inglorious flight;
Now fear itſelf confines them to the fight:
Man courage breathes in man; but Neſtor moſt
(The ſage preſerver of the Grecian hoſt)
Exhorts, adjures, to guard theſe utmoſt ſhores;
And by their parents, by themſelves, implores.

O friends! be men: your generous breaſts inflame
With equal honour, and with mutual ſhame?
Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care
Your wives, your infants, and your parents, ſhare:
Think of each living father's reverend head:
Think of each anceſtor with glory dead;
Abſent, by me they ſpeak, by me they ſue;
They aſk their ſafety, and their fame, from you:

The

The Gods their fates on this one action lay,
And all are loſt, if you deſert the day.
He ſpoke, and round him breath'd heroic fires;
Minerva ſeconds what the ſage inſpires.
The miſt of darkneſs Jove around them threw
She clear'd, reſtoring all the war to view;
A ſudden ray ſhot beaming o'er the plain,
And ſhew'd the ſhores, the navy, and the main:
Hector they ſaw, and all who fly, or fight,
The ſcene wide-opening to the blaze of light.
Firſt of the field great Ajax ſtrikes their eyes,
His port majeſtic, and his ample ſize:
A ponderous mace with ſtuds of iron crown'd,
Full twenty cubits long, he ſwings around;
Nor fights, like others, fix'd to certain ſtands,
But looks a moving tower above the bands;
High on the decks, with vaſt gigantic ſtride,
The god-like hero ſtalks from ſide to ſide.
So when a horſeman from the watery mead
(Skill'd in the manage of the bounding ſteed)
Drives four fair courſers, practis'd to obey,
To ſome great city through the public way;
Safe in his art, as ſide by ſide they run,
He ſhifts his ſeat, and vaults from one to one;
And now to this, and now to that he flies;
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.
From ſhip to ſhip thus Ajax ſwiftly flew,
No leſs the wonder of the warring crew,
As furious Hector thunder'd threats aloud,
And ruſh'd enrag'd before the Trojan croud:

Then

Then swift invades the ships, whose beaky prores
Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending shores:
So the strong eagle from his airy height,
Who marks the swans' or cranes' embody'd flight,
Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,
And, stooping, darkens with his wings the flood.
Jove leads him on with his almighty hand,
And breathes fierce spirits in his following band.
The warring nations meet, the battle roars,
Thick beats the combat on the sounding prores.
Thou wouldst have thought, so furious was their fire,
No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;
As if new vigour from new fights they won,
And the long battle was but then begun.
Greece yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in despair;
Troy in proud hopes, already view'd the main
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes slain!
Like strength is felt from hope and from despair,
And each contends, as his were all the war.

'Twas thou, bold Hector! whose resistless hand
First seiz'd a ship on that contested strand;
The fame which dead Protesilaüs bore,
The first that touch'd th' unhappy Trojan shore:
For this in arms the warring nations stood,
And bath'd their generous breasts with mutual blood.
No room to poize the lance or bend the bow;
But hand to hand, and man to man, they grow:
Wounded they wound; and seek each other's hearts
With falchions, axes, swords, and shorten'd darts.

The falchions ring, ſhields rattle, axes ſound,
Swords flaſh in air, or glitter on the ground;
With ſtreaming blood the ſlippery ſhores are dy'd,
And ſlaughter'd heroes ſwell the dreadful tide.
Still raging Hector with his ample hand
Graſps the high ſtern, and gives this loud command:
Haſte, bring the flames! the toil of ten long years
Is finiſh'd! and the day deſir'd appears!
This happy day with acclamations greet,
Bright with deſtruction of yon hoſtile fleet.
The coward counſels of a timorous throng
Of reverend dotards, check'd our glory long:
Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargic charms,
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms:
In this great day he crowns our full deſires,
Wakes all our force, and ſeconds all our fires.
He ſpoke—the warriours, at his fierce command,
Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.
Ev'n Ajax paus'd (ſo thick the javelins fly)
Stepp'd back, and doubted or to live, or die.
Yet where the oars are plac'd, he ſtands to wait
What chief approaching dares attempt his fate:
Ev'n to the laſt, his naval charge defends,
Now ſhakes his ſpear, now lifts, and now protends;
Ev'n yet, the Greeks with piercing ſhouts inſpires,
Amidſt attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.
O friends! O heroes! names for ever dear,
Once ſons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war!
Ah! yet be mindful of your old renown,
Your great forefathers' virtues and your own.

What

What aids expect you in this utmoſt ſtrait?
What bulwarks riſing between you and fate?
No aids, no bulwarks, your retreat attend;
No friends to help, no city to defend.
This ſpot is all you have, to loſe or keep;
There ſtand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.
'Tis hoſtile ground you tread; your native lands
Far, far from hence: your fates are in your hands.
Raging he ſpoke; nor farther waſtes his breath,
But turns his javelin to the work of death.
Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands,
Againſt the ſable ſhips, with flaming brands,
So well the chief his naval weapon ſped,
The luckleſs warriour at his ſtern lay dead;
Full twelve, the boldeſt, in a moment fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the ſhades of hell.

THE

THE

SIXTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The fixth Battle: the Acts and Death of Patroclus.

PATROCLUS (in purſuance of the requeſt of Neſtor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to ſuffer him to go to the aſſiſtance of the Greeks with Achilles' troops and armour. He agrees to it; but at the ſame time charges him to content himſelf with reſcuing the fleet, without farther purſuit of the enemy. The armour, horſes, ſoldiers, and officers of Achilles are deſcribed. Achilles offers a libation for the ſucceſs of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans, at the ſight of Patroclus in Achilles's armour, taking him for that hero, are caſt into the utmoſt conſternation: he beats them off from the veſſels. Hector himſelf flies. Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averſe to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are deſcribed; in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, purſues the foe to the walls of Troy; where Apollo repulſes and diſarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him: which concludes the book.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XVI.

SO warr'd both armies on th' enſanguin'd ſhore,
While the black veſſels ſmok'd with human gore.
Meantime Patroclus to Achilles flies;
The ſtreaming tears fall copious from his eyes;
Not faſter trickling to the plains below,
From the tall rock the ſable waters flow.
Divine Pelides, with compaſſion mov'd,
Thus ſpoke, indulgent to his beſt-belov'd:
Patroclus, ſay, what grief thy boſom bears,
That flows ſo faſt in theſe unmanly tears?
No girl, no infant, whom the mother keeps
From her lov'd breaſt, with fonder paſſion weeps;
Not more the mother's ſoul that infant warms,
Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,
Than thou haſt mine! Oh tell me, to what end
Thy melting ſorrows thus purſue thy friend?
Griev'ſt thou for me, or for my martial band?
Or come ſad tidings from our native land?
Our fathers live (our firſt, moſt tender care)
Thy good Menœtius breathes the vital air,
And hoary Peleus yet extends his days;
Pleas'd in their age to hear their childrens' praiſe.

Or may ſome meaner cauſe thy pity claim!
Perhaps yon reliques of the Grecian name,
Doom'd in their ſhips to ſink by fire and ſword,
And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord?
Whate'er the cauſe, reveal thy ſecret care,
And ſpeak thoſe ſorrows which a friend would ſhare.
A ſigh, that inſtant, from his boſom broke,
Another follow'd, and Patroclus ſpoke:
Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breaſt,
Thyſelf a Greek; and, once, of Greeks the beſt!
Lo! every chief that might her fate prevent,
Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent.
Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' ſon
And wiſe Ulyſſes, at the navy groan,
More for their country's wounds than for their own.
Their pain, ſoft arts of pharmacy can eaſe,
Thy breaſt alone no lenitives appeaſe.
May never rage like thine my ſoul enſlave,
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!
Thy country ſlighted in her laſt diſtreſs,
What friend, what man, from thee ſhall hope redreſs?
No—men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curſe that fierce, that unforgiving mind.
O man unpitying! if of man thy race;
But ſure thou ſpring'ſt not from a ſoft embrace,
Nor ever amorous hero caus'd thy birth,
Nor ever tender Goddeſs brought thee forth.
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging ſeas produc'd thee in a ſtorm,
A ſoul well-ſuiting that tempeſtuous kind,
So rough thy manners, ſo untam'd thy mind.

If ſome dire oracle thy breaſt alarm,
If aught from Jove, or Thetis, ſtop thy arm.
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may ſhine,
If I but lead the Myrmidonian line:
Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
Proud Troy ſhall tremble, and deſert the war:
Without thy perſon Greece ſhall win the day,
And thy mere image chace her foes away.
Preſs'd by freſh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall quit the ſhips, and Greece reſpire again.
Thus, blind to Fate! with ſupplicating breath,
Thou begg'ſt his arms, and in his arms thy death.
Unfortunately good! a boding ſigh
Thy friend return'd; and with it, this reply:
Patroclus! thy Achilles knows no fears;
Nor words from Jove, nor oracles, he hears;
Nor aught a mother's caution can ſuggeſt;
The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breaſt.
My wrongs, my wrongs, my conſtant thought engage,
Thoſe, my ſole oracles, inſpire my rage:
I made him tyrant: gave him power to wrong
Ev'n me: I felt it; and ſhall feel it long.
The maid, my black-ey'd maid, he forc'd away,
Due to the toils of many a well-fought day;
Due to my conqueſt of her father's reign;
Due to the votes of all the Grecian train.
From me he forc'd her; me, the bold and brave;
Diſgrac'd, diſhonour'd, like the meaneſt ſlave.
But bear we this—the wrongs I grieve are paſt;
'Tis time our fury ſhould relent at laſt:

I fix'd its date; the day I wish'd appears:
Now Hector to my ships his battle bears,
The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my ears.
Go, then, Patroclus! court fair honour's charms
In Troy's fam'd fields, and in Achilles' arms:
Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,
Go, save the fleets, and conquer in my right.
See the thin reliques of their baffled band,
At the last edge of yon deserted land!
Behold all Ilion on their ships descends;
How the cloud blackens, how the storm impends!
It was not thus, when, at my sight amaz'd,
Troy saw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd:
Had not th' injurious king our friendship lost,
Yon ample trench had bury'd half her host.
No camps, no bulwarks, now the Trojans fear;
Those are not dreadful, no Achilles there:
No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' son;
No more your general calls his heroes on;
Hector alone I hear; his dreadful breath
Commands your slaughter, or proclaims your death.
Yet now, Patroclus, issue to the plain:
Now save the ships, the rising fires restrain,
And give the Greeks to visit Greece again.
But heed my words, and mark a friend's command,
Who trusts his fame and honours in thy hand,
And from thy deeds expects, th' Achaian host
Shall render back the beauteous maid he lost.
Rage uncontrol'd through all the hostile crew,
But touch not Hector, Hector is my due.

Though

Though Jove in thunder ſhould command the war;
Be juſt, conſult my glory, and forbear:
The fleet once ſav'd, deſiſt from farther chace,
Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race;
Some adverſe God thy raſhneſs may deſtroy;
Some God, like Phœbus, ever kind to Troy.
Let Greece, redeem'd from this deſtructive ſtrait,
Do her own work; and leave the reſt to Fate.
Oh! would to all th' immortal Powers above,
Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove,
That not one Trojan might be left alive,
And not a Greek of all the race ſurvive;
Might only we the vaſt deſtruction ſhun,
And only we deſtroy th' accurſed town!

Such conference held the chiefs; while on the ſtrand
Great Jove with conqueſt crown'd the Trojan band.
Ajax no more the ſounding ſtorm ſuſtain'd,
So thick the darts an iron tempeſt rain'd:
On his tir'd arm the weighty buckler hung;
His hollow helm with falling javelins rung;
His breath, in quick, ſhort pantings, comes and goes;
And painful ſweat from all his members flows.
Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at moſt;
Yet ſcarce an army ſtirs him from his poſt:
Dangers on dangers all around him grow,
And toil to toil, and woe ſucceeds to woe.

Say, Muſes, thron'd above the ſtarry frame,
How firſt the navy blaz'd with Trojan flame?

Stern Hector wav'd his ſword: and ſtanding near
Where furious Ajax ply'd his aſhen ſpear,

Full on the lance a ſtroke ſo juſtly ſped,
That the broad falchion lopp'd its brazen head:
His pointleſs ſpear the warriour ſhakes in vain;
The brazen head falls ſounding on the plain.
Great Ajax ſaw, and own'd the hand divine,
Confeſſing Jove, and trembling at the ſign;
Warn'd, he retreats. Then ſwift from all ſides pour
The hiſſing brands; thick ſtreams the fiery ſhower;
O'er the high ſtern the curling volumes riſe,
And ſheets of rolling ſmoke involve the ſkies.

Divine Achilles view'd the riſing flames,
And ſmote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims:
Arm, arm, Patroclus! Lo, the blaze aſpires!
The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.
Arm, ere our veſſels catch the ſpreading flame;
Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name;
I haſte to bring the troops—the hero ſaid;
The friend with ardour and with joy obey'd.

He caſ'd his limbs in braſs; and firſt around
His manly legs with ſilver buckles bound
The claſping greaves; then to his breaſt applies
The ſtarry cuiraſs, of a thouſand dyes;
Emblaz'd with ſtuds of gold his falchion ſhone
In the rich belt, as in a ſtarry zone:
Achilles' ſhield his ample ſhoulders ſpread,
Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head:
Adorn'd in all his terrible array,
He ſtaſh'd around intolerable day.
Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' javelin ſtands,
Not to be pois'd but by Pelides' hands;

From

From Pelion's ſhady brow the plant entire
Old Chiron rent, and ſhap'd it for his ſire;
Whoſe ſon's great arm alone the weapon wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.
Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name,
The ſecond to his lord in love and fame,
In peace his friend, and partner of the war)
The winged courſers harneſs'd to the car;
Xanthus and Balius, of immortal breed,
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in ſpeed;
Whom the wing'd Harpy, ſwift Podarge, bore,
By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy ſhore:
Swift Pedaſus was added to their ſide
(Once great Aëtion's, now Achilles' pride)
Who, like in ſtrength, in ſwiftneſs, and in grace,
A mortal courſer, match'd th' immortal race.
Achilles ſpeeds from tent to tent, and warms
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.
All breathing death, around their chief they ſtand,
A grim terrific formidable band:
Grim as voracious wolves, that ſeek the ſprings
When ſcalding thirſt their burning bowels wrings;
When ſome tall ſtag, freſh-ſlaughter'd in the wood,
Has drench'd their wide inſatiate throats with blood,
To the black fount they ruſh, a hideous throng,
With paunch diſtended, and with lolling tongue,
Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,
And, gorg'd with ſlaughter, ſtill they thirſt for more.
Like furious ruſh'd the Myrmidonian crew,
Such their dread ſtrength, and ſuch their deathful view.

High

High in the midſt the great Achilles ſtands,
Directs their order, and the war commands.
He, lov'd of Jove, had launch'd from Ilion's ſhores
Full fifty veſſels, mann'd with fifty oars:
Five choſen leaders the fierce bands obey,
Himſelf ſupreme in valour, as in ſway.
First march'd Meneſtheus, of celeſtial birth,
Deriv'd from thee, whoſe waters waſh the earth,
Divine Spirchius! Jove-deſcending flood!
A mortal mother mixing with a God.
Such was Meneſtheus, but miſcall'd by fame
The ſon of Borus, that eſpous'd the dame.
Eudorus next; whom Polymele the gay,
Fam'd in the graceful dance, produc'd to day.
Her, ſly Cellenius lov'd, on her would gaze,
As with ſwift ſtep ſhe form'd the running maze:
To her high chamber, from Diana's quire,
The God purſued her, urg'd, and crown'd his fire.
The ſon confeſs'd his father's heavenly race,
And heir'd his mother's ſwiftneſs in the chace.
Strong Echeclëus, bleſt in all thoſe charms
That pleas'd a God, ſucceeded to her arms;
Not conſcious of thoſe loves, long hid from fame,
With gifts of price he fought and won the dame;
Her ſecret offspring to her ſire ſhe bare;
Her ſire careſs'd him with a parent's care.
Piſander follow'd; matchleſs in his art
To wing the ſpear, or aim the diſtant dart;
No hand ſo ſure of all th' Emathian line,
Or if a ſurer, great Patroclus! thine.

The

The fourth by Phœnix' grave command was grac'd;
Laërces' valiant offspring led the laſt.
Soon as Achilles with ſuperior care
Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,
This ſtern remembrance to his troops he gave:
Ye far-fam'd Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave!
Think with what threats you dar'd the Trojan throng,
Think what reproach theſe ears endur'd ſo long,
" Stern ſon of Peleus!" (thus ye us'd to ſay,
While, reſtleſs, raging, in your ſhips you lay)
" Oh nurs'd with gall, unknowing how to yield;
" Whoſe rage defrauds us of ſo fam'd a field;
" If that dire fury muſt for ever burn,
" What make we here? Return; ye chiefs, return!"
Such were your words--Now, warriours, grieve no more.
Lo there the Trojans! bathe your ſwords in gore!
This day ſhall give you all your ſoul demands;
Glut all your hearts! and weary all your hands!
Thus while he rous'd the fire in every breaſt,
Cloſe, and more cloſe, the liſtening cohorts preſt;
Ranks wedg'd in ranks; of arms a ſteely ring
Still grows, and ſpreads, and thickens round the king.
As when a circling wall the builder forms,
Of ſtrength defenſive againſt wind and ſtorms,
Compacted ſtones the thickening work compoſe,
And round him wide the riſing ſtructure grows:
So helm to helm, and creſt to creſt they throng,
Shield urg'd on ſhield, and man drove man along;
Thick, undiſtinguiſh'd plumes, together join'd,
Float in one ſea, and wave before the wind.

Far

Far o'er the reſt, in glittering pomp appear
There bold Automedon, Patroclus here;
Brothers in arms, with equal fury fir'd;
Two friends, two bodies with one ſoul inſpir'd.
But, mindful of the Gods, Achilles went
To the rich coffer in his ſhady tent:
There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd,
And coſtly furs, and carpets ſtiff with gold
(The preſents of the ſilver-footed dame).
From thence he took a bowl, of antique frame,
Which never man had ſtain'd with ruddy wine,
Nor rais'd in offerings to the Powers divine,
But Peleus' ſon; and Peleus' ſon to none
Had rais'd in offerings, but to Jove alone.
This ting'd with ſulphur, ſacred firſt to flame,
He purg'd; and waſh'd it in the running ſtream.
Then cleans'd his hands; and, fixing for a ſpace
His eyes on heaven, his feet upon the place
Of ſacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd
Forth in the midſt; and thus the God implor'd:
O thou Supreme! high-thron'd all height above!
Oh great Pelaſgic, Dodonæan Jove!
Who 'midſt ſurrounding froſts, and vapours chill,
Preſid'ſt on bleak Dodona's vocal hill
(Whoſe groves, the Selli, race auſtere! furround,
Their feet unwaſh'd, their ſlumbers on the ground;
Who hear, from ruſtling oaks, thy dark decrees;
And catch the fates, low-whiſper'd in the breeze:)
Hear, as of old! Thou gav'ſt, at Thetis' prayer,
Glory to me, and to the Greeks deſpair.

Lo,

Lo, to the dangers of the fighting field
The beſt, the deareſt of my friends, I yield;
Though ſtill determin'd, to my ſhips confin'd;
Patroclus gone, I ſtay but half behind.
Oh! be his guard thy providential care,
Confirm his heart, and ſtring his arm to war:
Preſs'd by his ſingle force, let Hector ſee
His fame in arms not owing all to me.
But when the fleets are ſav'd from foes and fire,
Let him with conqueſt and renown retire;
Preſerve his arms, preſerve his ſocial train,
And ſafe return him to theſe eyes again;

Great Jove conſents to half the chief's requeſt,
But Heaven's eternal doom denies the reſt;
To free the fleet, was granted to his prayer;
His ſafe return, the winds diſpers'd in air.
Back to his tent the ſtern Achilles flies,
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.

Meanwhile the troops beneath Patroclus' care
Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.
As waſps, provok'd by children in their play,
Pour from their manſions by the broad highway,
In ſwarms the guiltleſs traveller engage,
Whet all their ſtings, and call forth all their rage:
All riſe in arms, and with a general cry
Aſſert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.
Thus from the tents the fervent legion ſwarms,
So loud their clamour, and ſo keen their arms;
Their riſing rage Patroclus' breath inſpires,
Who thus inflames them with heroic fires:

Oh

Oh warriours, partners of Achilles' praiſe!
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days:
Your god-like maſter let your acts proclaim,
And add new glories to his mighty name.
Think, your Achilles ſees you fight: be brave,
And humble the proud monarch whom you ſave.
Joyful they heard, and, kindling as he ſpoke,
Flew to the fleet, involv'd in fire and ſmoke.
From ſhore to ſhore the doubling ſhouts reſound,
The hollow ſhips return a deeper ſound.
The war ſtood ſtill, and all around them gaz'd,
When great Achilles' ſhining armour blaz'd:
Troy ſaw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh;
At once they ſee, they tremble, and they fly.
Then firſt thy ſpear, divine Patroclus! flew,
Where the war rag'd, and where the tumult grew.
Cloſe to the ſtern of that fam'd ſhip, which bore
Unbleſt Proteſilaus to Ilion's ſhore,
The great Pæonian, bold Pyræchmes, ſtood
(Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood);
His ſhoulder-blade receives the fatal wound;
The groaning warriour pants upon the ground.
His troops, that ſee their country's glory ſlain,
Fly diverſe, ſcatter'd o'er the diſtant plain.
Patroclus' arm forbids the ſpreading fires,
And from the half-burn'd ſhip proud Troy retires:
Clear'd from the ſmoke the joyful navy lies:
In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies;
Triumphant Greece her reſcued decks aſcends,
And loud acclaim the ſtarry region rends.

So,

So, when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,
O'er heaven's expanſe like one black cieling ſpread,
Sudden the Thunderer, with a flaſhing ray,
Burſts through the darkneſs, and lets down the day:
The hills ſhine out, the rocks in proſpect riſe,
And ſtreams, and vales, and foreſts, ſtrike the eyes;
The ſmiling ſcene wide opens to the ſight,
And all th' unmeaſur'd æther flames with light.
But Troy repuls'd, and ſcatter'd o'er the plains,
Forc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.
Now every Greek ſome hoſtile hero flew,
But ſtill the foremoſt bold Patroclus flew;
As Arielycus had turn'd him round,
Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound;
The brazen-point-d ſpear, with vigour thrown,
The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone:
Headlong he fell. Next, Thoas, was thy chance,
Thy breaſt, unarm'd, receiv'd the Spartan lance.
Phylides' dart (as Amphiclus drew nigh)
His blow prevented, and tranſpierc'd his thigh,
Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away;
In darkneſs and in death the warriour lay.
In equal arms two ſons of Neſtor ſtand,
And two bold brothers of the Lycian band:
By great Antilochus, Atymnius dies,
Pierc'd in the flank, lamented youth! he lies.
Kind Maris, bleeding in his brother's wound,
Defends the breathleſs carcaſe on the ground:
Furious he flies, his murderer to engage;
But God-like Thraſimed prevents his rage,

Between

Between his arm and ſhoulder aims a blow;
His arm falls ſpouting on the duſt below:
He ſinks, with endleſs darkneſs cover'd o'er;
And vents his ſoul, effus'd with guſhing gore.

Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,
Sarpedon's friends, Amiſodarus' ſeed;
Amiſodarus, who, by Furies led,
The bane of men, abhorr'd Chimæra bred;
Skill'd in the dart in vain, his ſons expire,
And pay the forfeit of their guilty ſire.

Stopp'd in the tumult, Cleobulus lies
Beneath Oïleus' arm, a living prize;
A living prize not long the Trojan ſtood;
The thirſty falchion drank his reeking blood:
Plung'd in his throat the ſmoking weapon lies;
Black death, and fate unpitying, ſeal his eyes.

Amid the ranks, with mutual thirſt of fame,
Lycon the brave, and fierce Peneleus, came;
In vain their javelins at each other flew,
Now met in arms, their eager ſwords they drew.
On the plum'd creſt of his Bœotian foe,
The daring Lycon aim'd a noble blow;
The ſword broke ſhort; but his, Peneleus ſped
Full on the juncture of the neck and head:
The head, divided by a ſtroke ſo juſt,
Hung by the ſkin: the body ſunk to duſt.

O'ertaken Neamas by Merion bleeds,
Pierc'd through the ſhoulder as he mounts his ſteeds;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground:
His ſwimming eyes eternal ſhades ſurround.

Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to feel,
His open'd mouth receiv'd the Cretan ſteel:
Beneath the brain the point a paſſage tore,
Craſh'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in gore:
His mouth, his eyes, his noſtrils, pour a flood;
He ſobs his ſoul out in the guſh of blood.
As when the flocks, neglected by the ſwain
(Or kids, or lambs) lie ſcatter'd o'er the plain,
A troop of wolves th' unguarded charge ſurvey,
And rend the trembling, unreſiſting prey:
Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came;
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame.
But ſtill at Hector god-like Ajax aim'd,
Still pointed at his breaſt his javelin flam'd:
The Trojan chief, experienc'd in the field,
O'er his broad ſhoulders ſpread the maſſy ſhield,
Obſerv'd the ſtorm of darts the Grecians pour,
And on his buckler caught the ringing ſhower.
He ſees for Greece the ſcale of conqueſt riſe,
Yet ſtops, and turns, and ſaves his lov'd allies.
As when the hand of Jove a tempeſt forms,
And rolls the cloud to blacken heaven with ſtorms,
Dark o'er the fields th' aſcending vapour flies,
And ſhades the ſun, and blots the golden ſkies:
So from the ſhips, along the duſky plain,
Dire Flight and Terrour drove the Trojan train.
Ev'n Hector fled; through heaps of diſarray
The fiery courſers forc'd their lord away:
While far behind his Trojans fall confus'd;
Wedg'd in the trench, in one vaſt carnage bruis'd:

Chariots on chariots roll; the clashing spokes
Shock; while the madding steeds break short their yokes:
In vain they labour up the steepy mound;
Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.
Fierce on the rear, with shouts, Patroclus flies;
Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and skies;
Thick drifts of dust involve their rapid flight;
Clouds rise on clouds, and heaven is snatch'd from sight.
Th' affrighted steeds, their dying lords cast down,
Scour o'er the fields, and stretch to reach the town.
Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry,
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickest die,
Where horse, and arms, and chariots lie o'erthrown,
And bleeding heroes under axles groan.
No stop, no check, the steeds of Peleus knew;
From bank to bank th' immortal coursers flew,
High-bounding o'er the fosse: the whirling car
Smokes through the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war,
And thunders after Hector; Hector flies,
Patroclus shakes his lance; but Fate denies.
Not with less noise, with less impetuous force,
The tide of Trojans urge their desperate course,
Than when in autumn Jove his fury pours,
And earth is loaden with incessant showers
(When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws,
Or judges, brib'd, betray the righteous cause);
From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,
And opens all the flood-gates of the skies:
Th' impetuous torrents from their hills obey,
Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains swept away;

Loud

Loud roars the deluge till it meets the main;
And trembling man ſees all his labours vain.
And now the chief (the foremoſt troops repell'd)
Back to the ſhips his deſtin'd progreſs held,
Bore down half Troy in his reſiſtleſs way,
And forc'd the routed ranks to ſtand the day.
Between the ſpace where ſilver Simoïs flows,
Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires roſe,
All grim in duſt and blood, Patroclus ſtands,
And turns the ſlaughter on the conquering bands.
Firſt Pronoüs died beneath his fiery dart,
Which pierc'd below the ſhield his valiant heart.
Theſtor was next; who ſaw the chief appear,
And fell the victim of his coward fear;
Shrunk-up he ſat, with wild and haggard eye,
Nor ſtood to combat, nor had force to fly:
Patroclus mark'd him as he ſhunn'd the war,
And with unmanly tremblings ſhook the car,
And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaws
The javelin ſticks, and from the chariot draws.
As on a rock that over-hangs the main,
An angler, ſtudious of the line and cane,
Some mighty fiſh draws panting to the ſhore;
Not with leſs eaſe the barbed javelin bore
The gaping daſtard: as the ſpear was ſhook,
He fell, and life his heartleſs breaſt forſook.
Next on Eryalus he flies; a ſtone,
Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown:
Full on his crown the ponderous fragment flew,
And burſt the helm, and cleft the head in two:

Prone to the ground the breathleſs warriour fell,
And death involv'd him with the ſhades of hell.
Then low in duſt Epaltes, Echius lie;
Ipheas, Evippus, Polymelus, die;
Amphoterus, and Erymas ſucceed;
And laſt Tlepolemus and Pyres bleed.
Where'er he moves, the growing ſlaughters ſpread
In heaps on heaps; a monument of dead.

When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld
Groveling in duſt, and gaſping on the field,
With this reproach his flying hoſt he warms:
Oh ſtain to honour! oh diſgrace to arms!
Forſake, inglorious, the contended plain;
This hand, unaided, ſhall the war ſuſtain:
The taſk be mine, this hero's ſtrength to try,
Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly.
He ſpake; and, ſpeaking, leaps from off the car;
Patroclus lights, and ſternly waits the war.
As when two vultures on the mountains height
Stoop with reſounding pinions to the fight;
They cuff, they tear, they raiſe a ſcreaming cry:
The deſart echoes, and the rocks reply:
The warriours thus, oppos'd in arms, engage
With equal clamours, and with equal rage.

Jove view'd the combat; whoſe event foreſeen,
He thus beſpoke his Siſter and his Queen:
The hour draws on; the Deſtinies ordain,
My god-like ſon ſhall preſs the Phrygian plain:
Already on the verge of death he ſtands,
His life is ow'd to fierce Patroclus' hands.

What

What paſſions in a parent's breaſt debate!
Say, ſhall I ſnatch him from impending fate,
And ſend him ſafe to Lycia, diſtant far
From all the dangers and the toils of war;
Or to his doom my braveſt offspring yield,
And fatten with celeſtial blood the field?
Then thus the Goddeſs with the radiant eyes:
What words are theſe? O Sovereign of the Skies!
Short is the date preſcrib'd to mortal man;
Shall Jove, for one, extend the narrow ſpan,
Whoſe bounds were fix'd before his race began?
How many ſons of Gods, foredoom'd to death,
Before proud Ilion muſt reſign their breath!
Were thine exempt, debate would riſe above,
And murmuring Powers condemn their partial Jov
Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight;
And, when th' aſcending ſoul has wing'd her flight,
Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,
The breathleſs body to his native land.
His friends and people, to his future praiſe,
A marble tomb and pyramid ſhall raiſe,
And laſting honours to his aſhes give;
His fame ('tis all the dead can have) ſhall live.
She ſaid; the Cloud-compeller, overcome,
Aſſents to fate, and ratifies the doom.
Then, touch'd with grief, the weeping heavens diſtill'd
A ſhower of blood o'er all the fatal field:
The God, his eyes averting from the plain
Laments his ſon, predeſtin'd to be ſlain,
Far from the Lycian ſhores, his happy native reign.

Now met in arms, the combatants appear,
Each heav'd the ſhield, and pois'd the lifted ſpear:
From ſtrong Patroclus' hand the javelin fled,
And paſs'd the groin of valiant Thraſymed;
The nerves unbrac'd, no more his bulk ſuſtain,
He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.
Two ſounding darts the Lycian leader threw;
The firſt aloof with erring fury flew,
The next tranſpierc'd Achilles' mortal ſteed,
The generous Pedaſus of Theban breed;
Fix'd in the ſhoulder's joint, he reel'd around,
Roll'd in the bloody duſt, and paw'd the ſlippery ground.
His ſudden fall th' entangled harneſs broke;
Each axle crackled, and the chariot ſhook:
When bold Automedon, to diſengage
The ſtarting courſers, and reſtrain their rage,
Divides the traces with his ſword, and freed
Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying ſteed:
The reſt move on, obedient to the rein;
The car rolls ſlowly o'er the duſty plain.

The towering chiefs to fiercer fight advance,
And firſt Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance,
Which o'er the warriour's ſhoulder took its courſe,
And ſpent in empty air its dying force.
Not ſo Patroclus' never-erring dart:
Aim'd at his breaſt, it pierc'd the mortal part,
Where the ſtrong fibres bind the ſolid heart,
Then, as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine (fit maſt for ſome great admiral)
Nods to the axe, till with a groaning ſound
It ſinks, and ſpreads its honours on the ground:

Thus

Thus fell the king; and, laid on earth ſupine,
Before his chariot ſtretch'd his form divine:
He graſp'd the duſt diſtain'd with ſtreaming gore,
And, pale in death, lay groaning on the ſhore.
So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,
While the grim ſavage grinds with foamy jaws
The trembling limbs, and ſucks the ſmoking blood;
Deep groans, and hollow roars, re-bellow through the wood.
Then to the leader of the Lycian band
The dying chief addreſs'd his laſt command:
Glaucus, be bold; thy taſk be firſt to dare
The glorious dangers of deſtructive war,
To lead my troops, to combat at their head,
Incite the living, and ſupply the dead.
Tell them, I charg'd them with my lateſt breath
Not unreveng'd to bear Sarpedon's death.
What grief, what ſhame, muſt Glaucus undergo,
If theſe ſpoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe!
Then as a friend, and as a warriour, fight;
Defend my body, conquer in my right;
That, taught by great examples, all may try
Like thee to vanquiſh, or like me to die.
He ceas'd; the Fates ſuppreſs'd his labouring breath,
And his eyes darken'd with the ſhades of death.
Th' inſulting victor with diſdain beſtrode
The proſtrate prince, and on his boſom trod;
Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,
The reeking fibres clinging to the dart;
From the wide wound guſh'd out a ſtream of blood,
And the ſoul iſſued in the purple flood.

His flying steeds the Myrmidons detain,
Unguided now, their mighty master slain.
All-impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,
Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief.
His painful arm, yet useless with the smart
Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart,
Supported on his better hand he stay'd;
To Phœbus then, ('twas all he could) he pray'd:
All-seeing monarch! whether Lycia's coast,
Or sacred Ilion, thy bright presence boast,
Powerful alike to ease the wretch's smart;
Oh hear me! God of every healing art!
Lo! stiff with clotted blood, and pierc'd with pain,
That thrills my arm, and shoots through every vein,
I stand, unable to sustain the spear,
And sigh, at distance from the glorious war.
Low in the dust is great Sarpedon laid,
Nor Jove vouchsaf'd his hapless offspring aid.
But thou, O God of Health! thy succour lend,
To guard the reliques of my slaughter'd friend.
For thou, though distant, canst restore my might,
To lead my Lycians, and support the fight.
Apollo heard; and, suppliant as he stood,
His heavenly hand restrain'd the flux of blood:
He drew the dolours from the wounded part,
And breath'd a spirit in his rising heart:
Renew'd by art divine, the hero stands,
And owns th' assistance of immortal hands.
First to the fight his native troops he warms,
Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms:

With

With ample ſtrides he ſtalks from place to place;
Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas;
Æneas next, and Hector, he accoſts;
Inflaming thus the rage of all their hoſts:
What thoughts, regardleſs chief! thy breaſt employ?
Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy!
Thoſe generous friends, who, from their country far,
Breathe their brave ſouls out in another's war.
See! where in duſt the great Sarpedon lies,
In action valiant, and in council wiſe,
Who guarded right, and kept his people free;
To all his Lycians loſt, and loſt to thee!
Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains,
Oh ſave from hoſtile rage his lov'd remains:
Ah let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boaſt,
Nor on his corſe revenge her heroes loſt.
He ſpoke; each leader in his grief partook,
Troy, at the loſs, through all her legions ſhook.
Transfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrown
At once his country's pillar, and their own;
A chief, who led to Troy's beleaguer'd wall
A hoſt of heroes, and out-ſhin'd them all.
Fir'd they ruſh on; firſt Hector ſeeks the foes,
And with ſuperiour vengeance greatly glows.
But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus ſtands,
And, rouzing Ajax, rouz'd the liſtening bands:
Heroes, be men! be what you were before;
Or weigh the great occaſion, and be more.
The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,
Lies pale in death, extended on the field.

To

To guard his body, Troy in numbers flies;
'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.
Haſte, ſtrip his arms, the ſlaughter round him ſpread,
And ſend the living Lycians to the dead.

The heroes kindle at his fierce command;
The martial ſquadrons cloſe on either hand:
Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alarms,
Theſſalia there, and Greece, oppoſe their arms.
With horrid ſhouts they circle round the ſlain;
The claſh of armour rings o'er all the plain.
Great Jove, to ſwell the horrours of the fight,
O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious night;
And round his ſon confounds the warring hoſts,
His fate enobling with a croud of ghoſts.

Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus falls;
Agacleus' ſon, from Budium's lofty walls:
Who, chac'd for murder thence, a ſuppliant came
To Peleus and the ſilver-footed dame;
Now ſent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,
He pays due vengeance to his kinſman's ſhade.
Soon as his luckleſs hand had touch'd the dead,
A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head;
Hurl'd by Hectorian force, it cleft in twain
His ſhatter'd helm, and ſtretch'd him o'er the ſlain.

Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came;
And, like an eagle darting at his game,
Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band;
What grief thy heart, what fury urg'd thy hand,
Oh generous Greek! when with full vigour thrown
At Sthenelaüs flew the weighty ſtone,

Which

Which ſunk him to the dead: when Troy, too near
That arm, drew back; and Hector learn'd to fear.
Far as an able hand a lance can throw,
Or at the liſts, or at the fighting foe;
So far the Trojans from their lines retir'd;
Till Glaucus, turning, all the reſt inſpir'd.
Then Bathyclæus fell beneath his rage,
The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age:
Wide o'er the land was ſtretch'd his large domain,
With ſtately ſeats, and riches, bleſt in vain:
Him, bold with youth, and eager to purſue
The flying Lycians, Glaucus met, and ſlew;
Pierc'd through the boſom with a ſudden wound,
He fell, and, falling, made the fields reſound.
Th' Achaians ſorrow for their hero ſlain;
With conquering ſhouts the Trojans ſhake the plain,
And croud to ſpoil the dead: the Greeks oppoſe;
An iron circle round the carcaſe grows.

Then brave Laogonus reſign'd his breath,
Diſpatch'd by Merion to the ſhades of death:
On Ida's holy hill he made abode,
The prieſt of Jove, and honour'd like his God.
Between the jaw and ear the javelin went:
The ſoul, exhaling, iſſued at the vent.

His ſpear Æneas at the victor threw,
Who ſtooping forward from the death withdrew;
The lance hiſs'd harmleſs o'er his covering ſhield,
And trembling ſtruck, and rooted in the field;
There yet ſcarce ſpent, it quivers on the plain,
Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain.

Swift

Swift as thou art (the raging hero cries)
And ſkill'd in dancing to diſpute the prize,
My ſpear, the deſtin'd paſſage had it found,
Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.
Oh valiant leader of the Dardan hoſt!
(Inſulted Merion thus retorts the boaſt)
Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you truſt,
An arm as ſtrong may ſtretch thee in the duſt.
And if to this my lance thy fate be given,
Vain are thy vaunts; ſucceſs is ſtill from Heaven:
This inſtant ſends thee down to Pluto's coaſt;
Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghoſt.
O friend (Menœtius' ſon this anſwer gave)
With words to combat, ill befits the brave;
Not empty boaſts the ſons of Troy repell,
Your ſwords muſt plunge them to the ſhades of hell.
To ſpeak, beſeems the council: but to dare
In glorious action, is the taſk of war
This ſaid, Patroclus to the battle flies;
Great Merion follows, and new ſhouts ariſe:
Shields, helmets rattle, as the warriours cloſe;
And thick and heavy ſounds the ſtorm of blows.
As through the ſhrilling vale, or mountain ground,
The labours of the woodman's axe reſound;
Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,
While crackling foreſts fall on every ſide:
Thus echo'd all the fields with loud alarms,
So fell the warriours, and ſo rung their arms.
Now great Sarpedon on the ſandy ſhore,
His heavenly form defac'd with duſt and gore,

And

And ſtuck with darts by warring heroes ſhed,
Lies undiſtinguiſh'd from the vulgar dead.
His long-diſputed corſe the chiefs incloſe,
On every ſide the buſy combat grows;
Thick as beneath ſome ſhepherd's thatch'd abode
(The pails high-foaming with a milky flood)
The buzzing flies, a perſevering train,
Inceſſant ſwarm, and chac'd return again.
Jove view'd the combat with a ſtern ſurvey,
And eyes that flaſh'd intolerable day.
Fix'd on the field his ſight, his breaſt debates
The vengeance due, and meditates the fates:
Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call
The force of Hector to Patroclus' fall,
This inſtant ſee his ſhort-liv'd trophies won,
And ſtretch'd him breathleſs on his ſlaughter'd ſon;
Or yet, with many a foul's untimely flight,
Augment the fame and horrour of the fight.
To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praiſe
At length he dooms; and, that his laſt of days
Shall ſet in glory, bids him drive the foe;
Nor unattended ſee the ſhades below.
Then Hector's mind he fills with dire diſmay;
He mounts his car, and calls his hoſts away,
Sunk with Troy's heavy fates, he ſees decline
The ſcales of Jove, and pants with awe divine.
Then, nor before, the hardy Lycians fled,
And left their monarch with the common dead:
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall
Of carnage riſes, as the heroes fall,

(So

(So Jove decreed!) At length the Greeks obtain
The prize conteſted, and deſpoil the ſlain.
The radiant arms are by Patroclus borne,
Patroclus' ſhips the glorious ſpoils adorn.

Then thus to Phœbus, in the realms above,
Spoke from his throne the Cloud-compelling Jove:
Deſcend, my Phœbus! on the Phrygian plain,
And from the fight convey Sarpedon ſlain;
Then bathe his body in the cryſtal flood;
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with blood:
O'er all his limbs celeſtial odours ſhed,
And with celeſtial robes adorn the dead.
Thoſe rites diſcharg'd, his ſacred corſe bequeath
To the ſoft arms of ſilent Sleep and Death.
They to his friends the mournful charge ſhall bear,
His friends a tomb and pyramid ſhall rear;
What honours mortals after death receive,
Thoſe unavailing honours we may give!

Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height
Swift to the field precipitates his flight;
Thence from the war the breathleſs hero bore,
Veil'd in a cloud, to ſilver Simoïs' ſhore;
There bath'd his honourable wounds, and dreſt
His manly members in th' immortal veſt;
And with perfumes of ſweet ambroſial dews,
Reſtores his freſhneſs, and his form renews.
Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchleſs ſwiftneſs, but of ſilent pace,
Receiv'd Sarpedon, at the God's command,
And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land;

The

The corſe amidſt his weeping friends they laid,
Where endleſs honours wait the ſacred ſhade.
Meanwhile Patroclus pours along the plains,
With foaming courſers, and with looſen'd reins.
Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,
Ah blind to fate! thy headlong fury flew:
Againſt what Fate and powerful Jove ordain,
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain;
For he, the God, whoſe counſels uncontrol'd
Diſmay the mighty, and confound the bold;
The God who gives, reſumes, and orders all,
He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.
Who firſt, brave hero! by that arm was ſlain,
Who laſt, beneath thy vengeance, preſs'd the plain;
When Heaven itſelf thy fatal fury led,
And call'd to fill the number of the dead?
Adreſtus firſt; Autonoüs then ſucceeds;
Echeclus follows; next young Megas bleeds:
Epiſtor, Melanippus, bite the ground:
The ſlaughter, Elaſus and Mulius crown'd:
Then ſunk Pylartes to eternal night;
The reſt, diſperſing, truſt their fates to flight.
Now Troy had ſtoop'd beneath his matchleſs power,
But flaming Phœbus kept the ſacred tower.
Thrice at the battlements Patroclus ſtrook,
His blazing ægis thrice Apollo ſhook:
He try'd the fourth; when, burſting from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud:
Patroclus! ceaſe; this heaven-defended wall
Defies thy lance; not fated yet to fall;

Thy

Thy friend, thy greater far, it ſhall withſtand:
Troy ſhall not ſtoop ev'n to Achilles' hand.
So ſpoke the God who darts celeſtial fires;
The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires:
While Hector, checking at the Scæan gates
His panting courſers, in his breaſt debates,
Or in the field his forces to employ,
Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy.
Thus while he thought, beſide him Phœbus ſtood,
In Aſius' ſhape, who reign'd by Sangar's flood;
(Thy brother, Hecuba! from Dymas ſprung,
A valiant warriour, haughty, bold, and young.)
Thus he accoſts him: What a ſhameful ſight!
Gods! is it Hector that forbears the fight?
Were thine my vigour, this ſucceſsful ſpear
Should ſoon convince thee of ſo falſe a fear.
Turn then, ah turn thee to the field of fame,
And in Patroclus' blood efface thy ſhame.
Perhaps Apollo ſhall thy arms ſucceed,
And Heaven ordains him by thy lance to bleed.
So ſpoke th' inſpiring God; then took his flight,
And plung'd amidſt the tumult of the fight.
He bids Cebrion drive the rapid car;
The laſh reſounds, the courſers ruſh to war:
The God the Grecians' ſinking ſouls depreſt,
And pour'd ſwift ſpirits through each Trojan breaſt.
Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight;
A ſpear his left, a ſtone employs his right:
With all his nerves he drives it at the foe;
Pointed above, and rough and groſs below:

The

The falling ruin cruſh'd Cebrion's head,
The lawleſs offspring of king Priam's bed;
His front, brows, eyes, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound:
The burſting balls drop ſightleſs to the ground.
The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,
Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.
To the dark ſhades the ſoul unwilling glides;
While the proud victor thus his fall derides:
Good Heavens! what active feats yon artiſt ſhows!
What ſkilful divers are our Phrygian foes!
Mark with what eaſe they ſink into the ſand!
Pity, that all their practice is by land!
Then, ruſhing forward on his proſtrate prize,
To ſpoil the carcaſe fierce Patroclus flies:
Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
That ſweeps the fields, depopulates the fold;
Pierc'd through the dauntleſs heart, then tumbles ſlain;
And from his fatal courage finds his bane.
At once bold Hector leaping from his car,
Defends the body, and provokes the war.
Thus for ſome ſlaughter'd hind, with equal rage,
Two lordly rulers of the wood engage;
Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,
And echoing roars rebellow through the ſhades.
Stern Hector faſtens on the warriour's head,
And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead.
While all around, confuſion, rage, and fright,
Mix the contending hoſts in mortal fight.
So, pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud
In the deep boſom of ſome gloomy wood;

Leaves, arms, and trees, aloft in air are blown,
The broad oaks crackle, and the ſylvans groan;
This way and that, the rattling thicket bends,
And the whole foreſt in one craſh deſcends.
Not with leſs noiſe, with leſs tumultuous rage,
In dreadful ſhock the mingled hoſts engage.
Darts ſhower'd on darts, now round the carcaſe ring;
Now flights of arrows bounding from the ſtring:
Stones follow ſtones; ſome clatter on the fields,
Some, hard and heavy, ſhake the ſounding ſhields.
But where the riſing whirlwind clouds the plains,
Sunk in ſoft duſt the mighty chief remains,
And, ſtretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins!

Now, flaming from the zenith, Sol had driven
His fervid orb through half the vault of heaven;
While on each hoſt with equal tempeſt fell
The ſhowering darts, and numbers ſunk to hell.
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Glad conqueſt reſted on the Grecian train.
Then, from amidſt the tumult and alarms,
They draw the conquer'd corſe, and radiant arms.
Then raſh Patroclus with new fury glows,
And, breathing ſlaughter, pours amid the foes.
Thrice on the preſs, like Mars himſelf, he flew.
And thrice three heroes at each onſet ſlew.
There ends thy glory! there the Fates untwine
The laſt, black remnant of ſo bright a line;
Apollo dreadful ſtops thy middle way;
Death calls, and Heaven allows no longer day!

For lo! the God, in duſky clouds enſhrin'd
Approaching dealt a ſtaggering blow behind.

The weighty ſhock his neck and ſhoulders feel;
His eyes flaſh ſparkles, his ſtunn'd ſenſes reel
In giddy darkneſs: far to diſtance flung,
His bounding helmet on the champain rung.
Achilles' plume is ſtain'd with duſt and gore,
That plume, which never ſtoop'd to earth before;
Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting fields to ſhine,
And ſhade the temples of the man divine.
Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod;
Not long—for fate purſues him, and the God.

His ſpear in ſhivers falls: his ample ſhield
Drops from his arm: his baldrick ſtrows the field:
The corſelet his aſtoniſh'd breaſt forſakes:
Looſe is each joint: each nerve with horrour ſhakes.
Stupid he ſtares, and all-aſſiſtleſs ſtands:
Such is the force of more than mortal hands!

A Dardan youth there was, well known to fame,
From Panthus ſprung, Euphorbus was his name;
Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horſe,
Skill'd in the dart, and matchleſs in the courſe:
Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.
His venturous ſpear firſt drew the hero's gore;
He ſtruck, he wounded, but he durſt no more;
Nor, though diſarm'd, Patroclus' fury ſtood:
But ſwift withdrew the long-protended wood,
And turn'd him ſhort, and herded in the croud.
Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal ſpear,
Wounded at once, Patroclus yields to fear;

Retires for ſuccour to his ſocial train,
And flies the fate, which Heaven decreed, in vain.
Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views,
Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat purſues:
The lance arreſts him with a mortal wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms reſound.
With him all Greece was ſunk; that moment all
Her yet-ſurviving heroes ſeem'd to fall.
So, ſcorch'd with heat, along the deſert ſhore,
The roaming lion meets a briſtly boar,
Faſt by the ſpring; they both diſpute the flood,
With flaming eyes, and jaws beſmear'd with blood;
At length the ſovereign ſavage wins the ſtrife,
And the torn boar reſigns his thirſt and life.
Patroclus thus, ſo many chiefs o'erthrown,
So many lives effus'd, expires his own.
As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,
He ſternly views him, and triumphing cries:
Lie there, Patroclus! and with thee, the joy
Thy pride once promis'd, of ſubverting Troy;
The fancy'd ſcenes of Ilion wrapt in flames,
And thy ſoft pleaſures ſerv'd with captive dames!
Unthinking man! I fought, thoſe towers to free,
And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee:
But thou a prey to vultures ſhalt be made;
Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid;
Though much at parting that great chief might ſay,
And much enjoin thee, this important day.

" Return

" Return not, my brave friend (perhaps he ſaid)
" Without the bloody arms of Hector dead."
He ſpoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he ſped.
Supine and wildly gazing on the ſkies,
With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies:
Vain boaſter! ceaſe, and know the Powers divine:
Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine;
To Heaven is ow'd whate'er your own you call,
And Heaven itſelf diſarm'd me ere my fall.
Had twenty mortals, each thy match in might,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had ſunk in fight:
By Fate and Phœbus was I firſt o'erthrown,
Euphorbus next; the third mean part thy own.
But thou, imperious! hear my lateſt breath;
The Gods inſpire it, and it ſounds thy death.
Inſulting man, thou ſhalt be ſoon as I;
Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh;
Ev'n now on life's laſt verge I ſee thee ſtand,
I ſee thee fall, and by Achilles' hand.
He faints; the ſoul unwilling wings her way
(The beauteous body left a load of clay)
Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coaſt;
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghoſt!
Then Hector, pauſing, as his eyes he fed
On the pale carcaſe, thus addreſs'd the dead:
From whence this boding ſpeech, the ſtern decree
Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?
Why not as well Achilles' fate be given
To Hector's lance? Who knows the will of Heaven?

Penſive he ſaid; then preſſing, as he lay,
His breathleſs boſom, tore the lance away;
And upwards caſt the corpſe: the reeking ſpear
He ſhakes, and charges the bold charioteer.
But ſwift Automedon with looſen'd reins
Rapt in the chariot o'er the diſtant plains,
Far from his rage th' immortal courſers drove;
Th' immortal courſers were the gift of Jove.

THE

THE

SEVENTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The ſeventh Battle, for the body of Patroclus: the Acts of Menelaus.

MENELAUS, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus, who attempts it, is ſlain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires; but ſoon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight; who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them: Æneas ſuſtains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horſes of Achilles deplore the loſs of Patroclus: Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkneſs: the noble prayer of Ajax on that occaſion. Menelaus ſends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus' death, then returns to the fight, where, though attacked with the utmoſt fury, he and Meriones, aſſiſted by the Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ſhips.

The time is the evening of the eight and twentieth day. The ſcene lies in the fields before Troy.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XVII.

ON the cold earth divine Patroclus ſpread,
Lies pierc'd with wounds among the vulgar dead.
Great Menelaüs, touch'd with generous woe,
Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe:
Thus round her new-fall'n young the heifer moves,
Fruit of her throes, and firſt-born of her loves;
And anxious (helpleſs as he lies, and bare)
Turns, and re-turns her, with a mother's care.
Oppos'd to each that near the carcaſe came,
His broad ſhield glimmers, and his lances flame.

The ſon of Panthus, ſkill'd the dart to ſend,
Eyes the dead hero, and inſults the friend:
This hand, Atrides, laid Patroclus low;
Warriour deſiſt, nor tempt an equal blow:
To me the ſpoils my proweſs won, reſign;
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.

The Trojan thus: the Spartan monarch burn'd
With generous anguiſh, and in ſcorn return'd:
Laugh'ſt thou not, Jove! from thy ſuperior throne,
When mortals boaſt of proweſs not their own?
Not thus the lion glories in his might,
Nor panther braves his ſpotted foe in fight,

Nor

Nor thus the boar (thoſe terrours of the plain)
Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.
But far the vaineſt of the boaſtful kind
Theſe ſons of Panthus vent their haughty mind.
Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conquering ſteel
This boaſter's brother, Hyperenor, fell;
Againſt our arm, which raſhly he defy'd,
Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride.
Theſe eyes beheld him on the duſt expire,
No more to chear his ſpouſe, or glad his ſire.
Preſumptuous youth! like his ſhall be thy doom,
Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom;
Or, while thou may'ſt, avoid the threaten'd fate;
Fools ſtay to feel it, and are wiſe too late.
  Unmov'd Euphorbus thus: That action known,
Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.
His weeping father claims thy deſtin'd head,
And ſpouſe, a widow in her bridal bed:
On theſe thy conquer'd ſpoils I ſhall beſtow,
To ſoothe a conſort's and a parent's woe;
No longer then defer the glorious ſtrife,
Let Heaven decide our fortune, fame, and life.
  Swift as the word the miſſile lance he flings,
The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,
But blunted by the braſs innoxious falls.
On Jove the father, great Atrides calls,
Nor flies the javelin from his arm in vain,
It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the plain;
Wide through the neck appears the griſly wound,
Prone ſinks the warriour, and his arms reſound.

The

The ſhining circlets of his golden hair,
Which ev'n the Graces might be proud to wear,
Inſtarr'd with gems and gold, beſtrow the ſhore,
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with gore.

As the young olive, in ſome ſylvan ſcene,
Crown'd by freſh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head, in ſnowy flowerets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
When lo! a whirlwind from high heaven invades
The tender plant, and withers all its ſhades;
It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
A lovely ruin, now defac'd and dead.
Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay,
While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away.
Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
Affrighted Troy the towering victor flies:
Flies, as before ſome mountain lion's ire
The village curs and trembling ſwains retire,
When o'er the ſlaughter'd bull they hear him roar,
And ſee his jaws diſtill with ſmoking gore;
All pale with fear, at diſtance ſcatter'd round,
They ſhout inceſſant, and the vales reſound.

Meanwhile Apollo view'd with envious eyes,
And urg'd great Hector to diſpute the prize
(In Mentes' ſhape, beneath whoſe martial care
The rough Ciconians learn'd the trade of war):
Forbear, he cry'd, with fruitleſs ſpeed to chace
Achilles' courſers, of ætherial race;
They ſtoop not, theſe, to mortal man's command,
Or ſtoop to none but great Achilles' hand.

Too

Too long amus'd with a purſuit ſo vain,
Turn, and behold the brave Euphorbus ſlain!
By Sparta ſlain! for ever now ſuppreſt
The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breaſt!
Thus having ſpoke, Apollo wing'd his flight,
And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight:
His words infix'd unutterable care
Deep in great Hector's ſoul: through all the war
He darts his anxious eye; and inſtant view'd
The breathleſs hero in his blood imbrued
(Forth welling from the wound, as prone he lay)
And in the victor's hands the ſhining prey.
Sheath'd in bright arms, through cleaving ranks he flies,
And ſends his voice in thunder to the ſkies:
Fierce as a flood of flame by Vulcan ſent,
It flew, and fir'd the nations as it went.
Atrides from the voice the ſtorm divin'd,
And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind:
Then ſhall I quit Patroclus on the plain,
Slain in my cauſe, and for my honour ſlain?
Deſert the arms, the relicks of my friend?
Or, ſingly, Hector and his troops attend?
Sure where ſuch partial favour Heaven beſtow'd,
To brave the hero were to brave the God:
Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field;
'Tis not to Hector, but to Heaven, I yield.
Yet, nor the God, nor Heaven, ſhould give me fear,
Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear:
Still would we turn, ſtill battle on the plains,
And give Achilles all that yet remains

Of his and our Patroclus—This, no more,
The time allow'd: Troy thicken'd on the ſhore,
A fable ſcene! The terrours Hector led.
Slow he recedes, and ſighing quits the dead.
So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,
Forc'd by loud clamours, and a ſtorm of darts;
He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
With heart indignant and retorted eyes.
Now enter'd in the Spartan ranks, he turn'd
His manly breaſt, and with new fury burn'd;
O'er all the black battalions ſent his view,
And through the cloud the god-like Ajax knew;
Where labouring on the left the warriour ſtood,
All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood;
There breathing courage, where the God of Day
Had ſunk each heart with terrour and diſmay.
To him the king: Oh Ajax, oh my friend;
Haſte, and Patroclus' lov'd remains defend:
The body to Achilles to reſtore,
Demands our care; alas, we can no more!
For naked now, deſpoil'd of arms, he lies;
And Hector glories in the dazzling prize.
He ſaid, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair
Pierce the thick battle, and provoke the war.
Already had ſtern Hector ſeiz'd his head,
And doom'd to Trojan dogs th' unhappy dead;
But ſoon (as Ajax rear'd his tower-like ſhield)
Sprung to his car, and meaſur'd back the field.
His train to Troy the radiant armour bear,
To ſtand a trophy of his fame in war.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile great Ajax (his broad ſhield diſplay'd)
Guards the dead hero with the dreadful ſhade;
And now before, and now behind, he ſtood:
Thus, in the centre of ſome gloomy wood,
With many a ſtep the lioneſs ſurrounds
Her tawny young, beſet by men and hounds;
Elate her heart, and rouzing all her powers,
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eye-brow lowers.
Faſt by his ſide the generous Spartan glows
With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.

But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,
On Hector frowning, thus his flight upbraids:
Where now in Hector ſhall we Hector find?
A manly form, without a manly mind!
Is this, O chief! a hero's boaſted fame?
How vain, without the merit, is the name!
Since battle is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ
What other methods may preſerve thy Troy:
'Tis time to try if Ilion's ſtate can ſtand
By thee alone, nor aſk a foreign hand;
Mean, empty boaſt! but ſhall the Lycians ſtake
Their lives for you? thoſe Lycians you forſake?
What from thy thankleſs arms can we expect?
Thy friend Sarpedon proves thy baſe neglect:
Say, ſhall our ſlaughter'd bodies guard your walls,
While unreveng'd the great Sarpedon falls?
Ev'n where he dy'd for Troy, you left him there,
A feaſt for dogs, and all the fowls of air.
On my command if any Lycian wait,
Hence let him march, and give up Troy to fate.

Did

Did ſuch a ſpirit as the Gods impart
Impel one Trojan hand, or Trojan heart
(Such, as ſhould burn in every ſoul, that draws
The ſword for glory, and his country's cauſe;)
Ev'n yet our mutual arms we might employ,
And drag yon carcaſe to the walls of Troy.
Oh! were Patroclus ours, we might obtain
Sarpedon's arms and honour'd corſe again!
Greece with Achilles friend ſhould be repaid,
And thus due honours purchas'd to his ſhade.
But words are vain—Let Ajax once appear,
And Hector trembles and recedes with fear;
Thou dar'ſt not meet the terrours of his eye;
And lo! already thou prepar'ſt to fly.

The Trojan chief with fix'd reſentment ey'd
The Lycian leader, and ſedate replied:

Say, is it juſt (my friend) that Hector's ear
From ſuch a warriour ſuch a ſpeech ſhould hear?
I deem'd thee once the wiſeſt of thy kind,
But ill this inſult ſuits a prudent mind.
I ſhun great Ajax? I deſert my train?
'Tis mine to prove the raſh aſſertion vain;
I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds,
And hear the thunder of the ſounding ſteeds.
But Jove's high will is ever uncontrol'd,
The ſtrong he withers, and confounds the bold;
Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now
Strikes the freſh garland from the victor's brow!
Come, through yon ſquadron let us hew the way,
And thou be witneſs, if I fear to-day:

If yet a Greek the fight of Hector dread,
Or yet their hero can defend the dead.
Then, turning to the martial hosts, he cries,
Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies!
Be men (my friends) in action as in name,
And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.
Hector in proud Achilles' arms shall shine,
Torn from his friend, by right of conquest mine.
He strode along the field, as thus he said
(The sable plumage nodded o'er his head):
Swift through the spacious plain he sent a look;
One instant saw, one instant overtook
The distant band, that on the sandy shore
The radiant spoils to sacred Ilion bore.
There his own mail unbrac'd the field bestrow'd;
His train to Troy convey'd the massy load.
Now blazing in th' immortal arms he stands,
The work and present of celestial hands;
By aged Peleus to Achilles given,
As first to Peleus by the court of Heaven:
His father's arms not long Achilles wears,
Forbid by fate to reach his father's years.
Him, proud in triumph, glittering from afar,
The God, whose thunder rends the troubled air,
Beheld with pity, as apart he sate,
And conscious look'd through all the scene of fate.
He shook the sacred honours of his head;
Olympus trembled, and the Godhead said:
Ah wretched man! unmindful of thy end!
A moment's glory! and what fates attend?

In heavenly panoply divinely bright
Thou ſtand'ſt, and armies tremble at thy ſight,
As at Achilles' ſelf! beneath thy dart
Lies ſlain the great Achilles' dearer part:
Thou from the mighty dead thoſe arms haſt torn,
Which once the greateſt of mankind had worn.
Yet live! I give thee one illuſtrious day,
A blaze of glory ere thou fad'ſt away:
For ah! no more Andromache ſhall come,
With joyful tears to welcome Hector home;
No more officious, with endearing charms,
From thy tir'd limbs unbrace Pelides' arms!
Then with his ſable brow he gave the nod,
That ſeals his word; the ſanction of the God.
The ſtubborn arms (by Jove's command diſpos'd)
Conform'd ſpontaneous, and around him clos'd;
Fill'd with the God, enlarg'd his members grew,
Through all his veins a ſudden vigour flew,
The blood in briſker tides began to roll,
And Mars himſelf came ruſhing on his ſoul.
Exhorting loud, through all the field he ſtrode,
And look'd, and mov'd, Achilles, or a God.
Now Meſthles, Glaucus, Medon, he inſpires;
Now Phorcys, Chromius, and Hippothoüs, fires;
The great Theſtlocus like fury found,
Aſteropæus kindled at the ſound,
And Ennomus, in augury renown'd.
Hear, all ye hoſts, and hear, unnumber'd bands
Of neighbouring nations, or of diſtant lands!
'Twas not for ſtate we ſummon'd you ſo far,
To boaſt our numbers, and the pomp of war;

Ye came to fight; a valiant foe to chace,
To save our present, and our future race.
For this, our wealth, our products, you enjoy,
And glean the relicks of exhausted Troy.
Now then to conquer or to die prepare,
To die or conquer are the terms of war.
Whatever hand shall win Patroclus slain,
Whoe'er shall drag him to the Trojan train,
With Hector's self shall equal honours claim;
With Hector part the spoil, and share the fame.

Fir'd by his words, the troops dismiss their fears,
They join, they thicken, they protend their spears;
Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,
And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey:
Vain hope! what number shall the field o'erspread,
What victims perish round the mighty dead?
Great Ajax mark'd the growing storm from far,
And thus bespoke his brother of the war:
Our fatal day, alas! is come (my friend)
And all our wars and glories at an end!
'Tis not this corse alone we guard in vain,
Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain;
We too must yield: the same sad fate must fall
On thee, on me, perhaps (my friend) on all.
See what a tempest direful Hector spreads,
And lo! it bursts, it thunders on our heads!
Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call,
The bravest Greeks: this hour demands them all.

The warriour rais'd his voice, and wide around
The field re-echoed the distressful sound:

Oh

Oh chiefs! oh princes! to whose hand is given
The rule of men; whose glory is from Heaven!
Whom with due honours both Atrides grace:
Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race!
All, whom this well-known voice shall reach so far,
All, whom I see not through this cloud of war;
Come all! let generous rage your arms employ,
And save Patroclus from the dogs of Troy.
Oïlean Ajax first the voice obey'd,
Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid;
Next him Idomeneus, more slow with age,
And Merion, burning with a hero's rage.
The long succeeding numbers who can name?
But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame.
Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng;
Whole Troÿ, embodied, rush'd with shouts along.
Thus, when a mountain-billow foams and raves,
Where some swoln river disembogues his waves,
Full in the mouth is stopp'd the rushing tide,
The boiling ocean works from side to side,
The river trembles to his utmost shore,
And distant rocks rebellow to the roar.
Nor less resolv'd, the firm Achaian band
With brazen shields in horrid circle stand:
Jove, pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight,
Conceals the warriours' shining helms in night:
To him, the chief for whom the hosts contend,
Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend:
Dead he protects him with superior care,
Nor dooms his carcase to the birds of air,

The firſt attack the Grecians ſcarce ſuſtain;
Repuls'd, they yield, the Trojans ſeize the ſlain:
Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on
By the ſwift rage of Ajax Telamon
(Ajax, to Peleus' ſon the ſecond name,
In graceful ſtature next, and next in fame;)
With headlong force the foremoſt ranks he tore:
So through the thicket burſts the mountain-boar.
And rudely ſcatters, far to diſtance round,
The frighted hunter and the baying hound.
The ſon of Lethus, brave Pelaſgus' heir,
Hippothoüs, dragg'd the carcaſe through the war;
The ſinewy ancles bor'd, the feet he bound
With thongs, inſerted through the double wound:
Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed;
Doom'd by great Ajax' vengeful lance to bleed:
It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain;
The ſhatter'd creſt and horſe-hair ſtrow the plain:
With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground:
The brain comes guſhing through the ghaſtly wound:
He drops Patroclus' foot, and o'er him ſpread
Now lies, a ſad companion of the dead:
Far from Lariſſa lies, his native air,
And ill requites his parent's tender care.
Lamented youth! in life's firſt bloom he fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the ſhades of hell.
Once more at Ajax, Hector's javelin flies:
The Grecian marking, as it cut the ſkies,
Shunn'd the deſcending death; which hiſſing on,
Stretch'd in the duſt the great Iphytus' ſon,

Schedius

Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind
The boldeſt warriour, and the nobleſt mind:
In little Panope, for ſtrength renown'd,
He held his ſeat, and rul'd the realms around.
Plung'd in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,
And deep tranſpiercing through the ſhoulder ſtood;
In clanging arms the hero fell, and all
The fields reſounded with his weighty fall.
Phorcys, as ſlain Hippothoüs he defends,
The Telamonian lance his belly rends;
The hollow armour burſt before the ſtroke,
And through the wound the ruſhing entrails broke:
In ſtrong convulſions panting on the ſands
He lies, and graſps the duſt with dying hands.
Struck at the ſight, recede the Trojan train:
The ſhouting Argives ſtrip the heroes ſlain.
And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield,
Fled to her ramparts, and reſign'd the field;
Greece, in her native fortitude elate,
With Jove averſe, had turn'd the ſcale of fate:
But Phœbus urg'd Æneas to the fight;
He ſeem'd like aged Periphas to fight
(A herald in Anchiſes' love grown old,
Rever'd for prudence; and with prudence, bold).
Thus he—What methods yet, oh chief! remain,
To ſave your Troy, though Heaven its fall ordain?
There have been heroes, who, by virtuous care,
By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,
Have forc'd the Powers to ſpare a ſinking ſtate,
And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate.

But you, when Fortune ſmiles, when Jove declares
His partial favour, and aſſiſts your wars,
Your ſhameful efforts 'gainſt yourſelves employ,
And force th' unwilling God to ruin Troy.
Æneas, through the form aſſum'd, deſcries
The Power conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries:
Oh laſting ſhame! to our own fears a prey,
We ſeek our ramparts, and deſert the day!
A God (nor is he leſs) my boſom warms,
And tells me, Jove aſſerts the Trojan arms.
He ſpoke, and foremaſt to the combat flew:
The bold example all his hoſt purſue.
Then firſt, Leocritus beneath him bled,
In vain belov'd by valiant Lycomede;
Who view'd his fall, and, grieving at the chance,
Swift to revenge it, ſent his angry lance:
The whirling lance, with vigorous force addreſt,
Deſcends, and pants in Apiſaon's breaſt:
From rich Pæonia's vales the warriour came,
Next thee, Aſteropeus! in place and fame.
Aſteropeus with grief beheld the ſlain,
And ruſh'd to combat, but he ruſh'd in vain:
Indiſſolubly firm, around the dead,
Rank within rank, or buckler buckler ſpread,
And hemm'd with briſtled ſpears, the Grecian ſtood:
A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.
Great Ajax eyes them with inceſſant care,
And in an orb contracts the crouded war,
Cloſe in their ranks commands to fight or fall,
And ſtands the centre and the ſoul of all:

Fixt on the ſpot they war, and, wounded, wound;
A ſanguine torrent ſteeps the reeking ground;
On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled,
And, thickening round them, riſe the hills of dead.
Greece, in cloſe order, and collected might,
Yet ſuffers leaſt, and ſways the wavering fight;
Fierce as conflicting fires the combat burns,
And now it riſes, now it ſinks, by turns.
In one thick darkneſs all the fight was loſt;
The ſun, the moon, and all th' ætherial hoſt,
Seem'd as extinct: day raviſh'd from their eyes,
And all heaven's ſplendours blotted from the ſkies.
Such o'er Patroclus' body hung the night,
The reſt in ſunſhine fought, and open light:
Unclouded there, th' aerial azure ſpread,
No vapour reſted on the mountain's head;
The golden ſun pour'd forth a ſtronger ray,
And all the broad expanſion flam'd with day.
Diſpers'd around the plain, by fits, they fight,
And here, and there, their ſcatter'd arrows light:
But death and darkneſs o'er the carcaſe ſpread,
There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled.
Meanwhile the ſons of Neſtor in the rear
(Their fellows routed) toſs the diſtant ſpear,
And ſkirmiſh wide: ſo Neſtor gave command,
When from the ſhips he ſent the Pylian band.
The youthful brothers thus for fame contend,
Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend;
In thought they view'd him ſtill, with martial joy,
Glorious in arms, and dealing deaths to Troy.

But round the corpse the heroes pant for breath,
And thick and heavy grows the work of death:
O'erlabour'd now, with dust, and sweat, and gore,
Their knees, their legs, their feet, are cover'd o'er;
Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds arise,
And carnage clogs their hands, and darkness fills their eyes.
As when a slaughter'd bull's yet-reeking hide,
Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from side to side,
The brawny curriers stretch; and labour o'er
Th' extended surface, drunk with fat and gore:
So, tugging round the corpse both armies stood;
The mangled body bath'd in sweat and blood:
While Greeks and Ilions equal strength employ,
Now to the ships to force it, now to Troy.
Not Pallas' self, her breast when fury warms,
Nor he whose anger sets the world in arms,
Could blame this scene; such rage, such horrour reign'd;
Such, Jove to honour the great dead ordain'd.

Achilles in his ships at distance lay,
Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day;
He, yet unconscious of Patroclus' fall,
In dust extended under Ilion's wall,
Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
And for his wish'd return prepares in vain;
Though well he knew, to make proud Ilion bend,
Was more than Heaven had destin'd to his friend;
Perhaps to him: this Thetis had reveal'd;
The rest, in pity to her son, conceal'd.

Still rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,
And heaps on heaps by mutual wounds they bled;

Curs'd

Curs'd be the man (ev'n private Greeks would say)
Who dares desert this well-disputed day!
First may the cleaving earth before our eyes
Gape wide, and drink our blood for sacrifice!
First perish all, ere haughty Troy shall boast
We lost Patroclus, and our glory lost!
Thus they. While with one voice the Trojans said,
Grant this day, Jove! or heap us on the dead!
Then clash their sounding arms; the clangors rise,
And shake the brazen concave of the skies.
Meantime, at distance from the scene of blood,
The pensive steeds of great Achilles stood;
Their god-like master slain before their eyes,
They wept, and shar'd in human miseries.
In vain Automedon now shakes the rein,
Now plies the lash, and soothes and threats in vain!
Nor to the fight nor Hellespont they go,
Restive they stood, and obstinate in woe:
Still as a tomb-stone, never to be mov'd,
On some good man or woman unreprov'd
Lays its eternal weight; or fix'd as stands
A marble courser by the sculptor's hands,
Plac'd on the hero's grave. Along their face
The big round drops cours'd down with silent pace,
Conglobing on the dust. Their manes, that late
Circled their arched necks, and wav'd in state,
Trail'd on the dust beneath the yoke were spread,
And prone to earth was hung their languid head:
Nor Jove disdain'd to cast a pitying look,
While thus relenting to the steeds he spoke:

Unhappy

Unhappy courſers of immortal ſtrain!
Exempt from age, and deathleſs, now in vain;
Did we your race on mortal man beſtow,
Only, alas! to ſhare in mortal woe?
For ah! what is there, of inferior birth,
That breathes or creeps upon the duſt of earth;
What wretched creature, of what wretched kind,
Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind?
A miſerable race! But ceaſe to mourn;
For not by you ſhall Priam's ſon be borne
High on the ſplendid car: one glorious prize
He raſhly boaſts; the reſt our will denies.
Ourſelf will ſwiftneſs to your nerves impart,
Ourſelf with riſing ſpirits ſwell your heart.
Automedon your rapid flight ſhall bear
Safe to the navy through the ſtorm of war:
For yet 'tis given to Troy, to ravage o'er
The field, and ſpread her ſlaughters to the ſhore;
The ſun ſhall ſee her conquer, till his fall
With ſacred darkneſs ſhades the face of all.

He ſaid; and, breathing in th' immortal horſe
Exceſſive ſpirit, urg'd them to the courſe;
From their high manes they ſhake the duſt, and bear
The kindling chariot through the parted war:
So flies a vulture through the clamorous train
Of geeſe, that ſcream, and ſcatter round the plain.
From danger now with ſwifteſt ſpeed they flew,
And now to conqueſt with like ſpeed purſue;
Sole in the ſeat the charioteer remains,
Now plies the javelin, now directs the reins:

Him

Him brave Alcimedon beheld distrest,
Approach'd the chariot, and the chief addrest:
What God provokes thee, rashly thus to dare,
Alone, unaided, in the thickest war?
Alas! thy friend is slain, and Hector wields
Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields.
In happy time (the charioteer replies)
The bold Alcimedon now greets my eyes;
No Greek like him the heavenly steeds restrains,
Or holds their fury in suspended reins:
Patroclus, while he liv'd, their rage could tame,
But now Patroclus is an empty name!
To thee I yield the seat, to thee resign
The ruling charge: the task of fight be mine.
He said. Alcimedon, with active heat,
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the seat.
His friend descends. The chief of Troy descry'd,
And call'd Æneas, fighting near his side:
Lo, to my sight, beyond our hope, restor'd
Achilles' car, deserted of its lord!
The glorious steeds our ready arms invite,
Scarce their weak drivers guide them through the fight:
Can such opponents stand, when we assail?
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.
The son of Venus to the counsel yields;
Then o'er their backs they spread their solid shields;
With brass refulgent the broad surface shin'd,
And thick bull-hides the spacious concave lin'd.
Then Chromius follows, Aretus succeeds;
Each hopes the conquest of the lofty steeds;

In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
In vain advance, not fated to return.
Unmov'd, Automedon attends the fight,
Implores th' Eternal, and collects his might.
Then turning to his friend, with dauntless mind:
Oh keep the foaming coursers close behind!
Full on my shoulders let their nostrils blow,
For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe;
'Tis Hector comes; and when he seeks the prize,
War knows no mean: he wins it, or he dies.
Then through the field he sends his voice aloud,
And calls th' Ajaces from the warring croud,
With great Atrides. Hither turn (he said)
Turn, where distress demands immediate aid;
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego.
And save the living from a fiercer foe.
Unhelp'd we stand, unequal to engage
The force of Hector, and Æneas' rage:
Yet, mighty as they are, my force to prove
Is only mine: th' event belongs to Jove.
He spoke, and high the sounding javelin flung,
Which pass'd the shield of Aretus the young;
It pierc'd his belt, emboss'd with curious art,
Then in the lower belly stuck the dart.
As when a ponderous axe, descending full,
Cleaves the broad forehead of some brawny bull;
Struck 'twixt the horns, he springs with many a bound,
Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground:
Thus fell the youth, the air his soul receiv'd,
And the spear trembled as his entrails heav'd.

Now

Now at Automedon the Trojan foe
Discharg'd his lance; the meditated blow,
Stooping, he shunn'd; the javelin idly fled,
And hiss'd innoxious o'er the hero's head:
Deep-rooted in the ground, the forceful spear
In long vibration spent its fury there.
With clashing falchions now the chiefs had clos'd,
But each brave Ajax heard, and interpos'd;
Nor longer Hector with his Trojans stood,
But left their slain companion in his blood:
His arms Automedon divests, and cries,
Accept, Patroclus, this mean sacrifice!
Thus have I sooth'd my griefs, and thus have paid,
Poor as it is, some offering to thy shade!

So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore.
High on the chariot at one bound he sprung,
And o'er his seat the bloody trophies hung.

And now Minerva, from the realms of air,
Descends impetuous, and renews the war;
For, pleas'd at length the Grecian arms to aid,
The Lord of Thunders sent the blue-ey'd Maid,
As when high Jove, denouncing future woe,
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow
(In sign of tempests from the troubled air,
Or from the rage of man, destructive war)
The drooping cattle dread th' impending skies,
And from his half-till'd field the labourer flies;
In such a form the Goddess round her drew
A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.

Assuming

Assuming Phœnix' shape, on earth she falls,
And in his well-known voice to Sparta calls:
And lies Achilles' friend, belov'd by all,
A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall?
What shame to Greece, for future times to tell,
To thee the greatest, in whose cause he fell!
O chief, oh father! (Atreus' son replies)
O full of days! by long experience wise!
What more desires my soul, than here, unmov'd,
To guard the body of the man I lov'd?
Ah would Minerva send me strength to rear
This weary'd arm, and ward the storm of war!
But Hector, like the rage of fire, we dread,
And Jove's own glories blaze around his head.
Pleas'd to be first of all the Powers addrest,
She breathes new vigour in her hero's breast,
And fills with keen revenge, with fell despight,
Desire of blood, and rage, and lust of fight.
So burns the vengeful hornet (soul all o'er!)
Repuls'd in vain, and thirsty still of gore
(Bold son of air and heat!) on angry wings
Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and stings.
Fir'd with like ardour fierce Atrides flew,
And sent his soul with every lance he threw.
There stood a Trojan, not unknown to fame,
Eëtion's son, and Podes was his name,
With riches honour'd, and with courage blest,
By Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his guest;
Through his broad belt the spear a passage found,
And ponderous as he falls, his arms resound.

Sudden

Sudden at Hector's side Apollo stood,
Like Phænops, Asius' son, appear'd the God
(Asius the great, who held his wealthy reign
In fair Abydos, by the rolling main):
Oh prince (he cried) oh foremost once in fame!
What Grecian now shall tremble at thy name?
Dost thou at length to Menelaüs yield,
A chief once thought no terrour of the field;
Yet singly, now, the long-disputed prize
He bears victorious, while our army flies!
By the same arm illustrious Podes bled;
The friend of Hector, unreveng'd, is dead!
This heard, o'er Hector spreads a cloud of woe,
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.
But now th' Eternal shook his sable shield,
That shaded Ide, and all the subject field,
Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud
Involv'd the mount; the thunder roar'd aloud;
Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
And blaze beneath the lightnings of the God:
At one regard of his all-seeing eye,
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly.
Then trembled Greece. The flight Peneleus led:
For, as the brave Bœotian turn'd his head
To face the foe, Polydamas drew near,
And raz'd his shoulder with a shorten'd spear:
By Hector wounded, Leitus quits the plain,
Pierc'd through the wrist; and, raging with the pain,
Grasps his once formidable lance in vain.
As Hector follow'd, Idomen address't
The flaming javelin to his manly breast;

The

The brittle point before his corſelet yields;
Exulting Troy with clamour fills the fields:
High on his chariot as the Cretan ſtood,
The ſon of Priam whirl'd the miſſive wood;
But, erring from its aim, th' impetuous ſpear
Struck to the duſt the ſquire and charioteer
Of martial Merion: Cœranus his name,
Who left fair Lyctus for the fields of fame.
On foot bold Merion fought; and now, laid low,
Had grac'd the triumphs of his Trojan foe;
But the brave 'ſquire the ready courſers brought,
And with his life his maſter's ſafety bought.
Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,
The teeth it ſhatter'd, and the tongue it rent.
Prone from the ſeat he tumbles to the plain;
His dying hand forgets the falling rein:
This Merion reaches, bending from the car,
And urges to deſert the hopeleſs war;
Idomeneus conſents; the laſh applies;
And the ſwift chariot to the navy flies.

Nor Ajax leſs the will of Heaven deſcry'd,
And conqueſt ſhifting to the Trojan ſide,
'Turn'd by the hand of Jove. Then thus begun,
To Atreus' ſeed, the god-like Telamon:

Alas! who ſees not Jove's almighty hand
Transfers the glory to the Trojan band?
Whether the weak or ſtrong diſcharge the dart,
He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart:
Not ſo our ſpears: inceſſant though they rain,
He ſuffers every lance to fall in vain.

Deſerted

Deſerted of the God, yet let us try
What human ſtrength and prudence can ſupply;
If yet this honour'd corpſe, in triumph borne,
May glad the fleets that hope not our return,
Who tremble yet, ſcarce reſcued from their fates,
And ſtill hear Hector thundering at their gates.
Some hero too muſt be diſpatch'd, to bear
The mournful meſſage to Pelides' ear;
For ſure he knows not, diſtant on the ſhore,
His friend, his lov'd Patroclus, is no more.
But ſuch a chief I ſpy not through the hoſt:
The men, the ſteeds, the armies, all are loſt
In general darkneſs—Lord of earth and air!
Oh King! oh Father! hear my humble prayer:
Diſpel this cloud, the light of heaven reſtore;
Give me to ſee, and Ajax aſks no more:
If Greece muſt periſh, we thy will obey,
But let us periſh in the face of day!
With tears the hero ſpoke, and at his prayer
The God relenting, clear'd the clouded air;
Forth burſt the ſun with all-enlightening ray;
The blaze of armour flaſh'd againſt the day.
Now, now, Atrides! caſt around thy ſight;
If yet Antilochus ſurvives the fight,
Let him to great Achilles' ear convey
The fatal news——Atrides haſtes away.
So turns the lion from the nightly fold,
Though high in courage, and with hunger bold,
Long gall'd by herdſmen, and long vex'd by hounds:
Stiff with fatigue, and fretted ſore with wounds;

The darts fly round him from an hundred hands,
And the red terrours of the blazing brands:
'Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
Sour he departs, and quits th' untasted prey.
So mov'd Atrides from his dangerous place
With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace;
The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain,
And much admonish'd, much adjur'd, his train:
Oh guard these relicks, to your charge consign'd,
And bear the merits of the dead in mind;
How skill'd he was in each obliging art;
The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart:
He was, alas! but fate decreed his end;
In death a hero, as in life a friend!
So parts the chief; from rank to rank he flew,
And round on all sides sent his piercing view.
As the bold bird, endued with sharpest eye
Of all that wing the mid aërial sky,
The sacred eagle, from his walks above
Looks down, and sees the distant thicket move;
Then stoops, and, sousing on the quivering hare,
Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.
Not with less quickness, his exerted sight
Pass'd this, and that way, through the ranks of fight;
Till on the left the chief he sought, he found;
Chearing his men, and spreading deaths around.
To him the king: Belov'd of Jove! draw near,
For sadder tidings never touch'd thy ear;
Thy eyes have witness'd, what a fatal turn!
How Ilion triumphs, and th' Achaians mourn;

This is not all: Patroclus, on the shore
Now pale and dead, shall succour Greece no more.
Fly to the fleet, this instant fly, and tell
The sad Achilles, how his lov'd-one fell:
He too may haste the naked corpse to gain;
The arms are Hector's, who despoil'd the slain.
The youthful warriour heard with silent woe,
From his fair eyes the tears began to flow;
Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say
What sorrow dictates, but no word found way.
To brave Laodocus his arms he flung,
Who near him wheeling, drove his steeds along;
Then ran, the mournful message to impart,
With tear-ful eyes, and with dejected heart.
Swift fled the youth: nor Menelaüs stands,
(Though sore distrest) to aid the Pylian bands;
But bids bold Thrasymede those troops sustain;
Himself returns to his Patroclus slain.
Gone is Antilochus (the hero said)
But hope not, warriours, for Achilles' aid:
Though fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe,
Unarm'd he fights not with the Trojan foe.
'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain;
'Tis our own vigour must the dead regain,
And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate
Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate.
'Tis well (said Ajax); be it then thy care,
With Merion's aid, the weighty corpse to rear;
Myself and my bold brother will sustain
The shock of Hector and his charging train:

Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side;
What Troy can dare, we have already try'd,
Have try'd it, and have stood. The hero said;
High from the ground the warriours heave the dead.
A general clamour rises at the sight:
Loud shout the Trojans, and renew the fight.
Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood,
With rage insatiate and with thirst of blood,
Voracious hounds, that many a length before
Their furious hunters drive the wounded boar;
But, if the savage turns his glaring eye,
They howl aloof, and round the forest fly.
Thus on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,
Wave their thick falchions, and their javelins shower:
But, Ajax turning, to their fears they yield,
All pale they tremble, and forsake the field.
While thus aloft the hero's corpse they bear,
Behind them rages all the storm of war;
Confusion, tumult, horrour, o'er the throng
Of men, steeds, chariots, urg'd the rout along:
Less fierce the winds with rising flames conspire,
To whelm some city under waves of fire;
Now sink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes;
Now crack the blazing temples of the Gods;
The rumbling torrent through the ruin rolls,
And sheets of smoke mount heavy to the poles.
The heroes sweat beneath their honour'd load:
As when two mules, along the rugged road,
From the steep mountain with exerted strength
Drag some vast beam, or mast's unwieldy length;

Inly

Inly they groan, big drops of ſweat diſtill,
Th' enormous timber lumbering down the hill:
So theſe——Behind, the bulk of Ajax ſtands,
And breaks the torrent of the ruſhing bands.
Thus, when a river ſwell'd with ſudden rains
Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains,
Some interpoſing hill the ſtream divides,
And breaks its force, and turns the winding tides.
Still cloſe they follow, cloſe the rear engage;
Æneas ſtorms, and Hector foams with rage:
While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains,
Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,
That ſhriek inceſſant while the falcon, hung
High on pois'd pinions, threats their callow young.
So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,
Such the wild terrour, and the mingled cry:
Within, without the trench, and all the way,
Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour lay;
Such horrour Jove impreſt! yet ſtill proceeds
The work of death, and ſtill the battle bleeds.

THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The Grief of Achilles, and new Armour made him by Vulcan.

THE news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis, hearing his lamentations, comes with all her ſea-nymphs to comfort him. The ſpeeches of the mother and ſon on this occaſion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to ſhew himſelf at the head of the intrenchments. The ſight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas diſagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field. The grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan, to obtain new arms for her ſon. The deſcription of the wonderful works of Vulcan; and laſtly, that noble one of the ſhield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the night enſuing, take up this book. The ſcene is at Achilles's tent, on the ſea-ſhore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XVIII.

THUS, like the rage of fire, the combat burns;
And now it rises, now it sinks, by turns.
Meanwhile, where Hellespont's broad waters flow.
Stood Nestor's son, the messenger of woe:
There sat Achilles, shaded by his sails,
On hoisted yards extended to the gales;
Pensive he sat; for all that Fate design'd
Rose in sad prospect to his boding mind.
Thus to his soul he said: Ah! what constrains
The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plains?
Is this the day, which Heaven so long ago
Ordain'd, to sink me with the weight of woe?
(So Thetis warn'd) when by a Trojan hand
The bravest of the Myrmidonian band
Should lose the light? Fulfill'd is that decree?
Fall'n is the warriour, and Patroclus he?
In vain I charg'd him soon to quit the plain,
And warn'd to shun Hectorean force in vain!
Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears,
And tells the melancholy tale with tears:
Sad tidings, son of Peleus! thou must hear;
And wretched I, th' unwilling messenger!

Dead

Dead is Patroclus! For his corpſe they fight,
His naked corpſe; his arms are Hector's right.
A ſudden horrour ſhot through all the chief,
And wrapt his ſenſes in the cloud of grief;
Caſt on the ground, with furious hands he ſpread
The ſcorching aſhes o'er his graceful head;
His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
Thoſe he deforms with duſt, and theſe he tears:
On the hard ſoil his groaning breaſt he threw,
And roll'd and grovel'd, as to earth he grew.
The virgin captives, with diſorder'd charms
(Won by his own, or by Patroclus' arms)
Ruſh'd from the tents with cries; and, gathering round,
Beat their white breaſts, and fainted on the ground:
While Neſtor's ſon ſuſtains a manlier part,
And mourns the warriour with a warriour's heart;
Hangs on his arms, amidſt his frantic woe,
And oft prevents the meditated blow.
Far in the deep abyſſes of the main,
With hoary Nereos, and the watery train,
The Mother Goddeſs from her cryſtal throne
Heard his loud cries, and anſwer'd groan for groan.
The circling Nereids with their miſtreſs weep.
And all the ſea-green ſiſters of the deep.
Thalia, Glauce (every watery name)
Neſæa mild, and ſilver Spio came:
Cymothoë and Cymodocé were nigh,
And the blue languiſh of ſoft Alia's eye.
Their locks Actæa and Limnoria rear,
Then Proto, Doris, Panope, appear,

Thoa,

Thoa, Pheruſa, Doto, Melita;
Agave gentle, and Amphithoë gay;
Next Callianira, Callianaſſa, ſhow
Their ſiſter looks; Dexamene the ſlow,
And ſwift Dynamene, now cut the tides:
Iæra now the verdant wave divides:
Nemertes with Apſeudes lifts the head,
Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed;
Theſe Orythia, Clymene, attend,
Mæra, Amphinome, the train extend;
And black Janira, and Janaſſa fair,
And Amatheia with her amber hair.
All theſe, and all that deep in ocean held
Their ſacred ſeats, the glimmering grotto fill'd;
Each beat her ivory breaſt with ſilent woe,
Till Thetis' ſorrows thus began to flow:
Hear me, and judge, ye Siſters of the main!
How juſt a cauſe has Thetis to complain!
How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!
How more than wretched in th' immortal ſtate!
Sprung from my bed a god-like hero came,
The braveſt far that ever bore the name;
Like ſome fair olive, by my careful hand
He grew, he flouriſh'd, and adorn'd the land:
To Troy I ſent him: but the Fates ordain
He never, never, muſt return again.
So ſhort a ſpace the light of heaven to view,
So ſhort, alas! and fill'd with anguiſh too.
Hear how his ſorrows echo through the ſhore!
I cannot eaſe them, but I muſt deplore;

I go at leaſt to bear a tender part,
And mourn my lov'd-one with a mother's heart.
She ſaid, and left the caverns of the main,
All bath'd in tears; the melancholy train
Attend her way. Wide-opening part the tides,
While the long pomp the ſilver wave divides.
Approaching now, they touch'd the Trojan land;
Then, two by two, aſcended up the ſtrand.
Th' immortal Mother, ſtanding cloſe beſide
Her mournful offspring, to his ſighs reply'd;
Along the coaſt their mingled clamours ran,
And thus the Silver-footed Dame began:
Why mourns my ſon? thy late preferr'd requeſt
The God has granted, and the Greeks diſtreſt:
Why mourns my ſon? thy anguiſh let me ſhare;
Reveal the cauſe, and truſt a parent's care.
He, deeply groaning—To this cureleſs grief
Not ev'n the Thunderer's favour brings relief.
Patroclus—Ah!—ſay, Goddeſs, can I boaſt
A pleaſure now? revenge itſelf is loſt;
Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myſelf, is ſlain!
Loſt are thoſe arms the Gods themſelves beſtow'd
On Peleus; Hector bears the glorious load.
Curs'd be that day, when all the Powers above
Thy charms ſubmitted to a mortal love:
Oh hadſt thou ſtill, a ſiſter of the main,
Purſued the pleaſures of the watery reign;
And happier Peleus, leſs ambitious, led
A mortal beauty to his equal bed!

Ere

Ere the ſad fruit of thy unhappy womb
Had caus'd ſuch ſorrows paſt, and woes to come.
For ſoon, alas! that wretched offſpring ſlain,
New woes, new ſorrows, ſhall create again.
'Tis not in Fate th' alternate now to give;
Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.
Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,
Let his laſt ſpirit ſmoke upon my dart;
On theſe conditions will I breathe: till then,
I bluſh to walk among the race of men.
A flood of tears, at this, the Goddeſs ſhed,
Ah then, I ſee thee dying, ſee thee dead!
When Hector falls, thou dy'ſt.—Let Hector die,
And let me fall! (Achilles made reply)
Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!
He fell, and, falling, wiſh'd my aid in vain.
Ah then, ſince from this miſerable day
I caſt all hope of my return away;
Since, unreveng'd, a hundred ghoſts demand
The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand;
Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,
I live an idle burden to the ground
(Others in council fam'd for nobler ſkill,
More uſeful to preſerve, than I to kill)
Let me—But oh! ye gracious Powers above!
Wrath and revenge from men and Gods remove:
Far, far too dear to every mortal breaſt,
Sweet to the ſoul, as honey to the taſte;
Gathering like vapours of a noxious kind
From fiery blood, and darkening all the mind.

Me

Me Agamemnon urg'd to deadly hate;
'Tis paſt—I quell it; I reſign to fate.
Yes—I will meet the murderer of my friend;
Or (if the Gods ordain it) meet my end.
The ſtroke of fate the braveſt cannot ſhun;
The great Alcides, Jove's unequal'd ſon,
To Juno's hate at length reſign'd his breath,
And ſunk the victim of all-conquering death.
So ſhall Achilles fall! ſtretch'd pale and dead,
No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread!
Let me, this inſtant, ruſh into the fields,
And reap what glory life's ſhort harveſt yields,
Shall I not force ſome widow'd dame to tear
With frantic hands her long diſhevel'd hair?
Shall I not force her breaſt to heave with ſighs,
And the ſoft tears to trickle from her eyes?
Yes, I ſhall give the fair thoſe mournful charms—
In vain you hold me—Hence!—My arms, my arms!
Soon ſhall the ſanguine torrent ſpread ſo wide,
That all ſhall know Achilles ſwells the tide.
  My ſon (cœrulean Thetis made reply,
To fate ſubmitting with a ſecret ſigh)
The hoſt to ſuccour, and thy friends to ſave,
Is worthy thee; the duty of the brave.
But canſt thou naked iſſue to the plains?
Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains;
Inſulting Hector bears the ſpoils on high,
But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh.
Yet, yet awhile, thy generous ardour ſtay;
Aſſur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day,

Charg'd with refulgent arms (a glorious load)
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God.
Then turning to the Daughters of the main,
The Goddeſs thus diſmiſs'd her azure train:
Ye ſiſter Nereids! to your deeps deſcend;
Haſte, and our father's ſacred ſeat attend;
I go to find the architect divine,
Where vaſt Olympus' ſtarry ſummits ſhine:
So tell our hoary ſire—This charge ſhe gave:
The ſea-green ſiſters plunge beneath the wave:
Thetis once more aſcends the bleſt abodes,
And treads the brazen threſhold of the Gods.
And now the Greeks, from furious Hector's force,
Urg'd to broad Helleſpont their headlong courſe:
Nor yet their chiefs Patroclus body bore
Safe through the tempeſt to the tented ſhore.
The horſe, the foot, with equal fury join'd,
Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd cloſe behind;
And, like a flame through fields of ripen'd corn,
The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was borne.
Thrice the ſlain hero by the foot he drew;
Thrice to the ſkies the Trojan clamours flew:
As oft th' Ajaces his aſſault ſuſtain;
But check'd, he turns; repuls'd, attacks again;
With fiercer ſhouts his lingering troops he fires,
Nor yields a ſtep, nor from his poſt retires:
So watchful ſhepherds ſtrive to force, in vain,
The hungry lion from a carcaſe ſlain.
Ev'n yet Patroclus had he borne away,
And all the glories of th' extended day:

Had

Had not high Juno, from the realms of air,
Secret, dispatch'd her trusty messenger.
The various Goddess of the showery bow,
Shot in a whirlwind to the shore below;
To great Achilles at his ships she came,
And thus began the Many-colour'd Dame:
Rise, son of Peleus! rise divinely brave!
Assist the combat, and Patroclus save:
For him the slaughter to the fleet they spread,
And fall by mutual wounds around the dead.
To drag him back to Troy the foe contends:
Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends:
A prey to dogs he dooms the corpse to lie,
And marks the place to fix his head on high.
Rise, and prevent (if yet you think of fame)
Thy friend's disgrace, thy own eternal shame!
Who sends thee, Goddess! from th' etherial skies?
Achilles thus. And Iris thus replies:
I come, Pelides! from the Queen of Jove,
Th' immortal Empress of the realms above;
Unknown to him who sits remote on high,
Unknown to all the synod of the sky.
Thou com'st in vain, he cries (with fury warm'd)
Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd?
Unwilling as I am, of force I stay,
Till Thetis bring me, at the dawn of day,
Vulcanian arms: what other can I wield;
Except the mighty Telamonian shield?
That, in my friend's defence, has Ajax spread,
While his strong lance around him heaps the dead:

The

The gallant chief defends Menœtius' ſon,
And does, what his Achilles ſhould have done.
Thy want of arms (ſaid Iris) well we know,
But though unarm'd, yet clad in terrours, go!
Let but Achilles o'er yon trench appear,
Proud Troy ſhall tremble, and conſent to fear:
Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye
Shall take new courage, and diſdain to fly.
She ſpoke, and paſs'd in air. The hero roſe;
Her ægis Pallas o'er his ſhoulder throws;
Around his brows a golden cloud ſhe ſpread;
A ſtream of glory flam'd above his head.
As when from ſome beleaguer'd town ariſe
The ſmokes, high-curling to the ſhaded ſkies
(Seen from ſome iſland, o'er the main afar,
When men diſtreſt hang out the ſign of war);
Soon as the ſun in ocean hides his rays,
Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze;
With long-projected beams the ſeas are bright,
And heaven's high arch reflects the ruddy light:
So from Achilles' head the ſplendours riſe,
Reflecting blaze on blaze againſt the ſkies.
Forth march'd the chief, and, diſtant from the croud,
High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud;
With her own ſhout Minerva ſwells the ſound;
Troy ſtarts aſtoniſh'd, and the ſhores rebound.
As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far
With ſhrilling clangor founds th' alarm of war,
Struck from the wall, the echoes float on high,
And the round bulwarks and thick towers reply;

So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd:
Hefts drop their arms, and trembled as they heard;
And back the chariots roll, and courfers bound,
And fteeds and men lie mingled on the ground.
Aghaft they fee the living lightnings play,
And turn their eye-balls from the flafhing ray.
Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he rais'd;
And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd.
Twelve, in the tumult wedg'd, untimely ruth'd
On their own fpears, by their own chariots cruth'd:
While, fhielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain
The long-contended carcafe of the flain.

A lofty bier the breathlefs warriour bears:
Around, his fad companions melt in tears.
But chief Achilles, bending down his head,
Pours unavailing forrows o'er the dead,
Whom late triumphant, with his fteeds and car,
He fent refulgent to the field of war;
(Unhappy change!) now fenfelefs, pale, he found,
Stretch'd forth, and gafh'd with many a gaping wound.

Meantime, unweary'd with his heavenly way,
In ocean's waves th' unwilling light of day
Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command,
And from their labours eas'd th' Achaian band.
The frighted Trojans (panting from the war,
Their fteeds unharnefs'd from the weary car)
A fudden council call'd: each chief appear'd
In hafte, and ftanding; for to fit they fear'd.
'Twas now no feafon for prolong'd debate;
They faw Achilles, and in him their fate.

Silent

Silent they ſtood: Polydamas at laſt,
Skill'd to diſcern the future by the paſt,
The ſon of Panthus, thus expreſs'd his fears;
(The friend of Hector, and of equal years:
The ſelf-ſame night to both a being gave,
One wiſe in council, one in action brave):
In free debate, my friends, your ſentence ſpeak;
For me, I move, before the morning break,
To raiſe our camp: too dangerous here our poſt,
Far from Troy walls, and on a naked coaſt.
I deem'd not Greece ſo dreadful, while, engag'd
In mutual feuds, her king and hero rag'd;
Then, while we hop'd our armies might prevail,
We boldly camp'd beſide a thouſand ſail.
I dread Pelides now: his rage of mind
Not long continues to the ſhores confin'd,
Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray
Contending nations won and loſt the day;
For Troy, for Troy, ſhall henceforth be the ſtrife,
And the hard conteſt not for fame, but life.
Haſte then to Ilion, while the favouring night
Detains thoſe terrours, keeps that arm from fight;
If but the morrow's ſun behold us here,
That arm, thoſe terrours, we ſhall feel, nor fear;
And hearts that now diſdain, ſhall leap with joy,
If Heaven permit them then to enter Troy.
Let not my fatal prophecy be true,
Nor what I tremble but to think, enſue.
Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
What force of thought and reaſon can ſupply;

Let us on counsel for our guard depend;
The town, her gates and bulwarks shall defend:
When morning dawns, our well-appointed powers,
Array'd in arms, shall line the lofty towers.
Let the fierce hero then, when fury calls,
Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,
Or fetch a thousand circles round the plain,
Till his spent coursers seek the fleet again:
So may his rage be tir'd, and labour'd down;
And dogs shall tear him ere he sack the town.
Return? (said Hector, fir'd with stern disdain)
What! coop whole armies in our walls again?
Was 't not enough, ye valiant warriours say,
Nine years imprison'd in those towers ye lay?
Wide o'er the world was Ilion fam'd of old
For brass exhaustless, and for mines of gold:
But while inglorious in her walls we stay'd,
Sunk were her treasures, and her stores decay'd;
The Phrygians now her scatter'd spoils enjoy,
And proud Mæonia wastes the fruits of Troy.
Great Jove at length my arms to conquest calls,
And shuts the Grecians in their wooden walls:
Dar'st thou dispirit whom the Gods incite;
Flies any Trojan? I shall stop his flight.
To better counsel then attention lend;
Take due refreshment, and the watch attend.
If there be one whose riches cost him care,
Forth let him bring them for the troops to share;
'Tis better generously bestow'd on those,
Than left the plunder of our country's foes.

Soon

Soon as the morn the purple orient warms,
Fierce on yon navy we will pour our arms;
If great Achilles rise in all his might,
His be the danger. I shall stand the fight.
Honour, ye Gods! or let me gain, or give!
And live he glorious, whoso'er shall live!
Mars is our common lord, alike to all:
And oft the victor triumphs, but to fall.
The shouting host in loud applauses join'd:
So Pallas robb'd the many of their mind;
To their own sense condemn'd, and left to chuse
The worst advice, the better to refuse.
While the long night extends her sable reign,
Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train.
Stern in superior grief Pelides stood;
Those slaughtering arms, so us'd to bathe in blood,
Now clasp'd his clay-cold limbs: then gushing start
The tears, and sighs burst from his swelling heart.
The lion thus, with dreadful anguish stung,
Roars through the desart, and demands his young:
When the grim savage, to his rifled den
Too late returning, snuffs the track of men,
And o'er the vales and o'er the forest bounds;
His clamorous grief the bellowing wood resounds.
So grieves Achilles; and impetuous vents
To all his Myrmidons his loud laments.
In what vain promise, Gods! did I engage.
When, to console Menœtius' feeble age,
I vow'd his much-lov'd offspring to restore,
Charg'd with rich spoils, to fair Opuntia's shore?

But mighty Jove cuts short, with just disdain,
The long, long views of poor, designing man!
One fate the warriour and the friend shall strike,
And Troy's black sands must drink our blood alike:
Me too a wretched mother shall deplore,
An aged father never see me more!
Yet, my Patroclus! yet a space I stay,
Then swift pursue thee on the darksome way.
Ere thy dear relicks in the grave are laid,
Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy shade;
That, with his arms, shall hang before thy shrine;
And twelve the noblest of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre.
Thus let me lie till then! thus, closely prest,
Bathe thy cold face, and sob upon thy breast!
While Trojan captives here thy mourners stay,
Weep all the night, and murmur all the day:
Spoils of my arms, and thine; when, wasting wide,
Our swords kept time, and conquer'd side by side.
He spoke, and bade the sad attendants round
Cleanse the pale corpse, and wash each honour'd wound.
A massy caldron of stupendous frame
They brought, and plac'd it o'er the rising flame:
Then heap the lighted wood; the flame divides
Beneath the vase, and climbs around the sides:
In its wide womb they pour the rushing stream:
The boiling water bubbles to the brim.
The body then they bathe with pious toil,
Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,

High on a bed of ſtate extended laid,
And decent cover'd with a linen ſhade;
Laſt o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw;
That done, their ſorrows and their ſighs renew.
Meanwhile to Juno, in the realms above,
(His wife and ſiſter) ſpoke almighty Jove:
At laſt thy will prevails: great Peleus' ſon
Riſes in arms: ſuch Grace thy Greeks have won.
Say (for I know not) is their race divine,
And thou the mother of that martial line?
What words are theſe (th' imperial dame replies,
While anger flaſh'd from her majeſtic eyes)
Succour like this a mortal arm might lend,
And ſuch ſucceſs mere human wit attend:
And ſhall not I, the ſecond Power above,
Heaven's Queen, and conſort of the thundering Jove,
Say, ſhall not I, one nation's fate command,
Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land?
So they. Meanwhile the Silver-footed Dame
Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame!
High-eminent amid the works divine,
Where heaven's far-beaming brazen manſions ſhine.
There the lame architect the Goddeſs found,
Obſcure in ſmoke, his forges flaming round,
While bath'd in ſweat from fire to fire he flew;
And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
That day no common taſk his labour claim'd:
Full twenty tripods for his hall he fram'd,
That, plac'd on living wheels of maſſy gold
(Wondrous to tell!) inſtinct with ſpirit roll'd

From place to place, around the bleſt abodes,
Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of Gods:
For their fair handles now, o'erwrought with flowers,
In molds prepar'd, the glowing ore he pours.
Juſt as reſponſive to his thought the frame
Stood prompt to move, the azure Goddeſs came:
Charis, his ſpouſe, a grace divinely fair
(With purple fillets round her braided hair)
Obſerv'd her entering! her ſoft hand ſhe preſs'd,
And, ſmiling, thus the watery Queen addreſs'd:
What, Goddeſs! this unuſual favour draws?
All hail, and welcome! whatſoe'er the cauſe:
Till now a ſtranger, in a happy hour
Approach, and taſte the dainty of the bower.
High on a throne, with ſtars of ſilver grac'd,
And various artifice, the Queen ſhe plac'd:
A footſtool at her feet; then, calling, ſaid,
Vulcan, draw near; 'tis Thetis aſks your aid.
Thetis (reply'd the God) our powers may claim,
An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name!
When my proud mother hurl'd me from the ſky
(My awkward form, it ſeems, diſpleas'd her eye)
She and Eurynome my griefs redreſt,
And ſoft receiv'd me on their ſilver breaſt.
Ev'n then, theſe arts employ'd my infant thought;
Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys, I wrought.
Nine years kept ſecret in the dark abode,
Secure I lay, conceal'd from man and God:
Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led;
The ruſhing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.

Now,

Now, ſince her preſence glads our manſion, ſay,
For ſuch deſert what ſervice can I pay?
Vouchſafe, O Thetis! at our board to ſhare
The genial rites, and hoſpitable fare;
While I the labours of the forge forego,
And bid the roaring bellows ceaſe to blow.
Then from his anvil the lame artiſt roſe;
Wide with diſtorted legs oblique he goes,
And ſtills the bellows, and (in order laid)
Locks in their cheſts his inſtruments of trade.
Then with a ſponge the ſooty workman dreſt
His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breaſt.
With his huge ſceptre grac'd, and red attire,
Came halting forth the Sovereign of the fire:
The monarch's ſteps two female forms uphold,
That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold;
To whom was voice, and ſenſe, and ſcience given
Of works divine, (ſuch wonders are in heaven!)
On theſe ſupported, with unequal gait,
He reach'd the throne where penſive Thetis ſate;
There, plac'd beſide her on the ſhining frame,
He thus addreſs'd the Silver-footed Dame:
Thee, welcome Goddeſs! what occaſion calls
(So long a ſtranger) to theſe honour'd walls?
'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,
And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey.
To whom the mournful mother thus replies
(The cryſtal drops ſtood trembling in her eyes)
Oh, Vulcan! ſay, was ever breaſt divine
So pierc'd with ſorrows, ſo o'erwhelm'd, as mine?

Of all the Goddeſſes, did Jove prepare
For Thetis only ſuch a weight of care?
I, only I, of all the watery race,
By force ſubjected to a man's embrace,
Who, ſinking now with age and ſorrow, pays
The mighty fine impos'd on length of days.
Sprung from my bed, a god-like hero came,
The braveſt ſure that ever bore the name;
Like ſome fair plant, beneath my careful hand,
He grew, he flouriſh'd, and he grac'd the land:
To Troy I ſent him! but his native ſhore
Never, ah never, ſhall receive him more;
(Ev'n while he lives, he waſtes with ſecret woe)
Nor I, a Goddeſs, can retard the blow!
Robb'd of the prize the Grecian ſuffrage gave,
The king of nations forc'd his royal ſlave:
For this he griev'd; and, till the Greeks oppreſt
Requir'd his arm, he ſorrow'd unredreſt.
Large gifts they promiſe, and their elders ſend;
In vain—he arms not, but permits his friend
His arms, his ſteeds, his forces, to employ;
He marches, combats, almoſt conquers Troy.
Then, ſlain by Phœbus (Hector had the name)
At once reſigns his armour, life, and fame.
But thou, in pity, by my prayer be won:
Grace with immortal arms this ſhort-liv'd ſon,
And to the field in martial pomp reſtore,
To ſhine with glory, till he ſhines no more!
To her the Artiſt-god: Thy griefs reſign,
Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.

O could

O could I hide him from the Fates as well,
Or with theſe hands the cruel ſtroke repel,
As I ſhall forge moſt envy'd arms, the gaze
Of wondering ages, and the world's amaze!
Thus having ſaid, the Father of the fires
To the black labours of his forge retires.
Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd
Their iron mouths; and where the furnace burn'd,
Reſounding breath'd: at once the blaſt expires,
And twenty forges catch at once the fires;
Juſt as the God directs, now loud, now low,
They raiſe a tempeſt, or they gently blow.
In hiſſing flames huge ſilver bars are roll'd,
And ſtubborn braſs, and tin, and ſolid gold:
Before, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils ſtand;
The ponderous hammer loads his better hand,
His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round,
And thick, ſtrong ſtrokes, the doubling vaults rebound.
Then firſt he form'd th' immenſe and ſolid ſhield;
Rich various artifice emblaz'd the field;
Its utmoſt verge a threefold circle bound;
A ſilver chain ſuſpends the maſſy round;
Five ample plates the broad expanſe compoſe,
And god-like labours on the ſurface roſe.
There ſhone the image of the maſter-mind:
There earth, there heaven, there ocean, he deſign'd;
Th' unwearied ſun, the moon compleatly round;
The ſtarry lights that heaven's high convex crown'd;
The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team;
And great Orion's more refulgent beam;

To

To which, around the axle of the sky,
The Bear revolving points his golden eye,
Still shines exalted on th' æthereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
Two cities radiant on the shield appear,
The image one of peace, and one of war.
Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,
And solemn dance, and Hymenæal rite;
Along the street the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed:
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound:
Through the fair streets, the matrons in a row
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.
There, in the forum swarm a numerous train,
The subject of debate, a townsman slain:
One pleads the fine discharg'd, which one deny'd,
And bade the public and the laws decide:
The witness is produc'd on either hand:
For this, or that, the partial people stand:
Th' appointed heralds still the noisy bands,
And form a ring, with sceptres in their hands.
On seats of stone, within the sacred place,
The reverend elders nodded o'er the case;
Alternate, each th' attesting sceptre took,
And, rising solemn, each his sentence spoke.
Two golden talents lay amidst, in sight,
The prize of him who best adjudg'd the right.
Another part (a prospect differing far)
Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war.

Two

Two mighty hosts a leaguer'd town embrace,
And one would pillage, one would burn the place.
Meantime the townsmen, arm'd with silent care,
A secret ambush on the foe prepare:
Their wives, their children, and the watchful band
Of trembling parents, on the turrets stand.
They march; by Pallas and by Mars made bold:
Gold were the Gods, their radiant garments gold,
And gold their armour: these the squadron led,
August, divine, superior by the head!
A place for ambush fit, they found, and stood
Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood.
Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem
If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.
Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
And steers slow moving, and two shepherd swains;
Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,
Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe.
In arms the glittering squadron rising round,
Rush sudden; hills of slaughter heap the ground;
Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
And, all amidst them, dead, the shepherd swains!
The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear;
They rise, take horse, approach, and meet the war;
They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood;
The waving silver seem'd to blush with blood.
There tumult, there contention, stood confest;
One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breast,
One held a living foe, that freshly bled
With new-made wounds; another dragg'd a dead;

Now

Now here, now there, the carcaſes they tore:
Fate ſtalk'd amidſt them, grim with human gore.
And the whole war came out, and met the eye;
And each bold figure ſeem'd to live, or die.
A field deep-furrow'd, next, the God deſign'd,
The third time labour'd by the ſweating hind;
The ſhining ſhares full many ploughmen guide,
And turn their crooked yokes on every ſide:
Still as at either end they wheel around,
The maſter meets them with his goblet crown'd;
The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,
Then back the turning plough-ſhares cleave the ſoil:
Behind, the riſing earth in ridges roll'd:
And ſable look'd, though form'd of molten gold.
Another field roſe high with waving grain;
With bended ſickles ſtand the reaper-train:
Here, ſtretch'd in ranks, the level'd ſwarths are found,
Sheaves heap'd on ſheaves here thicken up the ground.
With ſweeping ſtroke the mowers ſtrow the lands;
The gatherers follow, and collect in bands;
And laſt the children, in whoſe arms are borne
(Too ſhort to gripe them) the brown ſheaves of corn.
The ruſtic monarch of the field deſcries,
With ſilent glee, the heaps around him riſe.
A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
Beneath an ample oak's expanded ſhade.
The victim ox the ſturdy youth prepare;
The reaper's due repaſt, the womens' care.
Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard ſhines,
Bent with the ponderous harveſt of its vines;

A deeper

A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,
And, curl'd on silver props, in order glow:
A darker metal mixt, intrench'd the place;
And pales of glittering tin th' enclosure grace.
To this, one path-way gently-winding leads,
Where march a train with baskets on their heads
(Fair maids, and blooming youths) that smiling bear
The purple product of th' autumnal year.
To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,
Whose tender lay the fate of Linus sings;
In measur'd dance behind him move the train,
Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.
Here, herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
Rear high their horns, and seem to low in gold,
And speed to meadows, on whose sounding shores
A rapid torrent through the rushes roars:
Four golden herdsmen as their guardians stand,
And nine four dogs compleat the rustic band.
Two lions rushing from the wood appear'd,
And seiz'd a bull, the master of the herd:
He roar'd: in vain the dogs, the men, withstood;
They tore his flesh, and drank the sable blood.
The dogs (oft chear'd in vain) desert the prey,
Dread the grim terrours, and at distance bay.
Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
Deep through fair forests, and a length of meads;
And stalls, and folds, and scatter'd cots between;
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the scene.
A figur'd dance succeeds: such once was seen
In lofty Gnossus; for the Cretan queen,

Form'd

Form'd by Dædalean art: a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand.
The maids in soft cymars of linen dress't;
The youths all graceful in the glossy vest:
Of those the locks with flowery wreaths inroll'd;
Of these the sides adorn'd with swords of gold,
That, glittering gay, from silver belts depend.
Now all at once they rise, at once descend
With well-taught feet: now shape, in oblique ways,
Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth at once, too swift for sight, they spring,
And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring:
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle tost,
And rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.
The gazing multitudes admire around,
Two active tumblers in the centre bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend:
And general songs the sprightly revel end.

Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd
With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round:
In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.
This done, whate'er a warriour's use requires,
He forg'd; the cuirass that outshines the fires.
The greaves of ductile tin, the helm impress't
With various sculpture, and the golden crest.
At Thetis feet the finish'd labour lay;
She, as a falcon, cuts th' aerial way,
Swift from Olympus' snowy summit flies,
And bears the blazing present through the skies.

THE

THE NINETEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The Reconciliation of Achilles and Agamemnon.

THETIS brings to her ſon the armour made by Vulcan. She preſerves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to aſſemble the army, to declare his reſentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are ſolemnly reconciled: the ſpeeches, preſents, and ceremonies, on that occaſion. Achilles is with great difficulty perſuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreſhed themſelves, by the advice of Ulyſſes. The preſents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles; where Briſeïs laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obſtinately refuſes all repaſt, and gives himſelf up to lamentation for his friend. Minerva deſcends to ſtrengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight: his appearance deſcribed. He addreſſes himſelf to his horſes, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculouſly endued with voice, and inſpired to propheſy his fate; but the hero, not aſtoniſhed by that prodigy, ruſhes with fury to the combat.

The thirtieth day. The ſcene is on the ſea-ſhore.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XIX.

SOON as Aurora heav'd her orient head
Above the waves, that bluſh'd with early red
(With new-born day to gladden mortal ſight,
And gild the courts of heaven with ſacred light)
Th' immortal arms the Goddeſs-mother bears
Swift to her ſon: her ſon ſhe finds in tears
Stretch'd o'èr Patroclus' corpſe; while all the reſt
The ſovereign's ſorrows in their own expreſt.
A ray divine her heavenly preſence ſhed,
And thus, his hand ſoft-touching, Thetis ſaid:
Suppreſs (my ſon) this rage of grief, and know
It was not man, but Heaven, that gave the blow;
Behold what arms by Vulcan are beſtow'd?
Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a God.
Then drops the radiant burden on the ground;
Clang the ſtrong arms, and ring the ſhores around:
Back ſhrink the Myrmidons with dread ſurprize,
And from the broad effulgence turn'd their eyes.
Unmov'd, the hero kindles at the ſhow,
And feels with rage divine his boſom glow;
From his fierce eye-balls living flames expire,
And flaſh inceſſant like a ſtream of fire;

He turns the radiant gift; and feeds his mind
On all th' immortal artist had design'd.
Goddess! (he cry'd) these glorious arms that shine
With matchless art, confess the hand divine.
Now to the bloody battle let me bend:
But ah! the relicks of my slaughter'd friend!
In those wide wounds through which his spirit fled,
Shall flies, and worms obscene pollute the dead?
That unavailing care be laid aside,
(The azure Goddess to her son reply'd)
Whole years untouch'd, uninjur'd, shall remain,
Fresh as in life, the carcase of the slain.
But go, Achilles (as affairs require)
Before the Grecian peers renounce thine ire:
Then uncontrol'd in boundless war engage,
And Heaven with strength supply the mighty rage!
Then in the nostrils of the slain she pour'd
Nectareous drops, and rich ambrosia shower'd
O'er all the corpse. The flies forbid their prey,
Untouch'd it rests, and sacred from decay.
Achilles to the strand obedient went:
The shores resounded with the voice he sent.
The heroes heard, and all the naval train
That tend the ships, or guide them o'er the main,
Alarm'd, transported, at the well-known sound,
Frequent and full, the great assembly crown'd;
Studious to see that terrour of the plain,
Long lost to battle, shine in arms again.
Tydides and Ulysses first appear,
Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the spear;

Theſe on the ſacred ſeats of council plac'd,
The king of men, Atrides, came the laſt:
He too ſore wounded by Agenor's ſon.
Achilles (riſing in the midſt) begun:
Oh Monarch! better far had been the fate
Of thee, of me, of all the Grecian ſtate,
If, (ere the day when by mad paſſion ſway'd,
Raſh we contended for the black-ey'd maid)
Preventing Dian had diſpatch'd her dart,
And ſhot the ſhining miſchief to the heart:
Then many a hero had not preſs'd the ſhore,
Nor Troy's glad fields been fatten'd with our gore:
Long, long ſhall Greece the woes we caus'd bewail,
And ſad poſterity repeat the tale.
But this, no more the ſubject of debate,
Is paſt, forgotten, and reſign'd to fate:
Why ſhould, alas! a mortal man, as I,
Burn with a fury than can never die?
Here then my anger ends; let war ſucceed,
And ev'n as Greece has bled, let Ilion bleed.
Now call the hoſts, and try, if in our ſight
Troy yet ſhall dare to camp a ſecond night?
I deem their mightieſt, when this arm he knows,
Shall 'ſcape with tranſport, and with joy repoſe.
He ſaid: his finiſh'd wrath with loud acclaim
The Greeks accept, and ſhout Pelides' name.
When thus, not riſing from his lofty throne,
In ſtate unmov'd, the king of men begun:
Hear me, ye ſons of Greece! with ſilence hear!
And grant your monarch an impartial ear;

A while your loud, untimely joy ſuſpend,
And let your raſh, injurious clamours end:
Unruly murmurs, or ill-tim'd applauſe,
Wrong the beſt ſpeaker, and the juſteſt cauſe.
Nor charge on me, ye Greeks, the dire debate:
Know, angry Jove, and all-compelling Fate,
With fell Erinnys, urg'd my wrath that day
When from Achilles' arms I forc'd the prey.
What then could I againſt the will of Heaven?
Not by myſelf, but vengeful Até driven;
She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infeſt
The race of mortals, enter'd in my breaſt.
Not on the ground that haughty Fury treads,
But prints her lofty footſteps on the heads
Of mighty men; inflicting as ſhe goes
Long feſtering wounds, inextricable woes!
Of old, ſhe ſtalk'd amid the bright abodes;
And Jove himſelf, the Sire of men and Gods,
The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart;
Deceiv'd by Juno's wiles, and female art.
For when Alcmena's nine long months were run,
And Jove expected his immortal ſon:
To Gods and Goddeſſes th' unruly joy
He ſhow'd, and vaunted of his matchleſs boy:
From us (he ſaid) this day an infant ſprings.
Fated to rule, and born a king of kings.
Saturnia aſk'd an oath, to vouch the truth,
And fix'd dominion on the favour'd youth.
The Thunderer, unſuſpicious of the fraud,
Pronounc'd thoſe ſolemn words that bind a God.

The joyful Goddeſs from Olympus' height,
Swift to Achaian Argos bent her flight;
Scarce ſeven moons gone, lay Sthenelus's wife;
She puſh'd her lingering infant into life;
Her charms Alcmena's coming labours ſtay,
And ſtop the babe, juſt iſſuing to the day.
Then bids Saturnius bear his oath in mind;
"A youth (ſaid ſhe) of Jove's immortal kind
"Is this day born: from Sthenelus he ſprings,
"And claims thy promiſe to be king of kings."
Grief ſeiz'd the Thunderer, by his oath engag'd;
Stung to the ſoul, he ſorrow'd, and he rag'd.
From his ambroſial head, where perch'd ſhe ſate.
He ſnatch'd the Fury-Goddeſs of debate,
The dread, th' irrevocable oath he ſwore,
Th' immortal ſeats ſhould ne'er behold her more;
And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driven
From bright Olympus and the ſtarry heaven:
Thence on the nether world the Fury fell;
Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell.
Full oft the God his ſon's hard toils bemoan'd,
Curs'd the dire Fury, and in ſecret groan'd.
Ev'n thus, like Jove himſelf, was I miſled,
While raging Hector heap'd our camps with dead.
What can the errors of my rage atone?
My martial troops, my treaſures, are thy own:
This inſtant from the navy ſhall be ſent
Whate'er Ulyſſes promis'd at thy tent:
But thou! appeas'd, propitious to our prayer,
Reſume thy arms, and ſhine again in war.

O king of nations! whose superior sway
(Returns Achilles) all our hosts obey!
To keep or send the presents, be thy care;
To us, 'tis equal: all we ask is war.
While yet we talk, or but an instant shun
The fight, our glorious work remains undone.
Let every Greek, who sees my spear confound
The Trojan ranks, and deal destruction round,
With emulation what I act survey,
And learn from thence the business of the day.
The son of Peleus thus: and thus replies
The great in councils, Ithacus the wise:
Though, god-like, thou art by no toils oppress,
At least our armies claim repast and rest:
Long and laborious must the combat be,
When by the Gods inspir'd, and led by thee.
Strength is deriv'd from spirits and from blood,
And those augment by generous wine and food:
What boastful son of war, without that stay,
Can last a hero through a single day?
Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his strength,
Mere unsupported man must yield at length;
Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declin'd,
The drooping body will desert the mind:
But built anew with strength-conferring fare,
With limbs and soul untam'd, he tires a war.
Dismiss the people then, and give command,
With strong repast to hearten every band;
But let the presents to Achilles made
In full assembly of all Greece be laid.

The king of men shall rise in public sight,
And solemn swear (observant of the rite)
That, spotless as she came, the maid removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
That done, a sumptuous banquet shall be made,
And the full price of injur'd honour paid.
Stretch not henceforth, O prince! thy sovereign might
Beyond the bounds of reason and of right;
'Tis the chief praise that e'er to kings belong'd,
To right with justice whom with power they wrong'd.
To him the monarch: Just is thy decree,
Thy words give joy, and wisdom breathes in thee,
Each due atonement gladly I prepare;
And Heaven regard me as I justly swear!
Here then a while let Greece assembled stay,
Nor great Achilles grudge this short delay:
Till from the fleet our presents be convey'd,
And, Jove attesting, the firm compact made.
A train of noble youths the charge shall bear;
These to select, Ulysses, be thy care:
In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,
And the fair train of captives close the rear:
Talthybius shall the victim boar convey.
Sacred to Jove, and yon bright orb of day.
For this (the stern Æacides replies)
Some less important season may suffice,
When the stern fury of the war is o'er,
And wrath extinguish'd burns my breast no more.
By Hector slain, their faces to the sky,
All grim with gaping wounds our heroes lie:

Thoſe call to war! and, might my voice incite,
Now, now, this inſtant, ſhould commence the fight:
Then, when the day's complete, let generous bowls,
And copious banquets, glad your weary ſouls.
Let not my palate know the taſte of food,
Till my inſatiate rage be cloy'd with blood:
Pale lies my friend with wounds disfigur'd o'er,
And his cold feet are pointed to the door.
Revenge is all my ſoul! no meaner care,
Intereſt, or thought, has room to harbour there;
Deſtruction be my feaſt, and mortal wounds,
And ſcenes of blood, and agonizing ſounds.
O firſt of Greeks (Ulyſſes thus rejoin'd)
The beſt and braveſt of the warriour-kind!
Thy praiſe it is in dreadful camps to ſhine,
But old experience and calm wiſdom, mine.
Then hear my counſel, and to reaſon yield,
The braveſt ſoon are ſatiate of the field;
Though vaſt the heaps that ſtrow the crimſon plain,
The bloody harveſt brings but little gain:
The ſcale of conqueſt ever wavering lies,
Great Jove but turns it, and the victor dies!
The great, the bold, by thouſands daily fall,
And endleſs were the grief, to weep for all.
Eternal ſorrows what avails to ſhed?
Greece honours not with ſolemn faſts the dead:
Enough, when death demands the brave, to pay
The tribute of a melancholy day.
One chief with patience to the grave reſign'd,
Our care devolves on others left behind.

Let

Let generous food ſupplies of ſtrength produce,
Let riſing ſpirits flow from ſprightly juice,
Let their warm heads with ſcenes of battle glow,
And pour new furies on the feebler foe.
Yet a ſhort interval, and none ſhall dare
Expect a ſecond ſummons to the war;
Who waits for that, the dire effect ſhall find,
If trembling in the ſhips he lags behind.
Embodied, to the battle let us bend,
And all at once on haughty Troy deſcend.
And now the delegates Ulyſſes ſent,
To bear the preſents from the royal tent.
The ſons of Neſtor, Phyleus' valiant heir,
Thias and Merion, thunderbolts of war,
With Lycomedes of Creontian ſtrain,
And Melanippus, form'd the choſen train.
Swift as the word was given, the youths obey'd;
Twice ten bright vaſes in the midſt they laid;
A row of ſix fair tripods then ſucceeds:
And twice the number of high-bounding ſteeds:
Seven captives next a lovely line compoſe;
The eighth Briſeïs, like the blooming roſe,
Clos'd the bright band: great Ithacus, before,
Firſt of the train, the golden talents bore:
The reſt in public view the chiefs diſpoſe,
A ſplendid ſcene! then Agamemnon roſe:
The boar Talthybius held: the Grecian lord
Drew the broad cutlaſs, ſheath'd beſide his ſword:
The ſtubborn briſtles from the victim's brow
He crops, and offering meditates his vow.

His

His hands uplifted to th' atteſting ſkies,
On heaven's broad marble roof were fix'd his eyes;
The ſolemn words a deep attention draw,
And Greece around ſat thrill'd with ſacred awe.
Witneſs, thou firſt! thou greateſt Power above!
All-good, all-wiſe, and all-ſurviving Jove!
And Mother-earth, and Heaven's revolving light,
And ye, fell Furies of the realms of night,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd kings, and all who falſely ſwear!
The black-ey'd maid inviolate removes,
Pure and unconſcious of my manly loves.
If this be falſe, Heaven all its vengeance ſhed,
And level'd thunder ſtrike my guilty head!
With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound;
The bleeding ſavage tumbles to the ground;
The ſacred herald rolls the victim ſlain
(A feaſt for fiſh) into the foaming main.
Then thus Achilles: Hear, ye Greeks! and know
Whate'er we feel, 'tis Jove inflicts the woe:
Not elſe Atrides could our rage inflame,
Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.
'Twas Jove's high will alone, o'er-ruling all,
That doom'd our ſtrife, and doom'd the Greeks to fall.
Go then, ye chiefs! indulge the genial rite!
Achilles waits you, and expects the fight.
The ſpeedy council at his word adjourn'd:
To their black veſſels all the Greeks return'd.
Achilles ſought his tent. His train before
March'd onward, bending with the gifts they bore.

Thoſe

Thoſe in the tents the 'ſquires induſtrious ſpread:
The foaming courſers to the ſtalls they led;
To their new ſeats the female captives move:
Briſeïs, radiant as the Queen of Love,
Slow as ſhe paſt, beheld with ſad ſurvey,
Where, gaſh'd with cruel wounds, Patroclus lay:
Prone on the body fell the heavenly fair,
Beat her ſad breaſt, and tore her golden hair;
All beautiful in grief, her humid eyes
Shining with tears ſhe lifts, and thus ſhe cries:
Ah, youth for ever dear, for ever kind,
Once tender friend of my diſtracted mind!
I left thee freſh in life, in beauty gay!
Now find thee cold, inanimated clay!
What woes my wretched race of life attend!
Sorrows on ſorrows, never doom'd to end!
The firſt lov'd conſort of my virgin-bed
Before theſe eyes in fatal battle bled!
My three brave brothers in one mournful day,
All trod the dark irremeable way:
Thy friendly hand uprear'd me from the plain,
And dry'd my ſorrows for a huſband ſlain;
Achilles' care you promis'd I ſhould prove,
The firſt, the deareſt partner of his love;
That rites divine ſhould ratify the band,
And make me empreſs in his native land,
Accept theſe grateful tears! for thee they flow,
For thee, that ever felt another's woe!
Her ſiſter captives echoed groan for groan,
Nor mourn'd Patroclus fortunes, but their own:

The leaders preſs'd the chief on every ſide;
Unmov'd, he heard them, and with ſighs deny'd:
If yet Achilles have a friend, whoſe care
Is bent to pleaſe him, this requeſt forbear:
Till yonder ſun deſcend, ah let me pay
To grief and anguiſh one abſtemious day.
He ſpoke, and from the warriours turn'd his face:
Yet ſtill the brother-kings of Atreus' race,
Neſtor, Idomeneus, Ulyſſes ſage,
And Phœnix, ſtrive to calm his grief and rage:
His rage they calm not, nor his grief control;
He groans, he raves, he ſorrows from his ſoul.
Thou too, Patroclus! (thus his heart he vents)
Once ſpread th' inviting banquet in our tents:
Thy ſweet ſociety, thy winning care,
Once ſtaid Achilles, ruſhing to the war.
But now, alas! to death's cold arms reſign'd,
What banquets but revenge can glad my mind?
What greater ſorrow could afflict my breaſt,
What more, if hoary Peleus were deceas'd?
Who now, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear
His ſon's ſad fate, and drops a tender tear.
What more, ſhould Neoptolemus the brave
(My only offſpring) ſink into the grave?
If yet that offſpring lives (I diſtant far,
Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war).
I could not this, this cruel ſtroke attend;
Fate claim'd Achilles, but might ſpare his friend.
I hop'd Patroclus might ſurvive, to rear
My tender orphan with a parent's care.

From

From Schyros isle conduct him o'er the main,
And glad his eyes with his paternal reign,
The lofty palace, and the large domain;
For Peleus breathes no more the vital air,
Or drags a wretched life of age and care,
But till the news of my sad fate invades
His hastening soul, and sinks him to the shades.
Sighing he said. His grief the heroes join'd;
Each stole a tear for what he left behind.
Their mingled grief the Sire of Heaven survey'd;
And thus, with pity, to his blue-ey'd Maid:
Is then Achilles now no more thy care,
And dost thou thus desert the great in war?
Lo, where yon sails their canvas wings extend,
All comfortless he sits, and wails his friend:
Ere thirst and want his forces have oppress,
Haste, and infuse ambrosia in his breast.
He spoke: and sudden, at the word of Jove,
Shot the descending Goddess from above.
So swift through æther the shrill Harpy springs,
The wide air floating to her ample wings.
To great Achilles she her flight address,
And pour'd divine ambrosia in his breast,
With nectar sweet (refection of the Gods!)
Then, swift ascending, sought the bright abodes.
Now issued from the ships the warriour-train,
And, like a deluge, pour'd upon the plain.
As when the piercing blasts of Boreas blow,
And scatter o'er the fields the driving snow;
From dusky clouds the fleecy winter flies,
Whose dazzling lustre whitens all the skies:

So

So helms succeeding helms, so shields from shields
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields;
Broad-glittering breast-plates, spears with pointed rays,
Mix in one stream, reflecting blaze on blaze:
Thick beats the centre as the coursers bound,
With splendour flame the skies, and laugh the fields around.

Full in the midst, high-towering o'er the rest,
His limbs in arms divine Achilles dress't;
Arms which the Father of the Fire bestow'd,
Forg'd on th' eternal anvils of the God.
Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire;
His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire;
He grinds his teeth; and, furious with delay,
O'erlooks th' embattled host, and hopes the bloody day.

The silver cuishes first his thighs infold:
Then o'er his breast was brac'd the hollow gold:
The brazen sword a various baldrick ty'd,
That, starr'd with gems, hung glittering at his side;
And, like the moon, the broad refulgent shield
Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.

So to night-wandering sailors, pale with fears,
Wide o'er the watery waste, a light appears,
Which, on the far-seen mountain blazing high,
Streams from some lonely watch-tower to the sky:
With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again;
Loud howls the storm, and drives them o'er the main.

Next, his high head the helmet grac'd; behind
The sweepy crest hung floating in the wind:
Like the red star, that from his flaming hair
Shakes down diseases, pestilence, and war;

So

So ſtream'd the golden honours from his head,
Trembled the ſparkling plumes, and the looſe glories ſhed.
The chief beholds himſelf with wondering eyes;
His arms he poiſes, and his motions tries;
Buoy'd by ſome inward force, he ſeems to ſwim,
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.
And now he ſhakes his great paternal ſpear,
Ponderous and huge! which not a Greek could rear.
From Pelion's cloudy top an aſh entire
Old Chiron fell'd, and ſnap'd it for his ſire;
A ſpear which ſtern Achilles only wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.
Automedon and Alcimus prepare
Th' immortal courſers and the radiant car
(The ſilver traces ſweeping at their ſide);
Their fiery mouths reſplendent bridles ty'd,
The ivory-ſtudded reins, return'd behind,
Wav'd o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.
The charioteer then whirl'd the laſh around,
And ſwift aſcended at one active bound.
All bright in heavenly arms, above his ſquire
Achilles mounts, and ſets the field on fire;
Not brighter Phœbus, in th' etherial way,
Flames from his chariot, and reſtores the day
High o'er the hoſt all terrible he ſtands,
And thunders to his ſteeds theſe dread commands:
Xanthus and Balius! of Podarges' ſtrain
(Unleſs ye boaſt that heavenly race in vain)
Be ſwift, be mindful of the load ye bear,
And learn to make your maſter more your care:

Through falling squadrons bear my slaughtering sword,
Nor, as ye left Patroclus, leave your lord.
The generous Xanthus, as the words he said,
Seem'd sensible of woe, and droop'd his head:
Trembling he stood before the golden wain,
And bow'd to dust the honours of his mane,
When, strange to tell! (so Juno will'd) he broke
Eternal silence, and portentous spoke.
Achilles! yes! this day at least we bear
Thy rage in safety through the files of war:
But come it will, the fatal time must come,
Nor our's the fault, but God decrees thy doom.
Not through our crime, or slowness in the course,
Fell thy Patroclus, but by heavenly force;
The bright far-shooting God who gilds the day
(Confest we saw him) tore his arms away.
No—could our swiftness o'er the winds prevail,
Or beat the pinions of the western gale,
All were in vain—the Fates thy death demand,
Due to a mortal and immortal hand.
Then ceas'd for ever, by the Furies ty'd,
His fateful voice. Th' intrepid chief reply'd,
With unabated rage—So let it be!
Portents and prodigies are lost on me.
I know my fate, to die, to see no more
My much-lov'd parents, and my native shore---
Enough---when Heaven ordains, I sink in night;
Now perish Troy! he said, and rush'd to fight.

THE

TWENTIETH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The Battle of the Gods, and the Acts of Achilles.

JUPITER, upon Achilles's return to the battle, calls a council of the Gods, and permits them to assist either party. The terrours of the battle described, when the Deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long conversation, these two heroes encounter; but Æneas is preserved by the assistance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the rest of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with a great slaughter.

The same day continues. The scene is in the field before Troy.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XX.

THUS round Pelides breathing war and blood,
Greece, ſheath'd in arms, beſide her veſſels ſtood;
While, near impending from a neighbouring height,
Troy's black battalions wait the ſhock of fight.
Then Jove to Themis gives command, to call
The Gods to council in the ſtarry hall:
Swift o'er Olympus' hundred hills ſhe flies,
And ſummons all the ſenate of the ſkies.
Theſe ſhining on, in long proceſſion come
To Jove's eternal adamantine dome.
Not one was abſent, not a rural Power,
That haunts the verdant gloom, or roſy bower;
Each fair-hair'd Dryad of the ſhady wood,
Each azure Siſter of the ſilver flood;
All but old Ocean, hoary Sire! who keeps
His ancient ſeat beneath the ſacred deeps.
On marble thrones with lucid columns crown'd
(The work of Vulcan) ſat the Powers around.
Ev'n * he whoſe trident ſways the watery reign,
Heard the loud ſummons, and forſook the main,
Aſſum'd his throne amid the bright abodes,
And queſtion'd thus the Sire of men and Gods:

* Neptune.

What moves the God who heaven and earth com-
And graſps the thunder in his awful hands, [mands,
Thus to convene the whole ætherial ſtate?
Is Greece and Troy the ſubject in debate?
Already met, the lowering hoſts appear,
And death ſtands ardent on the edge of war.

'Tis true (the Cloud-compelling Power replies)
This day, we call the council of the ſkies
In care of human race; ev'n Jove's own eye
Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.
Far on Olympus' top in ſecret ſtate
Ourſelf will ſit, and ſee the hand of Fate
Work out our will. Celeſtial Powers! deſcend,
And, as your minds direct, your ſuccour lend
To either hoſt. Troy ſoon muſt lie o'erthrown,
If uncontrol'd Achilles fights alone:
Their troops but lately durſt not meet his eyes;
What can they now, if in his rage he riſe?
Aſſiſt them, Gods! or Ilion's ſacred wall
May fall this day, though Fate forbids the fall.
He ſaid, and fir'd their heavenly breaſts with rage:
On adverſe parts the warring Gods engage.
Heaven's awful Queen; and he whoſe azure round
Girds the vaſt globe; the Maid in arms renown'd;
Hermes, of profitable arts the ſire;
And Vulcan, the black ſovereign of the fire!
Theſe to the fleet repair with inſtant flight;
The veſſels tremble as the Gods alight.
In aid of Troy, Latona, Phœbus, came,
Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving Dame,

Xanthus,

Xanthus, whose streams in golden currents flow,
And the chaste Huntress of the silver bow.
Ere yet the Gods their various aid employ,
Each Argive bosom swell'd with manly joy,
While great Achilles (terrour of the plain)
Long lost to battle, shone in arms again.
Dreadful he stood in front of all his host;
Pale Troy beheld, and seem'd already lost;
Her bravest heroes pant with inward fear,
And trembling see another God of War.
But when the Powers descending swell'd the fight,
Then tumult rose; fierce rage and pale affright
Varied each face; then Discord sounds alarms,
Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms.
Now through the trembling shores Minerva calls,
And now she thunders from the Grecian walls.
Mars, hovering o'er his Troy, his terrours shrouds
In gloomy tempests, and a night of clouds:
Now through each Trojan heart he fury pours
With voice divine, from Ilion's topmost towers;
Now shouts to Simois from her beauteous hill;
The mountain shook, the rapid streams stood still.
Above, the Sire of Gods his thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.
Beneath, stern Neptune shakes the solid ground;
The forests wave, the mountains nod around;
Through all their summits tremble Ida's woods,
And from their sources boil her hundred floods.
Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain;
And the toss'd navies beat the heaving main.

Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,
Th' infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head,
Leap'd from his throne, left Neptune's arm should lay
His dark dominions open to the day,
And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful ev'n to Gods.

Such war th' immortals wage: such horrours rend
The world's vast concave, when the Gods contend.
First silver-shafted Phœbus took the plain
Against blue Neptune, monarch of the main:
The God of Arms his giant bulk display'd,
Oppos'd to Pallas, War's triumphant Maid.
Against Latona march'd the Son of May;
The quiver'd Dian, sister of the Day
(Her golden arrows sounding at her side)
Saturnia, Majesty of Heaven, defy'd.
With fiery Vulcan last in battle stands
The sacred flood that rolls on golden sands;
Xanthus his name with those of heavenly birth,
But call'd Scamander by the sons of earth.

While thus the Gods in various league engage,
Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage:
Hector he sought; in search of Hector turn'd
His eyes around, for Hector only burn'd;
And burst like lightning through the ranks, and vow'd
To glut the God of Battles with his blood.

Æneas was the first who dar'd to stay;
Apollo wedg'd him in the warriour's way,
But swell'd his bosom with undaunted might,
Half-forc'd, and half-persuaded, to the fight.

Like

Like young Lycaon, of the royal line,
In voice and aſpect, ſeem'd the Power divine;
And bade the chief reflect, how late with ſcorn
In diſtant threats he brav'd the Goddeſs-born.
Then thus the hero of Anchiſes ſtrain:
To meet Pelides, you perſuade in vain:
Already have I met, nor void of fear
Obſerv'd the fury of his flying ſpear;
From Ida's woods he chac'd us to the field,
Our force he ſcatter'd, and our herds he kill'd;
Lyrneſſus, Pedaſus, in aſhes lay;
But (Jove aſſiſting) I ſurviv'd the day;
Elſe had I ſunk, oppreſt in fatal fight
By fierce Achilles and Minerva's might.
Where'er he mov'd, the Goddeſs ſhone before,
And bath'd his brazen lance in hoſtile gore.
What mortal man Achilles can ſuſtain?
Th' immortals guard him through the dreadful plain,
And ſuffer not his dart to fall in vain.
Were God my aid, this arm ſhould check his power,
Though ſtrong in battle as a brazen tower.
To whom the Son of Jove: That God implore,
And be what great Achilles was before.
From heavenly Venus thou deriv'ſt thy ſtrain,
And he, but from a Siſter of the Main;
An aged Sea-god father of his line,
But Jove himſelf the ſacred ſource of thine.
Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow,
Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe.
This ſaid, and ſpirit breath'd into his breaſt,
Through the thick troops th' embolden'd hero preſt:

His

His venturous act the white-arm'd Queen survey'd,
And thus, assembling all the Powers, she said:
Behold an action, Gods! that claims your care;
Lo great Æneas rushing to the war;
Against Pelides he directs his course,
Phœbus impels, and Phœbus gives him force.
Restrain his bold career; at least, t' attend
Our favour'd hero, let some Power descend,
To guard his life, and add to his renown,
We, the great armament of heaven, came down.
Hereafter let him fall, as Fates design,
That spun so short his life's illustrious line:
But, lest some adverse God now cross his way,
Give him to know what Powers assist this day:
For how shall mortal stand the dire alarms,
When heaven's refulgent host appear in arms?
Thus she: and thus the God whose force can make
The solid globe's eternal basis shake:
Against the might of man, so feeble known,
Why should celestial Powers exert their own?
Suffice, from yonder mount to view the scene,
And leave to war the fates of mortal men.
But if th' Armipotent, or God of light,
Obstruct Achilles, or commence the fight,
Thence on the Gods of Troy we swift descend:
Full soon, I doubt not, shall the conflict end;
And these, in ruin and confusion hurl'd,
Yield to our conquering arms the lower world.
Thus having said, the Tyrant of the Sea,
Cerulean Neptune, rose, and led the way.

Advanc'd

Advanc'd upon the field there ſtood a mound
Of earth congeſted, wall'd, and trench'd around;
In elder times to guard Alcides made
(The work of Trojans, with Minerva's aid)
What-time a vengeful monſter of the main
Swept the wide ſhore, and drove him to the plain.
Here Neptune and the Gods of Greece repair,
With clouds encompaſs'd, and a veil of air:
The adverſe powers, around Apollo laid,
Crown the fair hills that ſilver Simoïs ſhade.
In circle cloſe each heavenly party ſate,
Intent to form the future ſcheme of Fate;
But mix not yet in fight, though Jove on high
Gives the loud ſignal, and the heavens reply.
Meanwhile the ruſhing armies hide the ground;
The trampled centre yields a hollow ſound:
Steeds cas'd in mail, and chiefs in armour bright,
The gleamy champain glows with brazen light.
Amid both hoſts (a dreadful ſpace) appear
There, great Achilles; bold Æneas, here.
With towering ſtrides Æneas firſt advanc'd,
The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd;
Spread o'er his breaſt the fencing ſhield he bore,
And, as he mov'd, his javelin flam'd before.
Not ſo Pelides: furious to engage,
He ruſh'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,
Who, viewing firſt his foes with ſcornful eyes,
Though all in arms the peopled city riſe,
Stalks careleſs on, with unregarding pride;
Till at the length, by ſome brave youth defy'd,

To

To his bold ſpear the ſavage turns alone:
He murmurs fury with an hollow groan;
He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around;
Laſh'd by his tail, his heaving ſides reſound;
He calls up all his rage; he grinds his teeth,
Reſolv'd on vengeance, or reſolv'd on death.
So, fierce Achilles on Æneas flies;
So ſtands Æneas, and his force defies.
Ere yet the ſtern encounter join'd, begun
The ſeed of Thetis thus to Venus' ſon:
Why comes Æneas through the ranks ſo far?
Seeks he to meet Achilles' arm in war,
In hope the realms of Priam to enjoy,
And prove his merits to the throne of Troy?
Grant that beneath thy lance Achilles dies,
The martial monarch may refuſe the prize:
Sons he has many: thoſe thy pride may quell;
And 'tis his fault to love thoſe ſons too well.
Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,
Has Troy propos'd ſome ſpacious track of land?
An ample foreſt, or a fair domain,
Of hill for vines, and arable for grain?
Ev'n this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot.
But can Achilles be ſo ſoon forgot?
Once (as I think) you ſaw this brandiſh'd ſpear,
And then the great Æneas ſeem'd to fear.
With hearty haſte from Ida's mount he fled,
Nor, till he reach'd Lyrneſſus, turn'd his head.
Her lofty walls not long our progreſs ſtaid;
Thoſe, Pallas, Jove, and we, in ruins laid:

In Grecian chains her captive race were caſt;
'Tis true, the great Æneas fled too faſt.
Defrauded of my conqueſt once before,
What then I loſt, the Gods this day reſtore.
Go; while thou may'ſt, avoid the threatening fate;
Fools ſtay to feel it, and are wiſe too late.
To this Anchiſes' ſon: Such words employ
To one that fears thee, ſome unwarlike boy;
Such we diſdain; the beſt may be defy'd
With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride;
Unworthy the high race from which we came,
Proclaim'd ſo loudly by the voice of fame:
Each from illuſtrious fathers draws his line;
Each Goddeſs-born; half human, half divine.
Thetis', this day, or Venus' offspring, dies,
And tears ſhall trickle from celeſtial eyes:
For when two heroes, thus deriv'd, contend,
'Tis not in words the glorious ſtrife can end.
If yet thou farther ſeek to learn my birth
(A tale reſounded through the ſpacious earth)
Hear how the glorious origin we prove
From ancient Dardanus, the firſt from Jove:
Dardania's walls he rais'd; for Ilion then
(The city ſince of many-languag'd men)
Was not. The natives were content to till
The ſhady foot of Ida's fountful hill.
From Dardanus, great Erichthonius ſprings,
The richeſt, once, of Aſia's wealthy kings;
Three thouſand mares his ſpacious paſtures bred,
Three thouſand foals beſide their mothers fed.

Boreas,

Boreas, enamour'd of the ſprightly train,
Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane,
With voice diſſembled to his loves he neigh'd,
And cours'd the dappled beauties o'er the mead:
Hence ſprung twelve others of unrival'd kind,
Swift as their mother mares, and father wind.
Theſe, lightly ſkimming when they ſwept the plain,
Nor ply'd the graſs, nor bent the tender grain;
And when along the level ſeas they flew,
Scarce on the ſurface curl'd the briny dew:
Such Erichthonius was: from him there came
The ſacred Tros, of whom the Trojan name.
Three ſons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,
Ilus, Aſſaracas, and Ganymed:
The matchleſs Ganymed, divinely fair.
Whom Heaven, enamour'd, ſnatch'd to upper air
To bear the cup of Jove (ætherial gueſt,
The grace and glory of th' ambroſial feaſt).
The two remaining ſons the line divide:
Firſt roſe Laomedon from Ilus' ſide;
From him Tithonius, now in cares grown old,
And Priam (bleſt with Hector, brave and bold:)
Clytius and Lampus, ever-honour'd pair;
And Hicetaon, thunderbolt of war.
From great Aſſaracus ſprung Capys, he
Begat Anchiſes, and Anchiſes me.
Such is our race: 'tis Fortune gives us birth,
But Jove alone endues the ſoul with worth:
He, ſource of power and might! with boundleſs ſway,
All human courage gives, or takes away.

Long

Long in the field of words we may contend,
Reproach is infinite, and knows no end,
Arm'd or with truth or falsehood, right or wrong
(So voluble a weapon is the tongue)
Wounded, we wound; and neither side can fail,
For every man has equal strength to rail:
Women alone, when in the streets they jar,
Perhaps excel us in this wordy war;
Like us they stand, encompass'd with the croud,
And vent their anger impotent and loud.
Cease then—Our business in the field of fight
Is not to question, but to prove, our might.
To all those insults thou hast offer'd here,
Receive this answer: 'tis my flying spear.
He spoke. With all his force the javelin flung,
Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.
Far on his out-stretch'd arm, Pelides held
(To meet the thundering lance) his dreadful shield,
That trembled as it struck; nor void of fear
Saw, ere it fell, th' immeasurable spear.
His fears were vain; impenetrable charms
Secur'd the temper of th' ætherial arms.
Through two strong plates the point its passage held,
But stopp'd, and rested, by the third repell'd.
Five plates of various metal, various mold,
Compos'd the shield; of brass each outward fold,
Of tin each inward, and the middle gold:
There stuck the lance. Then rising ere he threw,
The forceful spear of great Achilles flew,
And pierc'd the Dardan shield's extremest bound,
Where the shrill brass return'd a sharper sound:

Through

Through the thin verge the Pelian weapon glides,
And the slight covering of expanded hides.
Æneas his contracted body bends,
And o'er him high the riven targe extends,
Sees, through its parting plates, the upper air,
And at his back perceives the quivering spear:
A fate so near him chills his soul with fright;
And swims before his eyes the many-colour'd light.
Achilles, rushing in with dreadful cries,
Draws his broad blade, and at Æneas flies:
Æneas, rousing as the foe came on
(With force collected) heaves a mighty stone:
A mass enormous! which in modern days
No two of earth's degenerate sons could raise.
But Ocean's God, whose earthquakes rock the ground,
Saw the distress, and mov'd the Powers around.
Lo! on the brink of fate Æneas stands,
An instant victim to Achilles' hands;
By Phœbus urg'd: but Phœbus has bestow'd
His aid in vain: the man o'erpowers the God.
And can ye see this righteous chief atone,
With guiltless blood, for vices not his own?
To all the Gods his constant vows were paid:
Sure, though he wars for Troy, he claims our aid!
Fate wills not this; nor thus can Jove resign
The future Father of the Dardan line:
The first great ancestor obtain'd his grace,
And still his love descends on all the race;
For Priam now, and Priam's faithless kind,
At length are odious to th' all-seeing Mind;

On

On great Æneas shall devolve the reign,
And sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain.
The great Earth-shaker thus: to whom replies
Th' imperial Goddess with the radiant eyes:
Good as he is, to immolate or spare
The Dardan Prince, O Neptune, be thy care;
Pallas and I, by all that Gods can bind,
Have sworn destruction to the Trojan kind;
Not ev'n an instant to protract their fate,
Or save one member of the sinking state;
Till her last flame be quench'd with her last gore,
And ev'n her crumbling ruins are no more.
The king of Ocean to the fight descends,
Through all the whistling darts his course he bends,
Swift interpos'd between the warriours flies,
And casts thick darkness o'er Achilles' eyes.
From great Æneas shield the spear he drew,
And at his master's feet the weapon threw.
That done, with force divine he snatch'd on high
The Dardan Prince, and bore him through the sky,
Smooth-gliding without step, above the heads
Of warring heroes, and of bounding steeds:
Till at the battle's utmost verge they light,
Where the slow Caucans close the rear of fight.
The Godhead there (his heavenly form confess'd)
With words like these the panting chief address'd:
What Power, O prince, with force inferior far,
Urg'd thee to meet Achilles arm in war?
Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,
Defrauding Fate of all thy fame to come.

But when the day decreed (for come it muſt)
Shall lay this dreadful hero in the duſt,
Let then the furies of that arm be known,
Secure, no Grecian force tranſcends thy own.
With that, he left him, wondering as he lay,
Then from Achilles chac'd the miſt away:
Sudden, returning with the ſtream of light,
The ſcene of war came ruſhing on his ſight.
Then thus amaz'd: What wonders ſtrike my mind!
My ſpear, that parted on the wings of wind,
Laid here before me! and the Dardan lord,
That fell this inſtant, vaniſh'd from my ſword!
I thought alone with mortals to contend,
But Powers cœleſtial ſure this foe defend.
Great as he is, our arm he ſcarce will try,
Content, for once, with all his Gods, to fly.
Now then let others bleed—This ſaid, aloud
He vents his fury, and inflames the croud,
O Greeks (he cries, and every rank alarms)
Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms!
'Tis not in me, though favour'd by the Sky,
To mow whole troops, and make whole armies fly:
No God can ſingly ſuch a hoſt engage,
Not Mars himſelf, nor great Minerva's rage.
But whatſoe'er Achilles can inſpire,
Whate'er of active force, or acting fire:
Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey;
All, all Achilles, Greeks! is yours to-day.
Through yon wide hoſt this arm ſhall ſcatter fear,
And thin the ſquadrons with my ſingle ſpear.

He

He said: nor less elate with martial joy,
The God-like Hector warm'd the troops of Troy:
Trojans to war! Think Hector leads you on;
Nor dread the vaunts of Peleus' haughty son.
Deeds must decide our fate. Ev'n those with words
Insult the brave, who tremble at their swords:
The weakest Atheist-wretch all Heaven defies,
But shrinks and shudders when the thunder flies.
Nor from yon boaster shall your chief retire,
Not though his heart were steel, his hand were fire;
That fire, that steel, your Hector should withstand,
And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand.
Thus (breathing rage through all) the hero said;
A wood of lances rises round his head,
Clamours on clamours tempest all the air,
They join, they throng, they thicken to the war.
But Phœbus warns him from high heaven to shun
The single fight with Thetis' God-like son;
More safe to combat in the mingled band,
Nor tempt too near the terrours of his hand,
He hears obedient to the God of Light,
And, plung'd within the ranks, awaits the fight.
Then fierce Achilles, shouting to the skies,
On Troy's whole force with boundless fury flies.
First falls Iphytion, at his army's head;
Brave was the chief, and brave the host he led;
From great Otrynteus he deriv'd his blood,
His mother was a Naïs of the flood;
Beneath the shades of Tmolus, crown'd with snow,
From Hydé's walls he rul'd the lands below.

Fierce as he ſprings, the ſword his head divides;
The parted viſage falls on equal ſides:
With loud-reſounding arms he ſtrikes the plain;
While thus Achilles glories o'er the ſlain:
Lie there, Otryntides! the Trojan earth
Receives thee dead, though Gygæ boaſt thy birth;
Thoſe beauteous fields where Hyllus' waves are roll'd,
And plenteous Hermus ſwells with tides of gold,
Are thine no more—Th' inſulting hero ſaid,
And left him ſleeping in eternal ſhade.
The rolling wheels of Greece the body tore,
And daſh'd their axles with no vulgar gore.
Demoleon next, Antenor's offſpring, laid
Breathleſs in duſt, the price of raſhneſs paid.
Th' impatient ſteel, with full-deſcending ſway,
Forc'd through his brazen helm its furious way;
Reſiſtleſs drove the batter'd ſkull before,
And daſh'd and mingled all the brains with gore.
This ſees Hippodamas, and, ſeiz'd with fright,
Deſerts his chariot for a ſwifter flight:
The lance arreſts him: an ignoble wound
The panting Trojan rivets to the ground.
He groans away his ſoul: not louder roars,
At Neptune's ſhrine on Helicé's high ſhores,
The victim bull: the rocks rebellow round,
And Ocean liſtens to the grateful ſound,
Then fell on Polydore, his vengeful rage,
The youngeſt hope of Priam's ſtooping age
(Whoſe feet for ſwiftneſs in the race ſurpaſt);
Of all his ſons, the deareſt, and the laſt.

To

To the forbidden field he takes his flight
In the first folly of a youthful knight,
To vaunt his swiftness, wheels around the plain,
But vaunts not long, with all his swiftness slain.
Struck where the crossing belts unite behind,
And golden rings the double back-plate join'd:
Forth through the navel burst the thrilling steel;
And on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell;
The rushing entrails pour'd upon the ground
His hands collect; and darkness wraps him round.
When Hector view'd, all ghastly in his gore,
Thus sadly slain, th' unhappy Polydore,
A cloud of sorrow overcast his sight;
His soul no longer brook'd the distant fight,
Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came,
And shook his javelin like a waving flame.
The son of Peleus sees, with joy possest,
His heart high-bounding in his rising breast:
And, lo! the man, on whom black fates attend;
The man, that slew Achilles, in his friend!
No more shall Hector's and Pelides' spear
Turn from each other in the walks of war—
Then with revengeful eyes he scann'd him o'er:
Come, and receive thy fate! He spake no more.
Hector, undaunted, thus: Such words employ
To one that dreads thee, some unwarlike boy:
Such we could give, defying and defy'd,
Mean intercourse of obloquy and pride!
I know thy force to mine superior far;
But Heaven alone confers success in war:

Mean as I am, the Gods may guide my dart,
And give it entrance in a braver heart.
Then parts the lance: but Pallas' heavenly breath
Far from Achilles wafts the winged death,
The bidden dart again to Hector flies,
And at the feet of its great master lies.
Achilles closes with his hated foe,
His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow:
But, present to his aid, Apollo shrouds
The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.
Thrice struck Pelides with indignant heart,
Thrice in impassive air he plung'd the dart:
The spear a fourth time bury'd in the cloud;
He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud:
Wretch! thou hast 'scap'd again, once more thy flight
Has sav'd thee, and the partial God of Light.
But long thou shalt not thy just fate withstand,
If any Power assist Achilles' hand.
Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight this day
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay.
With that, he gluts his rage on numbers slain:
Then Dryops tumbled to th' ensanguin'd plain,
Pierc'd through the neck: he left him panting there,
And stopp'd Demuchus, great Philetor's heir,
Gigantic chief! deep gash'd th' enormous blade,
And for the soul an ample passage made.
Laogonus and Dardanus expire,
The valiant sons of an unhappy sire;
Both in one instant from the chariot hurl'd,
Sunk in one instant to the nether world;

This

This difference only their ſad fates afford,
That one the ſpear deſtroy'd, and one the ſword.
Nor leſs unpity'd young Alaſtor bleeds;
In vain his youth, in vain his beauty, pleads:
In vain he begs thee with a ſuppliant's moan,
To ſpare a form, an age, ſo like thy own!
Unhappy boy! no prayer, no moving art,
E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!
While yet he trembled at his knees, and cry'd,
The ruthleſs faulchion ope'd his tender ſide;
The panting liver pours a flood of gore,
That drowns his boſom till he pants no more.
Through Mulius' head then drove th' impetuous ſpear,
The warriour falls, transfix'd from ear to ear.
Thy life, Echeclus! next the ſword bereaves,
Deep through the front the ponderous faulchion cleaves;
Warm'd in the brain the ſmoking weapon lies,
The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes.
Then brave Deucalion dy'd: the dart was flung
Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow ſtrung;
He dropt his arm, an unaſſiſting weight,
And ſtood all impotent, expecting fate:
Full on his neck the falling faulchion ſped,
From his broad ſhoulders hew'd his creſted head:
Forth from the bone the ſpinal marrow flies,
And ſunk in duſt the corpſe extended lies.
Rhigmus, whoſe race from fruitful Thracia came,
(The ſon of Pireus, an illuſtrious name)
Succeeds to fate: the ſpear his belly rends;
Prone from his car the thundering chief deſcends:

The squire, who saw expiring on the ground
His prostrate master, rein'd the steeds around:
His back scarce turn'd, the Pelian javelin gor'd,
And stretch'd the servant o'er his dying lord.
As when a flame the winding valley fills,
And runs on crackling shrubs between the hills;
Then o'er the stubble up the mountain flies,
Fires the high woods, and blazes to the skies,
This way and that the spreading torrent roars;
So sweeps the hero through the wasted shores:
Around him wide, immense destruction pours,
And earth is delug'd with the sanguine showers.
As, with autumnal harvests cover'd o'er,
And thick bestrown, lies Ceres' sacred floor;
When round and round, with never-weary'd pain,
The trampling steers beat out th' unnumber'd grain:
So the fierce coursers, as the chariot rolls,
Tread down whole ranks, and crush out heroes' souls.
Dash'd from their hoofs, while o'er the dead they fly,
Black, bloody drops the smoking chariot dye:
The spiky wheels through heaps of carnage tore;
And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore.
High o'er the scene of death Achilles stood,
All grim with dust, all horrible in blood:
Yet still insatiate, still with rage on flame;
Such is the lust of never-dying fame!

THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The Battle in the River Scamander.

THE Trojans fly before Achilles, ſome towards the town, others to the river Scamander: he falls upon the latter with great ſlaughter; takes twelve captives alive, to ſacrifice to the ſhade of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Aſteropæus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas aſſiſt the hero; Simoïs joins Scamander; at length Vulcan, by the inſtigation of Juno, almoſt dries up the river. This combat ended, the other Gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles continues the ſlaughter, drives the reſt into Troy: Agenor only makes a ſtand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo; who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's ſhape, and, while he purſues him in that diſguiſe, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The ſame day continues. The ſcene is on the banks and in the ſtream of Scamander.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XXI.

AND now to Xanthus gliding ſtream they drove,
Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove.
The river here divides the flying train,
Part to the town fly diverſe o'er the plain,
Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight:
Now chac'd, and trembling in ignoble flight
(Theſe with a gather'd miſt Saturnia ſhrouds,
And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds).
Part plunge into the ſtream: old Xanthus roars,
The flaſhing billows beat the whiten'd ſhores:
With cries promiſcuous all the banks reſound:
And here, and there, in eddies whirling round,
The flouncing ſteeds and ſhrieking warriours drown'd.
As the ſcorch'd locuſts from their fields retire,
While faſt behind them runs the blaze of fire;
Driv'n from the land before the ſmoky cloud,
The cluſtering legions ruſh into the flood:
So, plung'd in Xanthus by Achilles' force,
Roars the reſounding ſurge with men and horſe.

His

His bloody lance the hero casts aside
(Which spreading tamarisks on the margin hide);
Then, like a God, the rapid billows braves,
Arm'd with his sword high-brandish'd o'er the waves:
Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,
Deep groan'd the waters with the dying sound;
Repeated wounds the reddening river dy'd,
And the warm purple circled on the tide.
Swift through the foamy flood the Trojans fly,
And close in rocks or winding caverns lie:
So, the huge Dolphin tempesting the main,
In shoals before him fly the scaly train,
Confus'dly heap'd they seek their inmost caves,
Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.
Now, tir'd with slaughter, from the Trojan band
Twelve chosen youths he drags alive to land;
With their rich belts their captive arms constrains
(Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains).
These his attendants to the ships convey'd,
Sad victims! destin'd to Patroclus' shade.

Then, as once more he plung'd amid the flood,
The young Lycaon in his passage stood,
The son of Priam; whom the hero's hand
But late made captive in his father's land
(As from a sycamore, his founding steel
Lopp'd the green arms to spoke a chariot wheel);
To Lemnos isle he sold the royal slave,
Where Jason's son the price demanded gave;
But kind Eëtion touching on the shore,
The ransom'd prince to fair Arisbe bore.

Ten

Ten days were past, since in his father's reign
He felt the sweets of liberty again;
The next, that God whom men in vain withstand,
Gives the same youth to the same conquering hand;
Now never to return! and doom'd to go
A sadder journey to the shades below.
His well-known face when great Achilles ey'd
(The helm and visor he had cast aside
With wild affright, and dropp'd upon the field
His useless lance and unavailing shield)
As, trembling, panting, from the stream he fled,
And knock'd his faultering knees, the hero said:
Ye mighty Gods! what wonders strike my view!
Is it in vain our conquering arms subdue?
Sure I shall see yon heaps of Trojans kill'd,
Rise from the shades, and brave me on the field:
As now the captive, whom so late I bound
And sold to Lemnos, stalks on Trojan ground!
Not him the sea's unmeasur'd deeps detain,
That bar such numbers from their native plain:
Lo! he returns. Try, then, my flying spear!
Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer;
If earth at length this active prince can seize,
Earth, whose strong grasp has held down Hercules.
Thus while he spake, the Trojan pale with fears
Approach'd, and sought his knees with suppliant tears;
Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath,
And his soul shivering at th' approach of death,
Achilles rais'd the spear, prepar'd to wound;
He kiss'd his feet, extended on the ground:

And while, above, the ſpear ſuſpended ſtood,
Longing to dip its thirſty point in blood,
One hand embrac'd them cloſe, one ſtopt the dart,
While thus theſe melting words attempt his heart:
Thy well-known captive, great Achilles! ſee,
Once more Lycaon trembles at thy knee.
Some pity to a ſuppliant's name afford,
Who ſhar'd the gifts of Ceres at thy board;
Whom late thy conquering arm to Lemnos bore,
Far from his father, friends, and native ſhore;
A hundred oxen were his price that day,
Now ſums immenſe thy mercy ſhall repay.
Scarce reſpited from woes I yet appear,
And ſcarce twelve morning ſuns have ſeen me here;
Lo! Jove again ſubmits me to thy hands,
Again, her victim cruel Fate demands!
I ſprung from Priam and Laothöe fair
(Old Alte's daughter, and Lelegia's heir;
Who held in Pedaſus his fam'd abode,
And rul'd the fields where ſilver Satnio flow'd):
Two ſons (alas! unhappy ſons) ſhe bore:
For, ah! one ſpear ſhall drink each brother's gore,
And I ſucceed to ſlaughter'd Polydore.
How from that arm of terrour ſhall I fly?
Some dæmon urges! 'tis my doom to die!
If ever yet ſoft pity touch'd thy mind,
Ah! think not me too much of Hector's kind!
Not the ſame mother gave thy ſuppliant breath,
With his, who wrought thy lov'd Patroclus' death.
Theſe words, attended with a ſhower of tears,
The youth addreſt to unrelenting ears;

Talk not of life, or ranſom, (he replies)
Patroclus dead, whoever meets me dies:
In vain a ſingle Trojan ſues for grace;
But leaſt, the ſons of Priam's hateful race.
Die then, my friend! what boots it to deplore?
The great, the good Patroclus is no more!
He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die,
" And thou, doſt thou bewail mortality?"
Seeſt thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,
Sprung from a hero, from a Goddeſs born;
The day ſhall come (which nothing can avert)
When by the ſpear, the arrow, or the dart,
By night or day, by force or by deſign,
Impending death and certain fate are mine.
Die then—he ſaid: and, as the word he ſpoke,
The fainting ſtripling ſunk before the ſtroke:
His hand forgot its graſp, and left the ſpear:
While all his trembling frame confeſt his fear;
Sudden, Achilles his broad ſword diſplay'd,
And buried in his neck the reeking blade.
Prone fell the youth; and, panting on the land,
The guſhing purple dy'd the thirſty ſand;
The victor to the ſtream the carcaſe gave,
And thus inſults him, floating on the wave:
Lie there, Lycaon! let the fiſh ſurround
Thy bloated corpſe, and ſuck thy gory wound:
There no ſad mother ſhall thy funerals weep,
But ſwift Scamander roll thee to the deep,
Whoſe every wave ſome watery monſter brings,
To feaſt unpuniſh'd on the fat of kings.

So perish Troy, and all the Trojan line!
Such ruin theirs, and such compassion mine.
What boots you now Scamander's worship'd stream,
His earthly honours, and immortal name?
In vain your immolated bulls are slain,
Your living coursers glut his gulphs in vain:
Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate;
Thus, till the Grecian vengeance is compleat;
Thus is aton'd Patroclus' honour'd shade,
And the short absence of Achilles paid.

These boastful words provoke the raging God;
With fury swells the violated flood.
What means divine may yet the Power employ,
To check Achilles, and to rescue Troy?
Meanwhile the hero springs in arms, to dare
The great Asteropeus to mortal war;
The son of Pelagon, whose lofty line
Flows from the source of Axis, stream divine!
(Fair Peribæa's love the God had crown'd,
With all his refluent waters circled round).
On him Achilles rush'd: he fearless stood,
And shook two spears, advancing from the flood;
The flood impell'd him, on Pelides' head
T' avenge his waters chok'd with heaps of dead.
Near as they drew, Achilles thus began:

What art thou, boldest of the race of man?
Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the sire
Whose son encounters our resistless ire.

O son of Peleus! what avails to trace
(Reply'd the warriour) our illustrious race?

From rich Pæonia's valleys I command,
Arm'd with portended ſpears, my native band;
Now ſhines the tenth bright morning ſince I came
In aid of Ilion to the fields of fame:
Axius, who ſwells with all the neighbouring rills,
And wide around the floated region fills,
Begot my ſire, whoſe ſpear ſuch glory won:
Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's ſon!
Threatening he ſaid: the hoſtile chiefs advance;
At once Aſteropeus diſcharg'd each lance
(For both his dexterous hands the lance could weild)
One ſtruck, but pierc'd not the Vulcanian ſhield;
One raz'd Achilles' hand; the ſpouting blood
Spun forth, in earth the faſten'd weapon ſtood.
Like lightning next the Pelian javelin flies:
Its erring fury hiſs'd along the ſkies;
Deep in the ſwelling bank was driv'n the ſpear,
Ev'n to the middle earth'd; and quiver'd there.
Then from his ſide the ſword Pelides drew,
And on his foe with doubled fury flew.
The foe thrice tugg'd, and ſhook the rooted wood;
Repulſive of his might the weapon ſtood:
The fourth, he tries to break the ſpear, in vain;
Bent as he ſtands, he tumbles to the plain;
His belly open'd with a ghaſtly wound,
The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.
Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,
And his eye darkens, and his ſpirit flies:
While the proud victor thus triumphing ſaid,
His radiant armour tearing from the dead:

So ends thy glory! Such the fate they prove,
Who ſtrive preſumptuous with the ſons of Jove.
Sprung from a river, didſt thou boaſt thy line?
But great Saturnius is the ſource of mine.
How durſt thou vaunt thy watery progeny?
Of Peleus, Æacus, and Jove, am I;
The race of theſe ſuperior far to thoſe,
As he that thunders to the ſtream that flows.
What rivers can, Scamander might have ſhown;
But Jove he dreads, nor wars againſt his ſon,
Ev'n Acheloüs might contend in vain,
And all the roaring billows of the main.
Th' eternal ocean, from whoſe fountains flow
The ſeas, the rivers, and the ſprings below,
The thundering voice of Jove abhors to hear,
And in his deep abyſſes ſhakes with fear.
He ſaid; then from the bank his javelin tore,
And left the breathleſs warriour in his gore.
The floating tides the bloody carcaſe lave,
And beat againſt it, wave ſucceeding wave;
Till, roll'd between the banks, it lies the food
Of curling eels, and fiſhes of the flood.
All ſcatter'd round the ſtream (their mightieſt ſlain)
Th' amaz'd Pæonians ſcour along the plain:
He vents his fury on the flying crew,
Thraſius, Aſtypylus, and Mneſius flew;
Mydon, Therſilochus, with Ænius feli;
And numbers more his lance had plung'd to hell;
But from the bottom of his gulphs profound,
Scamander ſpoke; the ſhores return'd the ſound:

O firſt

O firſt of mortals! (for the Gods are thine)
In valour matchleſs, and in force divine!
If Jove have given thee every Trojan head,
'Tis not on me thy rage ſhould heap the dead.
See! my chok'd ſtreams no more their courſe can keep,
Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep.
Turn, then, impetuous! from our injur'd flood;
Content, thy ſlaughters could amaze a God.
In human form confeſs'd before his eyes,
The river thus; and thus the chief replies:
O ſacred ſtream! thy word we ſhall obey;
But not till Troy the deſtin'd vengeance pay:
Not till within her towers the perjur'd train
Shall pant, and tremble at our arms again:
Not till proud Hector, guardian of her wall,
Or ſtain this lance, or ſee Achilles fall.
He ſaid; and drove with fury on the foe.
Then to the Godhead of the ſilver bow
The yellow flood began: O Son of Jove!
Was not the mandate of the Sire above
Full and expreſs? that Phœbus ſhould employ
His ſacred arrows in defence of Troy,
And make her conquer, till Hyperion's fall
In awful darkneſs hide the face of all?
He ſpoke in vain—the chief without diſmay
Ploughs through the boiling ſurge his deſperate way.
Then, riſing in his rage above the ſhores,
From all his deep the bellowing river roars,
Huge heaps of ſlain diſgorges on the coaſt,
And round the banks the ghaſtly dead are toſt.

While all before, the billows rang'd on high
(A watery bulwark) ſkreen the bands who fly.
Now burſting on his head with thundering ſound,
The falling deluge whelms the hero round:
His loaded ſhield bends to the ruſhing tide;
His feet, upborn, ſcarce the ſtrong flood divide,
Sliddering, and ſtaggering. On the border ſtood
A ſpreading elm, that overhung the flood;
He ſeiz'd a bending bough, his ſteps to ſtay;
The plant, uprooted, to his weight gave,
Heaving the bank, and undermining all;
Loud flaſh the waters to the ruſhing fall
Of the thick foliage. The large trunk diſplay'd
Bridg'd the rough flood acroſs: the hero ſtay'd
On this his weight, and, rais'd upon his hand,
Leap'd from the channel, and regain'd the land.
Then blacken'd the wild waves; the murmur roſe;
The God purſues, a huger billow throws,
And burſts the bank, ambitious to deſtroy
The man whoſe fury is the fate of Troy.
He, like the warlike eagle, ſpeeds his pace
(Swifteſt and ſtrongeſt of th' aërial race)
Far as a ſpear can fly; Achilles ſprings
At every bound; his clanging armour rings:
Now here, now there, he turns on every ſide,
And winds his courſe before the following tide;
The waves flow after, whereſoe'er he wheels,
And gather faſt, and murmur at his heels.
So, when a peaſant to his garden brings
Soft rills of water from the bubbling ſprings,

And calls the floods from high, to bleſs his bowers,
And feed with pregnant ſtreams the plants and flowers;
Soon as he clears whate'er their paſſage ſtaid,
And marks the future current with his ſpade,
Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills,
Louder and louder purl the falling rills;
Before him ſcattering, they prevent his pains,
And ſhine in mazy wanderings o'er the plains.
Still flies Achilles, but before his eyes
Still ſwift Scamander rolls where'er he flies:
Not all his ſpeed eſcapes the rapid floods;
The firſt of men, but not a match for Gods.
Oft as he turn'd the torrent to oppoſe,
And bravely try if all the Powers were foes;
So oft the ſurge, in watery mountains ſpread,
Beats on his back, or burſts upon his head.
Yet dauntleſs ſtill the adverſe flood he braves,
And ſtill indignant bounds above the waves.
Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
Waſh'd from beneath him ſlides the ſlimy ſoil:
When thus (his eyes on heaven's expanſion thrown)
Forth burſts the hero with an angry groan:
Is there no God Achilles to befriend,
No Power t' avert his miſerable end?
Prevent, oh Jove! this ignominious date,
And make my future life the ſport of Fate.
Of all Heaven's oracles believ'd in vain,
But moſt of Thetis, muſt her ſon complain;
By Phœbus' darts ſhe propheſied my fall,
In glorious arms before the Trojan wall:

Oh! had I died in fields of battle warm,
Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm!
Might Hector's spear this dauntless bosom rend,
And my swift soul o'ertake my slaughter'd friend!
Ah, no! Achilles meets a shameful fate,
Oh! how unworthy of the brave and great!
Like some vile swain, whom on a rainy day,
Crossing a ford, the torrent sweeps away,
An unregarded carcase, to the sea.
Neptune and Pallas haste to his relief,
And thus in human form address the chief.
The power of Ocean first: Forbear thy fear,
O son of Peleus! Lo, thy Gods appear!
Behold! from Jove descending to thy aid,
Propitious Neptune, and the blue-ey'd Maid.
Stay, and the furious flood shall cease to rave:
'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.
But thou, the counsel Heaven suggests, attend!
Nor breathe from combat, nor thy sword suspend,
Till Troy receive her flying sons, till all
Her routed squadrons pant behind their wall:
Hector alone shall stand his fatal chance,
And Hector's blood shall smoke upon thy lance.
Thine is the glory doom'd. Thus spake the Gods:
Then swift ascended to the bright abodes.
Stung with new ardour, thus by Heaven impell'd,
He springs impetuous, and invades the field:
O'er all th' expanded plain the waters spread;
Heap'd on the bounding billows dance the dead,
Floating 'midst scatter'd arms; while casques of gold
And turn'd-up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd.

High

High o'er the furging tide, by leaps and bounds,
He wades and mounts; the parted wave reſounds.
Not a whole river ſtops the hero's courſe,
While Pallas fills him with immortal force.
With equal rage, indignant Xanthus roars,
And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his ſhores.
Then thus to Simoïs: Haſte, my brother flood!
And check this mortal, that controls a God:
Our braveſt heroes elſe ſhall quit the fight,
And Ilion tumble from her towery height.
Call then thy ſubject ſtreams, and bid them roar,
From all thy fountains ſwell thy watery ſtore,
With broken rocks, and with a load of dead,
Charge the black ſurge, and pour it on his head.
Mark how reſiſtleſs through the floods he goes,
And boldly bids the warring Gods be foes!
But nor that force, nor form divine to fight,
Shall aught avail him, if our rage unite:
Whelm'd under our dark gulphs thoſe arms ſhall lie,
That blaze ſo dreadful in each Trojan eye;
And deep beneath a ſandy mountain hurl'd,
Immers'd remain this terrour of the world.
Such ponderous ruin ſhall confound the place,
No Greek ſhall ere his periſh'd relicks grace,
No hand his bones ſhall gather, or inhume;
Theſe his cold rites, and this his watery tomb.
He ſaid; and on the chief deſcends amain,
Increas'd with gore, and ſwelling with the ſlain.
Then murmuring from his beds, he boils, he raves,
And a foam whitens on the purple waves:

At every ſtep, before Achilles ſtood
The crimſon ſurge, and delug'd him with blood.
Fear touch'd the Queen of Heaven: ſhe ſaw diſmay'd,
She call'd aloud, and ſummon'd Vulcan's aid:
Riſe to the war! th' inſulting flood requires
Thy waſteful arm: aſſemble all thy fires!
While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,
Ruſh the ſwift eaſtern and the weſtern wind.
Theſe from old Ocean at my word ſhall blow,
Pour the red torrent on the watery foe,
Corpſes and arms to one bright ruin turn,
And hiſſing rivers to their bottoms burn.
Go, mighty in thy rage! diſplay thy power,
Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour,
Scorch all the banks! and (till our voice reclaim)
Exert th' unwearied furies of the flame!
The Power ignipotent her word obeys:
Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundleſs blaze;
At once conſumes the dead, and dries the ſoil,
And the ſhrunk waters in their channel boil.
As when autumnal Boreas ſweeps the ſky,
And inſtant blows the water'd gardens dry:
So look'd the field, ſo whiten'd was the ground,
While Vulcan breath'd the fiery blaſt around.
Swift on the ſedgy reeds the ruin preys;
Along the the margin winds the running blaze:
The trees in flaming rows to aſhes turn,
The flowery lotos and the tamariſk burn,
Broad elm, and cypreſs riſing in a ſpire;
The watery willows hiſs before the fire.

Now

Now glow the waves, the fishes pant for breath,
The eels lie twisting in the pangs of death:
Now flounce aloft, now dive, the scaly fry,
Or, gasping, turn their bellies to the sky.
At length the river rear'd his languid head,
And thus, short-panting, to the God he said:
Oh, Vulcan! oh! what power resists thy might?
I faint, I sink, unequal to the fight—
I yield—Let Ilion fall, if Fate decree;
Ah—bend no more thy fiery arms on me!
He ceas'd; wide conflagration blazing round;
The bubbling waters yield a hissing sound.
As when the flames beneath a caldron rise,
To melt the fat of some rich sacrifice,
Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires
The waters foam, the heavy smoke aspires:
So boils th' imprison'd flood, forbid to flow,
And, chok'd with vapours, feels his bottom glow.
To Juno then, imperial Queen of Air,
The burning river sends his earnest prayer:
Ah, why, Saturnia! must thy son engage
Me, only me, with all his wasteful rage?
On other Gods his dreadful arm employ,
For mightier Gods assert the cause of Troy.
Submissive I desist, if thou command;
But, ah! withdraw this all-destroying hand.
Hear then my solemn oath, to yield to Fate
Unaided Ilion, and her destin'd state,
Till Greece shall gird her with destructive flame,
And in one ruin sink the Trojan name.

His warm intreaty touch'd Saturnia's ear:
She bade th' Ignipotent his rage forbear,
Recall the flame, nor in a mortal cauſe
Infeſt a God: th' obedient flame withdraws:
Again, the branching ſtreams begin to ſpread,
And ſoft re-murmur in their wonted bed.

While theſe by Juno's will the ſtrife reſign,
The warring Gods in fierce contention join:
Re-kindling rage each heavenly breaſt alarms;
With horrid clangor ſhock'd th' ætherial arms:
Heaven in loud thunder bids the trumpet ſound;
And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
Jove, as his ſport, the dreadful ſcene deſcries,
And views contending Gods with careleſs eyes.
The Power of Battles lifts his brazen ſpear,
And firſt aſſaults the radiant Queen of War:

What mov'd thy madneſs thus to diſunite
Ætherial minds, and mix all Heaven in fight?
What wonder this, when in thy frantic mood
Thou drov'ſt a mortal to inſult a God?
Thy impious hand Tydides' javelin bore,
And madly bath'd it in celeſtial gore.

He ſpoke, and ſmote the loud-reſounding ſhield,
Which bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful field;
The adamantine ægis of her ſire,
That turns the glancing bolt and forked fire.
Then heav'd the Goddeſs in her mighty hand
A ſtone, the limit of the neighbouring land,
There fix'd from eldeſt times; black, craggy, vaſt:
This at the heavenly homicide ſhe caſt.

Thundering

Thundering he falls, a mass of monstrous size;
And seven broad acres covers as he lies.
The stunning stroke his stubborn nerves unbound;
Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms resound:
The scornful dame her conquest views with smiles,
And, glorying, thus the prostrate God reviles:
  Hast thou not yet, insatiate fury! known
How far Minerva's force transcends thy own?
Juno, whom thou rebellious darest withstand,
Corrects thy folly thus by Pallas' hand;
Thus meets thy broken faith with just disgrace,
And partial aid to Troy's perfidious race.
  The Goddess spoke, and turn'd her eyes away,
That, beaming round, diffus'd celestial day,
Jove's Cyprian daughter, stooping on the land,
Lent to the wounded God her tender hand:
Slowly he rises, scarcely breathes with pain,
And, propt on her fair arm, forsakes the plain.
This the bright Empress of the heavens survey'd,
And, scoffing, thus to War's victorious Maid:
  Lo! what an aid on Mars's side is seen!
The Smiles' and Loves' unconquerable Queen!
Mark with what insolence, in open view,
She moves: let Pallas, if she dares, pursue.
  Minerva smiling heard, the pair o'ertook,
And slightly on her breast the wanton strook:
She, unresisting, fell (her spirits fled);
On earth together lay the lovers spread;
And like these heroes, be the fate of all
(Minerva cries) who guard the Trojan wall!

To Grecian Gods ſuch let the Phrygians be,
So dread, ſo fierce, as Venus is to me;
Then from the loweſt ſtone ſhall Troy be mov'd—
Thus ſhe; and Juno with a ſmile approv'd.
Meantime, to mix in more than mortal fight,
The God of Ocean dares the God of Light:
What ſloth hath ſeiz'd us, when the fields around
Ring with conflicting powers, and heaven returns the ſound?
Shall, ignominious, we with ſhame retire,
No deed perform'd, to our Olympian Sire?
Come, prove thy arm! for firſt the war to wage,
Suits not my greatneſs, or ſuperior age:
Raſh as thou art to prop the Trojan throne
(Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own)
And guard the race of proud Laomedon!
Haſt thou forgot how, at the monarch's prayer,
We ſhar'd the lengthen'd labours of a year?
Troy's wall I rais'd (for ſuch were Jove's commands)
And yon proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands:
Thy taſk it was to feed the bellowing droves
Along fair Ida's vales and pendent groves.
But when the circling ſeaſons in their train
Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our pain,
With menace ſtern the fraudful king defy'd
Our latent Godhead, and the prize deny'd:
Mad as he was, he threaten'd ſervile bands,
And doom'd us exiles far in barbarous lands.
Incens'd, we heavenward fled with ſwifteſt wing,
And deſtin'd vengeance on the perjur'd king.

Doſt thou, for this, afford proud Ilion grace,
And not, like us, infeſt the faithleſs race;
Like us, their preſent, future ſons deſtroy,
And from its deep foundations heave their Troy?
Apollo thus: To combat for mankind,
Ill ſuits the wiſdom of celeſtial mind:
For what is man? Calamitous by birth,
They owe their life and nouriſhment to earth;
Like yearly leaves, that now, with beauty crown'd,
Smile on the ſun; now wither on the ground.
To their own hands commit the frantic ſcene,
Nor mix immortals in a cauſe ſo mean.
Then turns his face, far-beaming heavenly fires,
And from the ſenior Power ſubmiſs retires:
Him, thus retreating, Artemis upbraids,
The quiver'd huntreſs of the ſylvan ſhades:
And is it thus the youthful Phœbus flies,
And yields to Ocean's hoary Sire the prize?
How vain that martial pomp and dreadful ſhow
Of pointed arrows, and the ſilver bow!
Now boaſt no more, in yon celeſtial bower,
Thy force can match the great earth-ſhaking Power.
Silent, he heard the Queen of Woods upbraid:
Not ſo Saturnia bore the vaunting maid;
But furious thus: What inſolence has driven
Thy pride to face the Majeſty of Heaven?
What though, by Jove the female plague deſign'd,
Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind,
The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart;
Thy ſex's tyrant, with a tiger's heart?

What though, tremendous in the wood and chace,
Thy certain arrows pierce the savage race?
How dares thy rashness on the Powers divine
Employ those arms, or match thy force with mine?
Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage—
She said, and seiz'd her wrists with eager rage;
These in her left hand lock'd, her right unty'd
The bow, the quiver, and its plumy pride.
About her temples flies the busy bow;
Now here, now there, she winds her from the blow;
The scattering arrows, rattling from the case,
Drop round, and idly mark the dusty place.
Swift from the field the baffled huntress flies,
And scarce retains the torrent in her eyes:
So, when the falcon wings her way above,
To the cleft cavern speeds the gentle dove,
(Not fated yet to die) there safe retreats,
Yet still her heart against the marble beats.
To her, Latona hastes with tender care,
Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war:
How shall I face the dame, who gives delight
To him whose thunders blacken heaven with night?
Go, matchless Goddess! triumph in the skies,
And boast my conquest, while I yield the prize.
He spoke; and past: Latona, stooping low,
Collects the scatter'd shafts, and fallen bow,
That, glittering on the dust, lay here and there;
Dishonour'd relicks of Diana's war.
Then swift pursued her to the blest abode,
Where all-confus'd she sought the Sovereign God;

Weeping ſhe graſp'd his knees: th' ambroſial veſt
Shook with her ſighs, and panted on her breaſt.
The Sire ſuperior ſmil'd; and bade her ſhow
What heavenly hand had caus'd his daughter's woe?
Abaſh'd, ſhe names his own Imperial ſpouſe;
And the pale creſcent fades upon her brows.
Thus they above: while ſwiftly gliding down,
Apollo enters Ilion's ſacred town:
The Guardian God now trembled for her wall,
And fear'd the Greeks, though Fate forbade her fall.
Back to Olympus, from the war's alarms,
Return the ſhining bands of Gods in arms;
Some proud in triumph, ſome with rage on fire;
And take their thrones around th' ætherial Sire.
Through blood, through death, Achilles ſtill proceeds,
O'er ſlaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling ſteeds.
As when avenging flames, with fury driven
On guilty towns, exert the wrath of Heaven;
The pale inhabitants, ſome fall, ſome fly;
And the red vapours purple all the ſky:
So rag'd Achilles; death and dire diſmay,
And toils, and terrours, fill'd the dreadful day.
High on a turret hoary Priam ſtands,
And marks the waſte of his deſtructive hands;
Views, from his arm, the Trojans' ſcatter'd flight,
And the near hero riſing on his ſight!
No ſtep, no check, no aid! With feeble pace,
And ſettled ſorrow on his aged face.
Faſt as he could, he ſighing quits the walls;
And thus, deſcending, on the guards he calls:

You,

You, to whose care our city-gates belong,
Set wide your portals to the flying throng:
For lo! he comes, with unresisted sway;
He comes, and desolation marks his way!
But when within the walls our troops take breath,
Lock fast the brazen bars, and shut out death.
Thus charg'd the reverend monarch: wide were flung
The opening folds; the sounding hinges rung,
Phœbus rush'd forth, the flying bands to meet;
Struck slaughter back, and cover'd the retreat.
On heaps the Trojans croud to gain the gate,
And, gladsome, see their last escape from Fate.
Thither, all parch'd with thirst, a heartless train,
Hoary with dust, they beat the hollow plain:
And gasping, panting, fainting, labour on
With heavier strides, that lengthen tow'rd the town.
Enrag'd Achilles follows with his spear;
Wild with revenge, insatiable of war.

Then had the Greeks eternal praise acquir'd,
And Troy inglorious to her walls retir'd;
But * he, the God who darts ætherial flame,
Shot down to save her, and redeem her fame.
To young Agenor force divine he gave
(Antenor's offspring, haughty, bold, and brave);
In aid of him, beside the beach he sate,
And, wrapt in clouds, restrain'd the hand of Fate.
When now the generous youth Achilles spies,
Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions rise.
(So, ere a storm, the waters heave and roll);
He stops, and questions thus his mighty soul:
What,

* Apollo.

What, shall I fly this terrour of the plain?
Like others fly, and be like others slain?
Vain hope! to shun him by the self-same road
Yon line of slaughter'd Trojans lately trod.
No: with the common heap I scorn to fall—
What if they pass'd me to the Trojan wall,
While I decline to yonder path, that leads
To Ida's forests and surrounding shades?
So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,
From my tir'd body wash the dirt and blood,
As soon as night her dusky veil extends,
Return in safety to my Trojan friends.
What if—But wherefore all this vain debate?
Stand I to doubt, within the reach of Fate?
Ev'n now perhaps, ere yet I turn the wall,
The fierce Achilles sees me, and I fall:
Such is his swiftness, 'tis in vain to fly,
And such his valour, that who stands must die.
Howe'er 'tis better, fighting for the state,
Here, and in public view, to meet my fate.
Yet sure he too is mortal! he may feel
(Like all the sons of earth) the force of steel;
One only soul informs that dreadful frame;
And Jove's sole favour gives him all his fame.
He said, and stood collected in his might;
And all his beating bosom claim'd the fight.
So from some deep-grown wood a panther starts,
Rouz'd from his thicket by a storm of darts:
Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the sounds
Of shouting hunters, and of clamorous hounds;

Though ſtruck, though wounded, ſcarce perceives the pain;
And the barb'd javelin ſtings his breaſt in vain:
On their whole war, untam'd, the ſavage flies;
And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.
Not leſs reſolv'd, Antenor's valiant heir
Confronts Achilles, and awaits the war,
Diſdainful of retreat: high-held before,
His ſhield, (a broad circumference) he bore;
Then, graceful, as he ſtood in act to throw
The lifted javelin, thus beſpoke the foe:
How proud Achilles glories in his fame!
And hopes this day to ſink the Trojan name
Beneath her ruins! Know, that hope is vain;
A thouſand woes, a thouſand toils, remain.
Parents and children our juſt arms employ,
And ſtrong, and many, are the ſons of Troy.
Great as thou art, ev'n thou may'ſt ſtain with gore
Theſe Phrygian fields, and preſs a foreign ſhore.
He ſaid: with matchleſs force the javelin flung
Smote on his knee; the hollow cuiſhes rung
Beneath the pointed ſteel; but ſafe from harms
He ſtands impaſſive in th' ætherial arms.
Then, fiercely ruſhing on the daring foe,
His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow:
But, jealous of his fame, Apollo ſhrouds
The God-like Trojan in a veil of clouds.
Safe from purſuit, and ſhut from mortal view,
Diſmiſs'd with fame the favour'd youth withdrew.
Meanwhile the God, to cover their eſcape,
Aſſumes Agenor's habit, voice, and ſhape,

Flies from the furious chief in this diſguiſe;
The furious chief ſtill follows where he flies.
Now o'er the fields they ſtretch with lengthen'd ſtrides,
Now urge the courſe where ſwift Scamander glides:
The God, now diſtant ſcarce a ſtride before,
Tempts his purſuit, and wheels about the ſhore;
While all the flying troops their ſpeed employ,
And pour on heaps into the walls of Troy:
No ſtop, no ſtay; no thought to aſk, or tell,
Who ſcap'd by flight, or who by battle fell.
'Twas tumult all, and violence of flight;
And ſudden joy confus'd, and mix'd affright:
Pale Troy againſt Achilles ſhuts her gate;
And nations breathe, deliver'd from their fate.

THE

TWENTY-SECOND BOOK

OF THE

I L I A D.

ARGUMENT.

The Death of Hector.

THE Trojans being ſafe within the walls, Hector only ſtays to oppoſe Achilles. Priam is ſtruck at his approach, and tries to perſuade his ſon to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her intreaties, but in vain. Hector conſults within himſelf what meaſures to take; but, at the advance of Achilles, his reſolution fails him, and he flies: Achilles purſues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The Gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; at length Minerva deſcends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the ſhape of Deïphobus; he ſtands the combat, and is ſlain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the ſight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears, and deſpair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace; ſhe mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead huſband. She ſwoons at the ſpectacle. Her exceſs of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day ſtill continues. The ſcene lies under the walls and on the battlements of Troy.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XXII.

THUS to their bulwarks, ſmit with panic fear,
The herded Ilions ruſh like driven deer;
There ſafe, they wipe their briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.
Cloſe to the walls, advancing o'er the fields
Beneath one roof of well-compacted ſhields,
March, bending on, the Greek's embodied powers,
Far-ſtretching in the ſhade of Trojan towers.
Great Hector ſingly ſtaid; chain'd down by Fate,
There fixt he ſtood before the Scæan gate;
Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
The guardian ſtill of long-defended Troy.
Apollo now to tir'd Achilles turns
(The Power confeſt in all his glory burns).
And what (he cries) has Peleus' ſon in view,
With mortal ſpeed a Godhead to purſue?
For not to thee to know the Gods is given,
Unſkill'd to trace the latent marks of Heaven.
What boots thee now, that Troy forſook the plain?
Vain thy paſt labour, and thy preſent vain:
Safe in their walls are now her troops beſtow'd,
While here thy frantic rage attacks a God.

The chief incens'd—Too partial God of Day!
To check my conquests in the middle way:
How few in Ilion else had refuge found!
What gasping numbers now had bit the ground!
Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine,
Powerful of Godhead, and of fraud divine:
Mean fame, alas! for one of heavenly strain,
To cheat a mortal, who repines in vain.

Then to the city terrible and strong,
With high and haughty steps he tower'd along.
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardour flies:
Him, as he blazing shot across the field,
The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight,
Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,
Orion's dog (the year when autumn weighs)
And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays;
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the sage;
He strikes his reverend head, now white with age:
He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies;
He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries;
The son, resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scæan gates expects the war;
While the sad father on the rampart stands,
And thus adjures him with extended hands:

Ah, stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;
Hector! my lov'd, my dearest, bravest son!

Methinks

Methinks already I behold thee ſlain,
And ſtretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
Implacable Achilles! might'ſt thou be
To all the Gods no dearer than to me!
Thee, vultures wild ſhould ſcatter round the ſhore,
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
How many valiant ſons I late enjoy'd,
Valiant in vain! by thy curſt arm deſtroy'd:
Or, worſe than ſlaughter'd, ſold in diſtant iſles
To ſhameful bondage, and unworthy toils.
Two, while I ſpeak, my eyes in vain explore,
Two from one mother ſprung, my Polydore,
And lov'd Lycaon; now perhaps no more!
Oh! if in yonder hoſtile camp they live,
What heaps of gold, what treaſures, would I give!
(Their grandſire's wealth, by right of birth their own,
Conſign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne);
But if (which Heaven forbid) already loſt,
All pale they wander on the Stygian coaſt,
What ſorrows then muſt their ſad mother know,
What anguiſh I! unutterable woe!
Yet leſs that anguiſh, leſs to her, to me,
Leſs to all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee.
Yet ſhun Achilles! enter yet the wall;
And ſpare thyſelf, thy father, ſpare us all!
Save thy dear life; or, if a ſoul ſo brave
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory ſave.
Pity, while yet I live, theſe ſilver hairs;
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
Yet curſt with ſenſe! a wretch whom in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpleſs age)

Great

Great Jove has plac'd, fad fpectacle of pain!
The bitter dregs of Fortune's cup to drain:
To fill with fcenes of death his clofing eyes,
And number all his days by miferies!
My heroes flain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
My daughters raviſh'd, and my city burn'd;
My bleeding infants daſh'd againſt the floor;
Theſe I have yet to ſee, perhaps yet more!
Perhaps ev'n I, reſerv'd by angry Fate
The laſt ſad relick of my ruin'd ſtate
(Dire pomp of ſovereign wretchedneſs! muſt fall,
And ſtain the pavement of my regal hall;
Where famiſh'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
Shall lick their mangled maſter's ſpatter'd gore.
Yet for my ſons I thank you, Gods! 'twas well;
Well have they periſh'd; for in fight they fell.
Who dies in youth and vigour, dies the beſt,
Struck through with wounds, all honeſt, on the breaſt.
But when the Fates, in fullneſs of their rage,
Spurn the hoar head of unreſiſting age,
In duſt the reverend lineaments deform,
And pour to dogs the life-blood ſcarcely warm;
This, this is miſery! the laſt, the worſt,
That man can feel; man, fated to be curſt!

He ſaid; and, acting what no words could ſay,
Rent from his head the ſilver locks away.
With him the mournful mother bears a part;
Yet all their ſorrows turn not Hector's heart:
The zone unbrac'd, her boſom ſhe diſplay'd;
And thus, faſt-falling the ſalt tears, ſhe ſaid:

Have

Have mercy on me, O my ſon! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's prayer!
If ever thee in theſe ſond arms I preſt,
Or ſtill'd thy infant clamours at this breaſt;
Ah, do not thus our helpleſs years forego,
But, by our walls ſecur'd, repel the foe.
Againſt his rage if ſingly thou proceed,
Shouldſt thou (but Heaven avert it!) ſhouldſt thou bleed,
Nor muſt thy corpſe lie honour'd on the bier,
Nor ſpouſe, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;
Far from our pious rites, thoſe dear remains
Muſt feaſt the vultures on the naked plains.
So they; while down their cheeks the torrents roll:
But fix'd remains the purpoſe of his ſoul;
Reſolv'd he ſtands; and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.
So, roll'd up in his den, the ſwelling ſnake
Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
When, fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poiſons of the plains;
He burns, he ſtiffens with collected ire,
And his red eye-balls glare with living fire.
Beneath a turret, on his ſhield reclin'd,
He ſtood; and queſtion'd thus his mighty mind:
Where lies my way? To enter in the wall?
Honour and ſhame th' ungenerous thought recall:
Shall proud Polydamus before the gate
Proclaim, his councils are obey'd too late;
Which timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been ſav'd by Hector's flight!

That

That wise advice rejected with disdain,
I feel my folly in my people slain.
Methinks my suffering country's voice I hear,
But most, her worthless sons insult my ear;
On my rash courage charge the chance of war,
And blame those virtues which they cannot share.
No—if I e'er return, return I must
Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust:
Or, if I perish, let her see me fall
In field at least, and fighting for her wall.
And yet, suppose these measures I forego,
Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,
The warriour-shield, the helm, and lance, lay down,
And treat on terms of peace to save the town:
The wife withheld, the treasure ill-detain'd,
(Cause of the war, and grievance of the land)
With honourable justice to restore;
And add half Ilion's yet remaining store,
Which Troy shall, sworn, produce; that injur'd Greece
May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace?
But why this thought? Unarm'd if I should go,
What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow?
We greet not here as man conversing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain;
No season now for calm familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an evening walk:
War is our business; but to whom is given
To die, or triumph, that determine Heaven!

Thus pondering, like a God the Greek drew nigh;
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;

The

The Pelian javelin, in his better hand,
Shot trembling rays, that glitter'd o'er the land;
And on his breaſt the beamy ſplendors ſhone
Like Jove's own lightning, or the riſing ſun:
As Hector ſees, unuſual terrours riſe,
Struck by ſome God, he fears, recedes, and flies:
He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind:
Achilles follows like the winged wind.
Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies
(The ſwifteſt racer of the liquid ſkies)
Juſt when he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey,
Obliquely wheeling through th' aërial way,
With open beak and ſhrilling cries he ſprings,
And aims his claws, and ſhoots upon his wings.
No leſs fore-right the rapid chace they held,
One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd;
Now circling round the walls their courſe maintain,
Where the high watch-tower overlooks the plain;
Now where the fig-trees ſpread their umbrage broad
(A wider compaſs) ſmoke along the road.
Next by Scamander's double ſource they bound,
Where two fam'd fountains burſt the parted ground;
This hot through ſcorching clefts is ſeen to riſe,
With exhalations ſteaming to the ſkies;
That, the green banks in ſummer's heat o'erflows,
Like cryſtal clear, and cold as winter ſnows.
Each guſhing fount a marble ciſtern fills,
Whoſe poliſh'd bed receives the falling rills;
Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece)
Waſh'd their fair garments in the days of peace.

By theſe they paſs'd, one chacing, one in flight
(The mighty fled, purſued by ſtronger might).
Swift was the courſe; no vulgar prize they play,
No vulgar victim muſt reward the day
(Such as in races crown the ſpeedy ſtrife).
The prize contended was great Hector's life.

As when ſome hero's funerals are decreed,
In grateful honour of the mighty dead;
Where high rewards the vigorous youth inflame
(Some golden tripod, or ſome lovely dame);
The panting courſers ſwiftly turn the goal,
And with them turns the rais'd ſpectators' ſoul:
Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly;
The gazing Gods lean forward from the ſky:
To whom, while eager on the chace they look,
The Sire of mortals and immortals ſpoke:

Unworthy ſight! the man belov'd of Heaven,
Behold, inglorious round yon city driven!
My heart partakes the generous Hector's pain;
Hector, whoſe zeal whole hecatombs has ſlain,
Whoſe grateful fumes the Gods receiv'd with joy,
From Ida's ſummits, and the towers of Troy:
Now ſee him flying! to his fears reſign'd,
And Fate, and fierce Achilles, cloſe behind.
Conſult, ye Powers! ('tis worthy your debate)
Whether to ſnatch him from impending fate,
Or let him bear, by ſtern Pelides ſlain
(Good as he is) the lot impos'd on man.

Then Pallas thus: Shall he whoſe vengeance forms
The forky bolt, and blackens heaven with ſtorms,

Shall

Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath!
A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death!
And will no murmurs fill the courts above?
No Gods indignant blame their partial Jove?
Go then (return'd the Sire) without delay,
Exert thy will: I give the Fates their way.
Swift, at the mandate pleas'd, Tritonia flies.
And ſtoops impetuous from the cleaving ſkies.
As through the foreſt, o'er the vale and lawn,
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket ſhakes;
Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze purſues.
Thus, ſtep by ſtep, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
There ſwift Achilles compaſs'd round the field.
Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
And hopes th' aſſiſtance of his pitying friends,
(Whoſe ſhowering arrows, as he cours'd below,
From the high turrets might oppreſs the foe)
So oft Achilles turns him to the plain:
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
As men in ſlumber ſeem with ſpeedy pace
One to purſue, and one to lead the chace,
Their ſinking limbs the fancy'd courſe forſake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake:
No leſs the labouring heroes pant and ſtrain;
While that but flies, and this purſues, in vain.
What God, O Muſe! aſſiſted Hector's force,
With Fate itſelf ſo long to hold the courſe?

Phœbus

Phœbus it was; who, in his lateſt hour,
Endued his knees with ſtrength, his nerves with power:
And great Achilles, leſt ſome Greeks advance
Should ſnatch the glory from his lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops to yield his foe the way,
And leave untouch'd the honours of the day.

Jove lifts the golden balances, that ſhow
The fates of mortal men, and things below:
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their deſtinies.
Low ſinks the ſcale ſurcharg'd with Hector's fate;
Heavy with death it ſinks, and hell receives the weight.

Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
To ſtern Pelides, and triumphing cries:
Oh, lov'd of Jove! this day our labours ceaſe,
And conqueſt blazes with full beams on Greece.
Great Hector falls; that Hector fam'd ſo far,
Drunk with renown, inſatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand, and mine! nor force nor flight
Shall more avail him, nor his God of Light.
See, where in vain he ſupplicates above,
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove!
Reſt here: myſelf will lead the Trojan on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot ſhun.

Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
Obey'd; and reſted, on his lance reclin'd.
While like Deïphobus the martial Dame
(Her face, her geſture, and her arms, the ſame)
In ſhow and aid, by hapleſs Hector's ſide
Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice bely'd:

Too long, O Hector, have I borne the fight
Of this diſtreſs, and ſorrow'd in thy flight:
It fits us now a noble ſtand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.
Then he: O prince! ally'd in blood and fame,
Dearer than all that own a brother's name;
Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
Long try'd, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd more!
Since you, of all your numerous race, alone
Defend my life, regardleſs of your own.
Again the Goddeſs: Much my father's prayer,
And much my mother's, preſt me to forbear:
My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my ſtay,
But ſtronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the ſteel ſparkle, and the javelin fly:
Or let us ſtretch Achilles on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.
Fraudful ſhe ſaid; then ſwiftly march'd before;
The Dardan hero ſhuns his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The ſilence Hector broke;
His dreadful plumage nodded as he ſpoke:
Enough, O ſon of Peleus! Troy has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief purſued.
But now ſome God within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us ſtay,
And for a moment's ſpace ſuſpend the day;
Let Heaven's high powers be call'd to arbitrate
The juſt conditions of this ſtern debate

(Eternal witneſſes of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treaſur'd vow!)
To them I ſwear; if, victor in the ſtrife,
Jove by theſe hands ſhall ſhed thy noble life,
No vile diſhonour ſhall thy corpſe purſue;
Stript of its arms alone (the conqueror's due)
The reſt to Greece uninjur'd I'll reſtore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I aſk no more.
Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flaſh'd from his diſdainful eyes)
Deteſted as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee:
Such pacts as lambs and rapid wolves combine,
Such leagues as men and furious lions join,
To ſuch I call the Gods! one conſtant ſtate
Of laſting rancour and eternal hate;
No thought but rage and never-ceaſing ſtrife,
Till death extinguiſh rage, and thought, and life.
Rouze then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy ſoul, and call forth all thy power.
No farther ſubterfuge, no farther chance;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghoſt by thee depriv'd of breath
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.
He ſpoke, and launch'd his javelin at the foe;
But Hector ſhunn'd the meditated blow:
He ſtoop'd, while o'er his head the flying ſpear
Sung innocent, and ſpent its force in air.
Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,

Unſeen

Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy,
Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy.
The life you boasted to that javelin given,
Prince! you have miss'd. My fate depends on Heaven.
To thee, presumptuous as thou art, unknown
Or what must prove my fortune, or thy own.
Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with false terrour sink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no dishonest wound shall Hector die;
I shall not fall a fugitive at least,
My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.
But first try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!
The weapon flew, its course unerring held;
Unerring, but the heavenly shield repell'd
The mortal dart; resulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.
Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain,
Nor other lance nor other hope remain;
He calls Deïphobus, demands a spear,
In vain, for no Deïphobus was there.
All comfortless he stands: then, with a sigh,
'Tis so—Heaven wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deem'd Deïphobus had heard my call,
But he secure lies guarded in the wall.
A God deceiv'd me; Pallas, 'twas thy deed,
Death, and black Fate, approach! 'tis I must bleed,
No refuge now, no succour from above,
Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove,

Propitious once, and kind! then welcome Fate!
'Tis true I periſh, yet I periſh great:
Yet in a mighty deed I ſhall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire!
Fierce, at the word, his weighty ſword he drew,
And, all collected, on Achilles flew.
So Jove's bold bird, high balanc'd in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truſs the quivering hare.
Nor leſs Achilles his fierce ſoul prepares;
Before his breaſt the flaming ſhield he bears,
Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone
The gilded horſe-hair ſparkled in the ſun,
Nodding at every ſtep: (Vulcanian frame!)
And, as he mov'd, his figure ſeem'd on flame.
As radiant Heſper ſhines with keener light,
Far-beaming o'er the ſilver hoſt of night,
When all the ſtarry train emblaze the ſphere:
So ſhone the point of great Achilles' ſpear.
In his right-hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound:
But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore,
Securely cas'd the warriour's body o'er;
One place at length he ſpies, to let in Fate,
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jo'nted plate
Gave entrance: through that penetrable part
Furious he drove the well-directed dart:
Nor pierc'd the wind-pipe yet, nor took the power
Of ſpeech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
Prone on the field the bleeding warriour lies,
While thus, triumphing, ſtern Achilles cries:

At laſt is Hector ſtretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus ſlain:
Then, prince! you ſhould have fear'd, what now you feel;
Achilles abſent, was Achilles ſtill.
Yet a ſhort ſpace the great avenger ſtay'd,
Then low in duſt thy ſtrength and glory laid.
Peaceful he ſleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:
While, caſt to all the rage of hoſtile power,
Thee, birds ſhall mangle, and the dogs devour.
Then Hector, fainting at th' approach of death:
By thy own ſoul! by thoſe who gave thee breath!
By all the ſacred prevalence of prayer;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
The common rites of ſepulture beſtow,
To ſoothe a father's and a mother's woe;
Let their large gifts procure an urn at leaſt,
And Hector's aſhes in his country reſt.
No, wretch accurſt! relentleſs he replies,
(Flames, as he ſpoke, ſhot flaſhing from his eyes)
Not thoſe who gave me breath ſhould bid me ſpare,
Nor all the ſacred prevalence of prayer.
Could I myſelf the bloody banquet join!
No—to the dogs that carcaſe I reſign.
Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her ſtore,
And, giving thouſands, offer thouſands more;
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral flame;
Their Hector on the pile they ſhould not ſee,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.

Then thus the chief his dying accents drew:
Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:
The Furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
And curst thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when Fate's decree
And angry Gods shall wreak this wrong on thee;
Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
And stretch thee here, before this Scæan gate.
He ceas'd. The Fates suppress his labouring breath,
And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the spirit wings its way
(The manly body left a load of clay)
And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost!
Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard replies:
Die thou the first! When Jove and Heaven ordain,
I follow thee—He said, and stripp'd the slain.
Then, forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking javelin, cast it on the ground.
The thronging Greeks behold with wondering eyes
His manly beauty and superior size:
While some, ignobler, the great dead deface
With wounds ungenerous, or with taunts disgrace.
"How chang'd that Hector! who like Jove of late
"Sent lightning on our fleets, and scatter'd fate!"
High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands,
Begirt with heroes, and surrounding bands;
And thus aloud, while all the host attends:
Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!

Since

Since now at length the powerful will of Heaven
The dire deſtroyer to our arm has given,
Is not Troy fall'n already? Haſte, ye powers!
See, if already their deſerted towers
Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
The ſouls of heroes, their great Hector ſlain?
But what is Troy, or glory what, to me?
Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
Divine Patroclus! Death has ſeal'd his eyes;
Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd, he lies!
Can his dear image from my ſoul depart,
Long as the vital ſpirit moves my heart?
If, in the melancholy ſhades below,
The flames of friends and lovers ceaſe to glow,
Yet mine ſhall ſacred laſt; mine undecay'd
Burn on through death, and animate my ſhade.
Meanwhile, ye ſons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corpſe of Hector, and your Pæans ſing.
Be this the ſong, ſlow-moving tow'rd the ſhore,
"Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."
Then his fell ſoul a thought of vengeance bred
(Unworthy of himſelf and of the dead).
The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound
With thongs inſerted through the double wound;
Theſe fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
Proud on his car th' inſulting victor ſtood,
And bore aloft his arms, diſtilling blood.
He ſmites the ſteeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The ſudden clouds of circling duſt ariſe.

Now loſt is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long-deſcending hair,
Purple the ground, and ſtreak the ſable ſand;
Deform'd, diſhonour'd, in his native land
Giv'n to the rage of an inſulting throng!
And in his parents' ſight now dragg'd along!
The mother firſt beheld with ſad ſurvey:
She rent her treſſes, venerably grey,
And caſt, far off, the regal veils away.
With piercing ſhrieks his bitter fate ſhe moans,
While the ſad father anſwers groans with groans;
Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
And the whole city wears one face of woe:
No leſs than if the rage of hoſtile fires,
From her foundations curling to her ſpires,
O'er the proud citadel at length ſhould riſe,
And the laſt blaze ſend Ilion to the ſkies.
The wretched monarch of the falling ſtate,
Diſtracted, preſſes to the Dardan gate.
Scarce the whole people ſtop his deſperate courſe.
While ſtrong affliction gives the feeble force;
Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
In all the raging impotence of woe.
At length he roll'd in duſt, and thus begun:
Imploring all, and naming one by one:
Ah! let me, let me go where ſorrow calls:
I, only I, will iſſue from your walls
(Guide or companion, friends! I aſk you none)
And bow before the murderer of my ſon.
My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
Perhaps at leaſt he may reſpect my age.

He has a father too, a man like me;
One, not exempt from age and misery
(Vigorous no more, as when his young embrace
Begot this pest of me and all my race);
How many valiant sons, in early bloom,
Has that curst hand sent headlong to the tomb!
Thee, Hector! last: thy loss (divinely brave)
Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.
Oh, had thy gentle spirit past in peace,
The son expiring in the sire's embrace,
While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,
And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender shower!
Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
To melt in full satiety of grief!

Thus wail'd the father, groveling on the ground,
And all the eyes of Ilion stream'd around.

Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears
(A mourning princess, and a train in tears)
Ah, why has Heaven prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horrours, to behold thy death?
O Hector! late thy parents' pride and joy,
The boast of nations! the defence of Troy!
To whom her safety and her fame she ow'd;
Her chief, her hero, and almost her God!
O fatal change! become in one sad day
A senseless corpse! inanimated clay!

But not as yet the fatal news had spread
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead;
As yet no messenger had told his fate,
Nor ev'n his stay without the Scæan gate.

Far in the close recesses of the dome,
Pensive she ply'd the melancholy loom;
A growing work employ'd her secret hours,
Confus'dly gay with intermingled flowers.
Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
The bath preparing for her lord's return:
In vain: alas! her lord returns no more!
Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the shore!
Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,
And all her members shake with sudden fear;
Forth from her ivory hand the shuttle falls,
As thus, astonish'd, to her maids she calls:
Ah, follow me! (she cry'd) what plaintive noise
Invades my ear? 'Tis sure my mother's voice.
My faltering knees their trembling frame desert,
A pulse unusual flutters at my heart;
Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate,
(Ye Gods avert it!) threats the Trojan state.
Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest!
But much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast
Confronts Achilles; chac'd along the plain,
Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him slain!
Safe in the croud he ever scorn'd to wait,
And fought for glory in the jaws of fate:
Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath,
Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.
She spoke; and furious, with distracted pace,
Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face,
Flies through the dome (the maids her steps pursue)
And mounts the walls, and sends around her view.

Too

Too ſoon her eyes the killing object found,
The god-like Hector dragg'd along the ground.
A ſudden darkneſs ſhades her ſwimming eyes:
She faints, ſhe falls; her breath, her colour, flies.
Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,
The veil and diadem, flew far away
(The gift of Venus on her bridal day)
Around a train of weeping ſiſters ſtands;
To raiſe her, ſinking, with aſſiſtant hands.
Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain.
O wretched huſband of a wretched wife!
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
For ſure one ſtar its baneful beam diſplay'd
On Priam's roof and Hippoplacia's ſhade.
From different parents, different climes, we came,
At different periods, yet our fates the ſame!
Why was my birth to great Aëtion ow'd,
And why was all that tender care beſtow'd?
Would I had never been!—O thou, the ghoſt
Of my dead huſband! miſerably loſt;
Thou, to the diſmal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, deſolate, alone!
An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapleſs love, remains!
No more to ſmile upon his ſire, no friend
To help him now! no father to defend!
For ſhould he 'ſcape the ſword, the common doom,
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come!

Ev'n

Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some ſtranger ploughs his patrimonial field.
The day, that to the ſhades the father ſends,
Robs the ſad orphan of his father's friends:
He, wretched outcaſt of mankind! appears
For ever ſad, for ever bath'd in tears!
Amongſt the happy, unregarded he
Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,
While thoſe his father's former bounty fed,
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread:
The kindeſt but his preſent wants allay,
To leave him wretched the ſucceeding day.
Frugal compaſſion! Heedleſs, they who boaſt
Both parents ſtill, nor feel what he has loſt,
Shall cry, "Be gone! thy father feaſts not here;"
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my ſad ſoul Aſtyanax appears!
Forc'd by repeated inſults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn.
He, who, with tender delicacy bred,
With princes ſported, and on dainties fed,
And when ſtill evening gave him up to reſt,
Sunk in ſoft down upon the nurſe's breaſt,
Muſt—ah what muſt he not? Whom Ilion calls
Aſtyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more the father guards his Troy.
But thou, my Hector, ly'ſt expos'd in air,
Far from thy parents' and thy conſort's care,

Whoſe

Whoſe hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial ſcarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be theſe a prey,
Uſeleſs to thee, from this accurſed day!
Yet let the ſacrifice at leaſt be paid,
An honour to the living, not the dead.

So ſpake the mournful dame: her matrons hear,
Sigh back her ſighs, and anſwer tear with tear.

THE

THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

ACHILLES and the Myrmidons do honour to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feaſt, he retires to the ſea-ſhore, where, falling aſleep, the ghoſt of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial; the next morning the ſoldiers are ſent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral proceſſion, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles ſacrifices ſeveral animals, and laſtly twelve Trojan captives, at the pile; then ſets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the inſtance of Iris) riſe, and raiſe the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raiſe the tomb. Achilles inſtitutes the funeral games: the chariot-race, the fight of the cæſtus, the wreſtling, the foot-race, the ſingle combat, the diſcus, the ſhooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: the various deſcriptions of which, and the various ſucceſs of the ſeveral antagoniſts, make the greateſt part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following, the ghoſt of Patroclus appears to Achilles: the one and thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile; the two and thirtieth in burning it; and the three and thirtieth in the games. The ſcene is generally on the ſea-ſhore.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XXIII.

THUS, humbled in the duſt, the penſive train
Through the ſad city mourn'd her hero ſlain.
The body ſoil'd with duſt, and black with gore,
Lies on broad Helleſpont's reſounding ſhore:
The Grecians ſeek their ſhips, and clear the ſtrand,
All, but the martial Myrmidonian band;
Theſe yet aſſembled great Achilles holds,
And the ſtern purpoſe of his mind unfolds:
Not yet, my brave companions of the war,
Releaſe your ſmoking courſers from the car;
But, with his chariot each in order led,
Perform due honours to Patroclus dead.
Ere yet from reſt or food we ſeek relief,
Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief.
The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led
(Achilles firſt) their courſers round the dead;
And thrice their ſorrows and laments renew;
Tears bathe their arms, and tears the ſands bedew.
For ſuch a warriour Thetis aids their woe,
Melts their ſtrong hearts, and bids their eyes to flow.
But chief, Pelides: thick-ſucceeding ſighs
Burſt from his heart, and torrents from his eyes:

His slaughtering hands, yet red with blood, he laid
On his dead friend's cold breast, and thus he said:
All hail, Patroclus! let thy honour'd ghost
Hear, and rejoice, on Pluto's dreary coast;
Behold! Achilles' promise is compleat;
The bloody Hector stretch'd before thy feet.
Lo! to the dogs his carcase I resign;
And twelve sad victims, of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, instant, shall expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy funeral pyre.
Gloomy he said, and (horrible to view)
Before the bier the bleeding Hector threw,
Prone on the dust. The Myrmidons around
Unbrac'd their armour, and the steeds unbound.
All to Achilles' sable ship repair,
Frequent and full, the genial feast to share.
Now from the well-fed swine black smokes aspire.
The bristly victims hissing o'er the fire:
The huge ox bellowing falls; with feebler cries
Expires the goat; the sheep in silence dies.
Around the hero's prostrate body flow'd,
In one promiscuous stream, the reeking blood.
And now a band of Argive monarchs brings
The glorious victor to the king of kings.
From his dead friend the pensive warriour went,
With steps unwilling, to the regal tent.
Th' attending heralds, as by office bound,
With kindled flames the tripod vase surround;
To cleanse his conquering hands from hostile gore,
They urg'd in vain; the chief refus'd, and swore:

No

No drop ſhall touch me, by almighty Jove!
The firſt and greateſt of the Gods above!
Till on the pyre I place thee; till I rear
The graſſy mound, and clip thy ſacred hair:
Some eaſe at leaſt thoſe pious rites may give,
And ſoothe my ſorrows while I bear to live.
Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I ſtay,
And ſhare your feaſt; but, with the dawn of day.
(O king of men!) it claims thy royal care,
That Greece the warriour's funeral pile prepare.
And bid the foreſts fall (ſuch rites are paid
To heroes ſlumbering in eternal ſhade).
Then, when his earthly part ſhall mount in fire,
Let the leagued ſquadrons to their poſts retire.
He ſpoke; they hear him, and the word obey;
The rage of hunger and of thirſt allay,
Then eaſe in ſleep the labours of the day.
But great Pelides ſtretch along the ſhore,
Where daſh'd on rocks the broken billows roar,
Lies inly groaning; while on either hand
The martial Myrmidons confus'dly ſtand.
Along the graſs his languid members fall,
Tir'd with his chace around the Trojan wall;
Huſh'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,
At length he ſinks in the ſoft arms of ſleep.
When, lo! the ſhade, before his cloſing eyes,
Of ſad Patroclus roſe, or ſeem'd to riſe;
In the ſame robe he living wore, he came;
In ſtature, voice, and pleaſing look, the ſame.

The form familiar hover'd o'er his head:
And sleeps Achilles (thus the phantom said)
Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead?
Living, I seem'd his dearest, tendrest care,
But now forgot, I wander in the air.
Let my pale corpse the rites of burial know,
And give me entrance in the realms below:
Till then the spirit finds no resting-place,
But here and there th' unbody'd spectres chace
The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
Forbid to cross th' irremeable flood.
Now give thy hand: for to the farther shore
When once we pass, the soul returns no more:
When once the last funereal flames ascend,
No more shall meet Achilles and his friend;
No more our thoughts to those we lov'd make known;
Or quit the dearest, to converse alone.
Me fate has sever'd from the sons of earth,
The fate fore-doom'd that waited from my birth:
Thee too it waits; before the Trojan wall
Ev'n great and God-like thou, art doom'd to fall.
Hear then; and as in fate and love we join,
Ah, suffer that my bones may rest with thine!
Together have we liv'd; together bred,
One house receiv'd us, and one table fed;
That golden urn, thy Goddess-mother gave,
May mix our ashes in one common grave.
And is it thou? (he answers) to my sight
Once more return'st thou from the realms of night?
Oh more than brother! Think each office paid,
Whate'er can rest a discontented shade;

But

But grant one laſt embrace, unhappy boy!
Afford at leaſt that melancholy joy.
He ſaid, and with his longing arms eſſay'd
In vain to graſp the viſionary ſhade;
Like a thin ſmoke he ſees the ſpirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.
Confus'd he wakes; amazement breaks the bands
Of golden ſleep, and, ſtarting from the ſands,
Penſive he muſes with uplifted hands:
'Tis true, 'tis certain; man, though dead, retains
Part of himſelf; th' immortal mind remains:
The form ſubſiſts without the body's aid,
Aërial ſemblance, and an empty ſhade!
This night my friend, ſo late in battle loſt,
Stood at my ſide, a penſive, plaintive ghoſt;
Ev'n now familiar, as in life, he came,
Alas! how different! yet how like the ſame!
Thus while he ſpoke, each eye grew big with tears:
And now the roſy-finger'd morn appears,
Shews every mournful face with tears o'erſpread,
And glares on the pale viſage of the dead.
But Agamemnon, as the rites demand,
With mules and waggons ſends a choſen band,
To load the timber, and the pile to rear;
A charge conſign'd to Merion's faithful care.
With proper inſtruments they take the road,
Axes to cut, and ropes to ſling the load.
Firſt march the heavy mules, ſecurely ſlow,
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks, they go:
Jumping, high o'er the ſhrubs of the rough ground,
Rattle the clatterings cars, and the ſhockt axles bound.

But when arriv'd at Ida's ſpreading woods
(Fair Ida, water'd with deſcending floods)
Loud ſounds the ax, redoubling ſtrokes on ſtrokes;
On all ſides round the foreſt hurls her oaks
Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown;
Then, ruſtling, crackling, craſhing, thunder down.
The wood the Grecians cleave, prepar'd to burn;
And the ſlow mules the ſame rough road return.
The ſturdy woodmen equal burdens bore
(Such charge was given them) to the ſandy ſhore;
There, on the ſpot which great Achilles ſhow'd,
They eas'd their ſhoulders, and diſpos'd the load;
Circling around the place, where times to come
Shall view Patroclus' and Achilles' tomb.
The hero bids his martial troops appear
High on their cars, in all the pomp of war;
Each in refulgent arms his limbs attires,
All mount their chariots, combatants and ſquires.
The chariots firſt proceed, a ſhining train;
Then clouds of foot that ſmoke along the plain;
Next theſe a melancholy band appear,
Amidſt, lay dead Patroclus on the bier:
O'er all the corpſe their ſcatter'd locks they throw;
Achilles next, oppreſt with mighty woe,
Supporting with his hands the hero's head,
Bends o'er th' extended body of the dead.
Patroclus decent on th' appointed ground
They place, and heap the ſylvan pile around.
But great Achilles ſtands apart in prayer,
And from his head divides the yellow hair;

Thoſe

Thoſe curling locks which from his youth he vow'd,
And ſacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood;
Then, ſighing, to the deep his looks he caſt,
And roll'd his eyes around the watery waſte:
Sperchius! whoſe waves in mazy errors loſt
Delightful roll along my native coaſt!
To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return,
Theſe locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn:
Full fifty rams to bleed in ſacrifice,
Where to the day thy ſilver fountains riſe,
And where in ſhade of conſecrated bowers
Thy altars ſtand, perfum'd with native flowers!
So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain;
No more Achilles ſees his native plain:
In that vain hope theſe hairs no longer grow,
Patroclus bears them to the ſhades below.
Thus o'er Patroclus while the hero pray'd,
On his cold hand the ſacred lock he laid.
Once more afreſh the Grecian ſorrows flow:
And now the ſun had ſet upon their woe,
But to the king of men thus ſpoke the chief:
Enough, Atrides! give the troops relief:
Permit the mourning legions to retire,
And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre;
The pious care be ours, the dead to burn—
He ſaid: the people to their ſhips return;
While thoſe deputed to inter the ſlain
Heap with a riſing pyramid the plain.
A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,
The growing ſtructure ſpreads on every ſide;

High on the top the manly corpſe they lay,
And well-fed ſheep and ſable oxen ſlay:
Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,
And the pil'd victims round the body ſpread;
Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil,
Suſpends around, low-bending o'er the pile.
Four ſprightly courſers, with a deadly groan,
Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.
Of nine large dogs, domeſtic at his board,
Fall two, ſelected to attend their lord,
Then laſt of all, and horrible to tell,
Sad ſacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell.
On theſe the rage of fire victorious preys,
Involves and joins them in one common blaze.
Smear'd with the bloody rites, he ſtands on high,
And calls the ſpirit with a dreadful cry:
All hail, Patroclus! let thy vengeful ghoſt
Hear, and exult, on Pluto's dreary coaſt.
Behold, Achilles' promiſe fully paid,
Twelve Trojan heroes offer'd to thy ſhade;
But heavier fates on Hector's corpſe attend,
Sav'd from the flames for hungry dogs to rend.
So ſpake he threatening: but the Gods made vain
His threat, and guard inviolate the ſtain;
Celeſtial Venus hover'd o'er his head,
And roſeate unguents, heavenly fragrance! ſhed:
She watch'd him all the night, and all the day,
And drove the bloodhounds from their deſtin'd prey.
Nor ſacred Phœbus leſs employ'd his care;
He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,

And

And kept the nerves undry'd, the flesh entire,
Against the solar beam and Sirian fire,
Nor yet the pile where dead Patroclus lies,
Smokes, nor as yet the sullen flames arise;
But fast beside, Achilles stood in prayer,
Invok'd the Gods, whose spirit moves the air,
And victims promis'd, and libations cast,
To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal blast:
He call'd th' aërial Powers, along the skies
To breathe, and whisper to the fires to rise.
The winged Iris heard the hero's call,
And instant hasten'd to their airy hall,
Where, in old Zephyr's open courts on high,
Sat all the blustering brethren of the sky.
She shone amidst them, on her painted bow;
The rocky pavement glitter'd with the show.
All from the banquet rise, and each invites
The various Goddess to partake the rites:
Not so (the dame reply'd) I haste to go
To sacred Ocean, and the floods below:
Ev'n now our solemn hecatombs attend,
And Heaven is feasting on the world's green end,
With righteous Æthiops (uncorrupted train!)
Far on th' extremest limits of the main.
But Peleus' son intreats, with sacrifice,
The Western Spirit, and the North, to rise;
Let on Patroclus pile your blast be driven,
And bear the blazing honours high to heaven.
Swift as the word she vanish'd from their view:
Swift as the word the winds tumultuous flew;

Forth

Forth burſt the ſtormy band with thundering roar,
And heaps on heaps the clouds are toſt before.
To the wide main then ſtooping from the ſkies,
The heaving deeps in watery mountains riſe:
Troy feels the blaſt along her ſhaking walls,
Till on the pile the gather'd tempeſt falls.
The ſtructure crackles in the roaring fires,
And all the night the plenteous flame aſpires.
All night Achilles hails Patroclus' ſoul,
With large libations from the golden bowl.
As a poor father, helpleſs and undone,
Mourns o'er the aſhes of an only ſon,
Takes a ſad pleaſure the laſt bones to burn,
And pour in tears, ere yet they cloſe the urn:
So ſtay'd Achilles, circling round the ſhore,
So watch'd the flames, till now they flame no more.
'Twas when, emerging through the ſhades of night,
The morning planet told th' approach of light;
And faſt behind, Aurora's warmer ray
O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day:
Then ſunk the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,
And to their caves the whiſtling winds return'd;
Acroſs the Thracian ſeas their courſe they bore;
The ruffled ſeas beneath their paſſage roar.
Then parting from the pile he ceas'd to weep,
And ſunk to quiet in th' embrace of ſleep,
Exhauſted with his grief: meanwhile the croud
Of thronging Grecians round Achilles ſtood;
The tumult wak'd him: from his eyes he ſhook
Unwilling ſlumber, and the chiefs beſpoke:

Ye kings and princes of th' Achaian name!
Firſt let us quench the yet remaining flame
With ſable wine; then (as the rites direct)
The hero's bones with careful view ſelect:
(Apart, and eaſy to be known, they lie
Amidſt the heap, and obvious to the eye:
The reſt around the margin will be ſeen
Promiſcuous, ſteeds and imolated men).
Theſe, wrapt in double cawls of fat, prepare;
And in the golden vaſe diſpoſe with care;
There let them reſt, with decent honour laid,
Till I ſhall follow to th' infernal ſhade.
Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,
A common ſtructure on the humble ſands;
Hereafter Greece ſome nobler work may raiſe,
And late poſterity record our praiſe.
The Greeks obey; where yet the embers glow,
Wide o'er the pile the ſable wine they throw,
And deep ſubſides the aſhy heap below.
Next, the white bones his ſad companions place,
With tears collected, in the golden vaſe.
The ſacred relicks to the tent they bore;
The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.
That done, they bid the ſepulchre aſpire,
And caſt the deep foundations round the pyre;
High in the midſt they heap the ſwelling bed
Of riſing earth, memorial of the dead.
The ſwarming populace the chief detains,
And leads amidſt a wide extent of plains;
There plac'd them round: then from the ſhips proceeds
A train of oxen, mules, and ſtately ſteeds,

Vaſes

Vaſes and tripods (for the funeral games)
Reſplendent braſs, and more reſplendent dames.
Firſt ſtood the prizes to reward the force
Of rapid racers in the duſty courſe:
A woman for the firſt, in beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in the needle, and the labouring loom;
And a large vaſe, where two bright handles riſe.
Of twenty meaſures its capacious ſize.
The ſecond victor claims a mare unbroke,
Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke:
The third a charger yet untouch'd by flame;
Four ample meaſures held the ſhining frame;
Two golden talents for the fourth were plac'd;
An ample double bowl contents the laſt.
Theſe in fair order rang'd upon the plain,
The hero, riſing, thus addreſt the train:
Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks! decreed
To brave the rulers of the racing ſteed;
Prizes which none beſide ourſelf could gain,
Should our immortal courſers take the plain
(A race unrival'd, which from Ocean's God
Peleus receiv'd, and on his ſon beſtow'd).
But this no time our vigour to diſplay;
Nor ſuit with them the games of this ſad day;
Loſt is Patroclus now, that wont to deck
Their flowing manes, and ſleek their gloſſy neck.
Sad, as they ſhar'd in human grief, they ſtand,
And trail thoſe graceful honours on the ſand;
Let others for the noble taſk prepare,
Who truſt the courſer, and the flying car.

Fir'd

Fir'd at his word, the rival racers riſe;
But far the firſt, Eumelus, hopes the prize,
Fam'd through Pieria for the fleeteſt breed,
And ſkill'd to manage the high-bounding ſteed.
With equal ardour bold Tydides ſwell'd,
The ſteeds of Tros beneath his yoke compell'd
(Which late obey'd the Dardan chief's command,
When ſcarce a God redeem'd him from his hand).
Then Menelaüs his Podargus brings,
And the fam'd courſer of the king of kings:
Whom rich Echepolus (more rich than brave)
To 'ſcape the wars, to Agamemnon gave,
(Æthe her name) at home to end his days;
Baſe wealth preferring to eternal praiſe.
Next him Antilochus demands the courſe,
With beating heart, and chears his Pylian horſe.
Experienc'd Neſtor gives his ſon the reins,
Directs his judgment, and his heat reſtrains;
Nor idly warns the hoary ſire, nor hears
The prudent ſon with unattending ears:
My ſon! though youthful ardour fire thy breaſt,
The Gods have lov'd thee, and with arts have bleſt.
Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the ſkill,
Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.
To guide thy conduct, little precept needs;
But ſlow, and paſt their vigour, are my ſteeds.
Fear not thy rivals, though for ſwiftneſs known;
Compare thoſe rivals' judgment, and thy own:
It is not ſtrength, but art, obtains the prize,
And to be ſwift is leſs than to be wiſe.

'Tis

'Tis more by art, than force of numerous ſtrokes,
The dextrous woodman ſhapes the ſtubborn oaks;
By art the pilot, through the boiling deep
And howling tempeſt, ſteers the fearleſs ſhip;
And 'tis the artiſt wins the glorious courſe,
Not thoſe who truſt in chariots and in horſe.
In vain; unſkilful, to the goal they ſtrive,
And ſhort, or wide, th' ungovern'd courſer drive:
While with ſure ſkill, though with inferiour ſteeds,
The knowing racer to his end proceeds;
Fix'd on the goal his eye fore-runs the courſe,
His hand unerring ſteers the ſteady horſe,
And now contracts or now extends the rein,
Obſerving ſtill the foremoſt on the plain.
Mark then the goal, 'tis eaſy to be found;
Yon aged trunk, a cubit from the ground;
Of ſome once ſtately oak the laſt remains,
Or hardy fir, unperiſh'd with the rains:
Incloſ'd with ſtones, conſpicuous from afar;
And round, a circle for the wheeling car
(Some tomb, perhaps, of old, the dead to grace;
Or then, as now, the limit of a race);
Bear cloſe to this, and warily proceed,
A little bending to the left-hand ſteed:
But urge the right, and give him all the reins;
While thy ſtrict hand his fellow's head reſtrains,
And turns him ſhort; till, doubling as they roll,
The wheel's round naves appear to bruſh the goal.
Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horſe)
Clear of the ſtony heap direct the courſe;

Left,

Leſt, through incaution failing, thou may'ſt be
A joy to others, a reproach to me.
So ſhalt thou paſs the goal, ſecure of mind,
And leave unſkilful ſwiftneſs far behind;
Though thy fierce rival drove the matchleſs ſteed
Which bore Adraſtus, of celeſtial breed;
Or the fam'd race, through all the regions known,
That whirl'd the car of proud Laomedon.
Thus (nought unſaid) the much-adviſing ſage
Concludes; then ſate, ſtiff with unwieldy age.
Next bold Meriones was ſeen to riſe,
The laſt, but not leaſt ardent for the prize.
They mount their ſeats; the lots their place diſpoſe
(Roll'd in his helmet, theſe Achilles throws).
Young Neſtor leads the race: Eumelus then;
And next, the brother of the king of men:
Thy lot, Meriones, the fourth was caſt;
And far the braveſt, Diomed, was laſt.
They ſtand in order, an impatient train;
Pelides points the barrier on the plain,
And ſends before old Phœnix to the place,
To mark the racers, and to judge the race.
At once the courſers from the barrier bound;
The lifted ſcourges all at once reſound;
Their hearts, their eyes, their voice, they ſend before;
And up the champaign thunder from the ſhore:
Thick, where they drive, the duſty clouds ariſe,
And the loſt courſer in the whirlwind flies;
Looſe on their ſhoulders the long manes, reclin'd,
Float in their ſpeed, and dance upon the wind.

The ſmoking chariots, rapid as they bound,
Now ſeem to touch the ſky, and now the ground.
While, hot for fame, and conqueſt all their care,
(Each o'er his flying courſer hung in air)
Erect with ardour, pois'd upon the rein,
They pant, they ſtretch, they ſhout along the plain.
Now (the laſt compaſs fetch'd around the goal)
At the near prize each gathers all his ſoul,
Each burns with double hope, with double pain,
Tears up the ſhore, and thunders toward the main,
Firſt flew Eumelus on Pheretian ſteeds;
With thoſe of Tros bold Diomed ſucceeds:
Cloſe on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And ſeem juſt mounting on his car behind;
Full on his neck he feels the ſultry breeze,
And, hovering o'er, their ſtretching ſhadow ſees.
Then had he loſt, or left a doubtful prize:
But angry Phœbus to Tydides flies,
Strikes from his hand the ſcourge, and renders vain
His matchleſs horſes' labour on the plain.
Rage fills his eye, with anguiſh to ſurvey,
Snatch'd from his hope, the glories of the day.
The fraud celeſtial Pallas ſees with pain,
Springs to her knight, and gives the ſcourge again,
And fills his ſteeds with vigour. At a ſtroke.
She breaks his rival's chariot from the yoke;
Nor more their way the ſtartled horſes held;
The car revers'd came rattling on the field;
Shot headlong from his ſeat, beſide the wheel,
Prone on the duſt th' unhappy maſter fell;

His

His batter'd face and elbows ſtrike the ground;
Noſe, mouth, and front, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound:
Grief ſtops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes;
Before him far the glad Tydides flies;
Minerva's ſpirit drives his matchleſs pace,
And crowns him victor of the labour'd race.

The next, though diſtant, Menelaus ſucceeds;
While thus young Neſtor animates his ſteeds:
Now, now, my generous pair, exert your force;
Not that we hope to match Tydides' horſe,
Since great Minerva wings their rapid way,
And gives their lord the honours of the day.
But reach Atrides! ſhall his mare out-go
Your ſwiftneſs, vanquiſh'd by a female foe?
Through your neglect, if lagging on the plain
The laſt ignoble gift be all we gain;
No more ſhall Neſtor's hand your food ſupply,
The old man's fury riſes, and ye die.
Haſte then; yon narrow road before our ſight
Preſents th' occaſion, could we uſe it right.

Thus he. The courſers at their maſter's threat
With quicker ſteps the ſounding champain beat.
And now Antilochus with nice ſurvey
Obſerves the compaſs of the hollow way.
'Twas where, by force of wintery torrents torn,
Faſt by the road a precipice was worn:
Here, where but one could paſs to ſhun the throng,
The Spartan hero's chariot ſmok'd along.
Cloſe up the venturous youth reſolves to keep,
Still edging near, and bears him tow'rd the ſteep.

Atrides, trembling, caſts his eye below,
And wonders at the raſhneſs of his foe.
Hold, ſtay your ſteeds—What madneſs thus to ride
This narrow way! Take larger field (he cry'd)
Or both muſt fall—Atrides cry'd in vain;
He flies more faſt, and throws up all the rein.
Far as an able arm the diſk can ſend,
When youthful rivals their full force extend,
So far, Antilochus! thy chariot flew
Before the king: he, cautious, backward drew
His horſe compell'd; foreboding in his fears
The rattling ruin of the claſhing cars,
The floundering courſers rolling on the plain,
And conqueſt loſt through frantic haſte to gain:
But thus upbraids his rival, as he flies;
Go, furious youth! ungenerous and unwiſe!
Go, but expect not I'll the prize reſign;—
Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine.
Then to his ſteeds with all his force he cries;
Be ſwift, be vigorous, and regain the prize!
Your rivals, deſtitute of youthful force,
With fainting knees ſhall labour in the courſe,
And yield the glory yours—The ſteeds obey;
Already at their heels they wing their way,
And ſeem already to retrieve the day.
Meantime the Grecians in a ring beheld
The courſers bounding o'er the duſty field.
The firſt who mark'd them was the Cretan king;
High on a riſing ground, above the ring,
The monarch ſate: from whence with ſure ſurvey
He well obſerv'd the chief who led the way,

And heard from far his animating cries,
And saw the foremost steed with sharpen'd eyes;
On whose broad front, a blaze of shining white,
Like the full moon, stood obvious to the sight.
He saw; and, rising, to the Greeks begun:
Are yonder horse discern'd by me alone?
Or can ye, all, another chief survey,
And other steeds, than lately led the way?
Those, though the swiftest, by some God withheld,
Lie sure disabled in the middle field:
For, since the goal they doubled, round the plain
I search to find them, but I search in vain.
Perchance the reins forsook the driver's hand,
And, turn'd too short, he tumbled on the strand,
Shot from the chariot; while his coursers stray
With frantic fury from the destin'd way.
Rise then some other, and inform my sight
(For these dim eyes, perhaps, discern not right)
Yet sure he seems (to judge by shape and air)
The great Ætolian chief, renown'd in war.
Old man! (Oïleus rashly thus replies)
Thy tongue too hastily confers the prize;
Of those who view the course, not sharpest-ey'd,
Nor youngest, yet the readiest to decide.
Eumelus' steeds high-bounding in the chace,
Still, as at first, unrival'd lead the race;
I well discern him as he shakes the rein,
And hear his shouts victorious o'er the plain.
Thus he. Idomeneus, incens'd, rejoin'd:
Barbarous of words! and arrogant of mind!

Contentious prince, of all the Greeks beſide
The laſt in merit, as the firſt in pride:
To vile reproach what anſwer can we make?
A goblet or a tripod let us ſtake,
And be the king the judge. The moſt unwiſe
Will learn their raſhneſs, when they pay the prize.
He ſaid: and Ajax, by mad paſſion borne,
Stern had reply'd; fierce ſcorn enhancing ſcorn
To fell extremes: but Thetis' god-like ſon
Awful amidſt them roſe, and thus begun:
Forbear, ye chiefs! reproachful to contend;
Much would you blame, ſhould others thus offend:
And lo! th' approaching ſteeds your conteſt end.
No ſooner had he ſpoke, but, thundering near,
Drives through a ſtream of duſt the charioteer.
High o'er his head the circling laſh he wields;
His bounding horſes ſcarcely touch the fields:
His car amidſt the duſty whirlwind roll'd,
Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold,
Refulgent through the cloud; no eye could find
The track his flying wheels had left behind:
And the fierce courſers urg'd their rapid pace
So ſwift, it ſeem'd a flight, and not a race.
Now victor at the goal Tydides ſtands,
Quits his bright car, and ſprings upon the ſands;
From the hot ſteeds the ſweaty torrents ſtream;
The well-ply'd whip is hung athwart the beam:
With joy brave Sthenelus receives the prize,
The tripod-vaſe, and dame with radiant eyes:
Theſe to the ſhips his train triumphant leads,
The chief himſelf unyokes the panting ſteeds.

Young

Young Neſtor follows (who by art, not force,
O'er-paſt Atrides) ſecond in the courſe.
Behind, Atrides urg'd the race, more near
Than to the courſer in his ſwift career
The following car, juſt touching with his heel
And bruſhing with his tail the whirling wheel:
Such and ſo narrow now the ſpace between
The rivals, late ſo diſtant on the green;
So ſoon ſwift Æthe her loſt ground regain'd,
One length, one moment, had the race obtain'd.
Merion purſued, at greater diſtance ſtill,
With tardier courſers, and inferiour ſkill.
Laſt came, Admetus! thy unhappy ſon:
Slow dragg'd the ſteeds his batter'd chariot on:
Achilles ſaw, and pitying thus begun:
Behold! the man whoſe matchleſs art ſurpaſt
The ſons of Greece! the ableſt, yet the laſt!
Fortune denies, but juſtice bids us pay
(Since great Tydides bears the firſt away)
To him the ſecond honours of the day.
The Greeks conſent with loud applauding cries;
And then Eumelus had received the prize,
But youthful Neſtor, jealous of his fame,
Th' award oppoſes, and aſſerts his claim.
Think not (he cries) I tamely will reſign,
O Peleus' ſon! the mare ſo juſtly mine.
What if the Gods, the ſkilful to confound,
Have thrown the horſe and horſeman to the ground?
Perhaps he fought not Heaven by ſacrifice,
And vows omitted forfeited the prize.

If yet (diſtinction to thy friend to ſhow,
And pleaſe a ſoul deſirous to beſtow)
Some gift muſt grace Eumelus; view thy ſtore
Of beauteous handmaids, ſteeds, and ſhining ore;
An ample preſent let him thence receive,
And Greece ſhall praiſe thy generous thirſt to give.
But this my prize I never ſhall forego:
This, who but touches, warriours! is my foe.
Thus ſpake the youth; nor did his words offend;
Pleas'd with the well-turn'd flattery of a friend,
Achilles ſmil'd: the gift propos'd (he cry'd)
Antilochus! we ſhall ourſelf provide.
With plates of braſs the corſelet cover'd o'er
(The fame renown'd Aſteropæus wore)
Whoſe glittering margins rais'd with ſilver ſhine,
(No vulgar gift) Eumelus, ſhall be thine.
He ſaid: Automedon at his command
The corſelet brought, and gave it to his hand.
Diſtinguiſh'd by his friend, his boſom glows
With generous joy: then Menelaüs roſe;
The herald plac'd the ſceptre in his hands,
And ſtill'd the clamour of the ſhouting bands.
Not without cauſe incens'd at Neſtor's ſon,
And inly grieving, thus the king begun:
The praiſe of wiſdom, in thy youth obtain'd,
An act ſo raſh, Antilochus, has ſtain'd.
Robb'd of my glory and my juſt reward,
To you, O Grecians! be my wrong declar'd:
So not a leader ſhall our conduct blame,
Or judge me envious of a rival's fame.

But ſhall not we, ourſelves, the truth maintain?
What needs appealing in a fact ſo plain?
What Greek ſhall blame me, if I bid thee riſe,
And vindicate by oath th' ill-gotten prize?
Riſe if thou dar'ſt, before thy chariot ſtand,
The driving ſcourge high-liſted in thy hand;
And touch thy ſteeds, and ſwear, thy whole intent
Was but to conquer, not to circumvent.
Swear by that God whoſe liquid arms ſurround
The globe, and whoſe dread earthquakes heave the ground.
The prudent chief with calm attention heard;
Then mildly thus: Excuſe, if youth have err'd:
Superior as thou art, forgive th' offence,
Nor I thy equal, or in years, or ſenſe.
Thou know'ſt the errors of unripen'd age,
Weak are its counſels, headlong is its rage.
The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath reſign;
The mare, or aught thou aſk'ſt, be freely thine:
Ere I become (from thy dear friendſhip torn)
Hateful to thee, and to the Gods forſworn.
So ſpoke Antilochus: and at the word
The mare conteſted to the king reſtor'd.
Joy ſwells his ſoul: as when the vernal grain
Lifts the green ear above the ſpringing plain,
The fields their vegetable life renew,
And laugh and glitter with the morning dew;
Such joy the Spartan's ſhining face o'erſpread,
And lifted his gay heart, while thus he ſaid:
Still may our ſouls, O generous youth! agree,
'Tis now Atrides' turn to yield to thee.

Raſh heat perhaps a moment might control,
Not break, the ſettled temper of thy ſoul.
Not but (my friend) 'tis ſtill the wiſer way
To wave contention with ſuperior ſway;
For ah! how few, who ſhould like thee offend,
Like thee have talents to regain the friend!
To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,
Suffice thy father's merit and thy own:
Generous alike, for me, the ſire and ſon
Have greatly ſuffer'd, and have greatly done.
I yield; that all may know, my ſoul can bend,
Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend.
He ſaid; and, pleas'd his paſſion to command,
Reſign'd the courſer to Noëman's hand,
Friend of the youthful chief: himſelf content,
The ſhining charger to his veſſel ſent.
The golden talents Merion next obtain'd;
The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd.
Achilles this to reverend Neſtor bears,
And thus the purpoſe of his gift declares:
Accept thou this, O ſacred ſire! (he ſaid)
In dear memorial of Patroclus dead;
Dead, and for ever loſt, Patroclus lies,
For ever ſnatch'd from our deſiring eyes!
Take thou this token of a grateful heart,
Though 'tis not thine to hurl the diſtant dart,
The quoit to toſs, the ponderous mace to wield,
Or urge the race, or wreſtle on the field.
Thy priſtine vigour age has overthrown,
But left the glory of the paſt thy own.

He

He said, and plac'd the goblet at his side;
With joy the venerable king reply'd:
Wisely and well, my son, thy words have prov'd
A senior honour'd, and a friend belov'd!
Too true it is, deserted of my strength,
These wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at length.
Oh! had I now that force I felt of yore,
Known through Buprasium and the Pylian shore!
Victorious then in every solemn game,
Ordain'd to Amarynces' mighty name;
The brave Epeians gave my glory way,
Ætolians, Pylians, all resign the day.
I quell'd Clytomedes in fights of hand,
And backward hurl'd Ancæus on the sand,
Surpast Iphyclus in the swift career,
Phyleus and Polydorus with the spear.
The sons of Actor won the prize of horse,
But won by numbers, not by art or force:
For the fam'd twins, impatient to survey
Prize after prize by Nestor borne away,
Sprung to their car; and with united pains
One lash'd the coursers, while one rul'd the reins.
Such once I was! Now to these tasks succeeds
A younger race, that emulate our deeds:
I yield, alas! (to age who must not yield?)
Though once the foremost hero of the field.
Go thou, my son! by generous friendship led,
With martial honours decorate the dead;
While pleas'd I take the gift thy hands present
(Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent);

Rejoic'd,

Rejoic'd, of all the numerous Greeks, to ſee
Not one but honours ſacred age and me:
Thoſe due diſtinctions thou ſo well canſt pay,
May the juſt Gods return another day!
Proud of the gift, thus ſpake the full of days.
Achilles heard him, prouder of the praiſe.
The prizes next are order'd to the field,
For the bold champions who the cæſtus wield.
A ſtately mule, as yet by toils unbroke,
Of ſix years age, unconſcious of the yoke,
Is to the Circus led, and firmly bound;
Next ſtands a goblet, maſſy, large, and round.
Achilles, riſing, thus: Let Greece excite
Two heroes equal to this hardy fight;
Who dare the foe with lifted arms provoke,
And ruſh beneath the long-deſcending ſtroke.
On whom Apollo ſhall the palm beſtow,
And whom the Greeks ſupreme by conqueſt know,
This mule his dauntleſs labours ſhall repay;
The vanquiſh'd bear the maſſy bowl away.
This dreadful combat great Epëus choſe;
High o'er the croud, enormous bulk! he roſe,
And ſeiz'd the beaſt, and thus began to ſay:
Stand forth ſome man, to bear the bowl away!
(Prize of his ruin:) for who dares deny
This mule my right; th' undoubted victor I?
Others, 'tis own'd, in fields of battle ſhine,
But the firſt honours of this fight are mine;
For who excels in all? Then let my foe
Draw near, but firſt his certain fortune know;

Secure,

Secure, this hand shall his whole frame confound,
Mash all his bones, and all his body pound:
So let his friends be nigh, a needful train,
To heave the batter'd carcase off the plain.
The giant spoke; and in a stupid gaze
The host beheld him, silent with amaze!
'Twas thou, Euryalus! who durst aspire
To meet his might, and emulate thy sire,
The great Mecistheus; who in days of yore
In Theban games the noblest trophy bore,
(The games ordain'd dead Oedipus to grace)
And singly vanquish'd the Cadmæan race.
Him great Tydides urges to contend,
Warm'd with the hopes of conquest for his friend;
Officious with the cincture girds him round;
And to his wrist the gloves of death are bound.
Amid the circle now each champion stands,
And poises high in air his iron hands;
With clashing gauntlets now they fiercely close,
Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,
And painful sweat from all their members flows.
At length Epëus dealt a weighty blow,
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe;
Beneath that ponderous arm's resistless sway
Down dropt he, nerveless, and extended lay.
As a large fish, when winds and waters roar,
By some huge billow dash'd against the shore,
Lies panting: not less batter'd with his wound,
The bleeding hero pants upon the ground.
To rear his fallen foe, the victor lends,
Scornful, his hand; and gives him to his friends;

Whose

Whose arms support him reeling through the throng,
And dragging his disabled legs along;
Nodding, his head hangs down his shoulder o'er;
His mouth and nostrils pour the clotted gore;
Wrapt round in mists he lies, and lost to thought;
His friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought.

The third bold game Achilles next demands,
And calls the wrestlers to the level sands:
A massy tripod for the victor lies,
Of twice six oxen its reputed price;
And next, the loser's spirits to restore,
A female captive, valued but at four.
Scarce did the chief the vigorous strife propose,
When tower-like Ajax and Ulysses rose.
Amid the ring each nervous rival stands,
Embracing rigid with implicit hands:
Close lock'd above, their heads and arms are mixt;
Below, their planted feet at distance fixt:
Like two strong rafters which the builder forms,
Proof to the wintery wind and howling storms,
Their tops connected, but at wider space
Fix on the centre stands their solid base.
Now to the grasp each manly body bends;
The humid sweat from every pore descends;
Their bones resound with blows: sides, shoulders, thighs,
Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours rise.
Nor could Ulysses, for his art renown'd,
O'erturn the strength of Ajax on the ground;
Nor could the strength of Ajax overthrow
The watchful caution of his artful foe.

While

While the long ſtrife ev'n tir'd the lookers-on,
Thus to Ulyſſes ſpoke great Telamon:
Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me;
Prove we our force, and Jove the reſt decree.
He ſaid; and, ſtraining, heav'd him off the ground
With matchleſs ſtrength; that time Ulyſſes found
The ſtrength t' evade, and where the nerves combine
His ankle ſtruck: the giant fell ſupine;
Ulyſſes, following, on his boſom lies;
Shouts of applauſe run rattling through the ſkies.
Ajax to lift, Ulyſſes next eſſays,
He barely ſtirr'd him, but he could not raiſe:
His knee lock'd faſt, the foe's attempt deny'd;
And grappling cloſe, they tumbled ſide by ſide.
Defil'd with honourable duſt, they roll,
Still breathing ſtrife, and unſubdued of ſoul:
Again they rage, again to combat riſe;
When great Achilles thus divides the prize:
Your noble vigour, oh my friends, reſtrain:
Nor weary out your generous ſtrength in vain.
Ye both have won: let others who excel,
Now prove that proweſs you have prov'd ſo well.
The hero's words the willing chiefs obey,
From their tir'd bodies wipe the duſt away,
And, cloath'd anew, the following games ſurvey.
And now ſucceed the gifts ordain'd to grace
The youths contending in the rapid race.
A ſilver urn that full ſix meaſures held,
By none in weight or workmanſhip excell'd;
Sidonian artiſts taught the frame to ſhine,
Elaborate, with artifice divine;

Whence

Whence Tyrian sailors did the prize transport,
And gave to Thoas at the Lemnian port:
From him descended, good Eunæus heir'd
The glorious gift; and, for Lycaon spar'd,
To brave Patroclus gave the rich reward.
Now, the same hero's funeral rites to grace,
It stands the prize of swiftness in the race.
A well-fed ox was for the second plac'd;
And half a talent must content the last.
Achilles rising then bespoke the train—
Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain,
Stand forth, and bear these prizes from the plain.

The hero said, and, starting from his place,
Oïlean Ajax rises to the race;
Ulysses next; and he whose speed surpast
His youthful equals, Nestor's son, the last.
Rang'd in a line the ready racers stand;
Pelides points the barrier with his hand:
All start at once; Oïleus led the race;
The next Ulysses, measuring pace with pace;
Behind him, diligently close, he sped,
As closely following as the running thread
The spindle follows, and displays the charms
Of the fair spinster's breast, and moving arms:
Graceful in motion thus his foe he plies,
And treads each footstep ere the dust can rise:
His glowing breath upon his shoulders plays;
Th' admiring Greeks loud acclamations raise:
To him they give their wishes, hearts, and eyes,
And send their souls before him as he flies.

Now

Now three times turn'd in proſpect of the goal,
The panting chief to Pallas lifts his ſoul:
Aſſiſt, O Goddeſs! (thus in thought he pray'd)
And preſent at his thought deſcends the Maid.
Buoy'd by her heavenly force, he ſeems to ſwim,
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.
All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain,
Unhappy Ajax ſtumbles on the plain
(O'erturn'd by Pallas); where the ſlippery ſhore
Was clogg'd with ſlimy dung, and mingled gore
(The ſelf-ſame place, beſide Patroclus' pyre,
Where late the ſlaughter'd victims fed the fire):
Beſmear'd with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,
Obſcene to ſight, the rueful racer lay;
The well-fed bull (the ſecond prize) he ſhar'd,
And left the urn Ulyſſes' rich reward.
Then, graſping by the horn the mighty beaſt,
The baffled hero thus the Greeks addreſt:
Accurſed fate! the conqueſt I forego;
A mortal I, a Goddeſs was my foe;
She urg'd her favourite on the rapid way,
And Pallas, not Ulyſſes, won the day.
Thus ſourly wail'd he, ſputtering dirt and gore;
A burſt of laughter echo'd through the ſhore.
Antilochus, more humourous than the reſt,
Takes the laſt prize, and takes it with a jeſt:
Why with our wiſer elders ſhould we ſtrive?
The Gods ſtill love them, and they always thrive.
Ye ſee, to Ajax I muſt yield the prize:
He to Ulyſſes, ſtill more ag'd and wiſe:

(A green

(A green old-age, unconſcious of decays,
That prove the hero born in better days!)
Behold his vigour in this active race!
Achilles only boaſts a ſwifter pace:
For who can match Achilles! He who can,
Muſt yet be more than hero, more than man.
Th' effect ſucceeds the ſpeech: Pelides cries,
Thy artful praiſe deſerves a better prize.
Nor Greece in vain ſhall hear thy friend extoll'd:
Receive a talent of the pureſt gold.
The youth departs content. The hoſt admire
The ſon of Neſtor, worthy of his ſire.
Next theſe; a buckler, ſpear, and helm, he brings
Caſt on the plain, the brazen burthen rings:
Arms, which of late divine Sarpedon wore,
And great Patroclus in ſhort triumph bore.
Stand forth the braveſt of our hoſt! (he cries)
Whoever dares deſerve ſo rich a prize,
Now grace the liſt before our army's ſight,
And, ſheath'd in ſteel, provoke his foe to fight.
Who firſt the jointed armour ſhall explore,
And ſtain his rival's mail with iſſuing gore;
The ſword Aſteropeus poſſeſt of old
(A Thracian blade, diſtinct with ſtuds of gold)
Shall pay the ſtroke, and grace the ſtriker's ſide:
Theſe arms in common let the chiefs divide:
For each brave champion, when the combat ends,
A ſumptuous banquet at our tent attends.
Fierce at the word, up-roſe great Tydeus' ſon,
And the huge bulk of Ajax Telamon.

Clad

Clad in refulgent steel, on either hand,
The dreadful chiefs amid the circle stand:
Lowering they meet, tremendous to the fight;
Each Argive bosom beats with fierce delight.
Oppos'd in arms not long they idly stood,
But thrice they clos'd, and thrice the charge renew'd.
A furious pass the spear of Ajax made
Through the broad shield, but at the corselet stay'd:
Not thus the foe: his javelin aim'd above
The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove.
But Greece now trembling for her hero's life,
Bade share the honours, and surcease the strife.
Yet still the victor's due Tydides gains,
With him the sword and studded belt remains.
Then hurl'd the hero thundering on the ground
A mass of iron (an enormous round)
Whose weight and size the circling Greeks admire,
Rude from the furnace, and but shap'd by fire.
This mighty quoit Action wont to rear,
And from his whirling arm dismiss in air:
The giant by Achilles slain, he stow'd
Among his spoils this memorable load.
For this, he bids those nervous artists vie,
That teach the disk to sound along the sky.
Let him whose might can hurl this bowl, arise;
Who fartheſt hurls it, takes it as his prize:
If he be one, enrich'd with large domain
Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,
Small stock of iron needs that man provide;
His hinds and swains whole years shall be supply'd

From hence: nor ask the neighbouring city's aid,
For ploughshares, wheels, and all the rural trade.
Stern Polypœtes stept before the throng,
And great Leonteus, more than mortal strong;
Whose force with rival forces to oppose,
Up rose great Ajax; up Epëus rose.
Each stood in order: first Epëus threw;
High o'er the wondering crouds the whirling circle flew.
Leontes next a little space surpast,
And third, the strength of God-like Ajax cast.
O'er both their marks it flew; till fiercely flung
From Polypœtes' arm, the discus sung:
Far as a swain his whirling sheephook throws,
That distant falls among the grazing cows,
So past them all the rapid circle flies:
His friends (while loud applauses shake the skies)
With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty prize.
Those who in skilful archery contend,
He next invites the twanging bow to bend:
And twice ten axes cast amidst the round
(Ten double-edg'd, and ten that singly wound).
The mast, which late a first-rate galley bore,
The hero fixes in the sandy shore;
To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.
Whose weapon strikes yon fluttering bird, shall bear
These two-edg'd axes, terrible in war:
The single, he, whose shaft divides the cord.
He said: experienc'd Merion took the word;
And skilful Teucer: in the helm they threw
Their lots inscrib'd, and forth the latter flew,

Swift

Swift from the ſtring the ſounding arrow flies;
But flies unbleſt! No grateful ſacrifice,
No firſtling lambs, unheedful! didſt thou vow
To Phœbus, patron of the ſhaft and bow.
For this, thy well-aim'd arrow, turn'd aſide,
Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that ty'd:
A-down the main-maſt fell the parting ſtring,
And the free bird to heaven diſplays her wing:
Seas, ſhores, and ſkies, with loud applauſe reſound,
And Merion eager meditates the wound:
He takes the bow, directs the ſhaft above,
And, following with his eye the ſoaring dove,
Implores the God to ſpeed it through the ſkies,
With vows of firſtling lambs, and grateful ſacrifice.
The dove, in airy circles as ſhe wheels,
Amid the clouds, the piercing arrow feels;
Quite through and through the point its paſſage found,
And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.
The wounded bird, ere yet ſhe breath'd her laſt,
With flagging wings alighted on the maſt;
A moment hung, and ſpread her pinions there,
Then ſudden dropt, and left her life in air.
From the pleas'd croud new peals of thunder riſe,
And to the ſhips brave Merion bears the prize.

To cloſe the funeral games Achilles laſt
A maſſy ſpear amid the circle plac'd,
An ample charger of unſullied frame,
With flowers high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by flame.
For theſe he bids the heroes prove their art,
Whoſe dextrous ſkill directs the flying dart.

Here too great Merion hopes the noble prize;
Nor here disdain'd the king of men to rise.
With joy Pelides saw the honour paid,
Rose to the monarch, and respectful said:
Thee first in virtue, as in power supreme,
O king of nations! all thy Greeks proclaim;
In every martial game thy worth attest,
And know thee both their greatest, and their best.
Take then the prize, but let brave Merion bear
This beamy javelin in thy brother's war.
Pleas'd from the hero's lips his praise to hear,
The king to Merion gives the brazen spear:
But, set apart for sacred use, commands
The glittering charger to Talthibius' hands.

THE

TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

The Redemption of the body of Hector.

THE Gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter ſends Thetis to Achilles, to diſpoſe him for the reſtoring it; and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in perſon, and treat for it. The old king, notwithſtanding the remonſtrances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He ſets forth in his chariot, with a waggon loaded with preſents, under the charge of Idæus, the herald. Mercury deſcends in the ſhape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their converſation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, caſts himſelf at his feet, and begs for the body of his ſon; Achilles, mov'd with compaſſion, grants his requeſt, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning ſends him home with the body. The Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen; with the ſolemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles: and as many more are ſpent in the truce allowed for his interment. The ſcene is partly in Achilles' camp, and partly in Troy.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XXIV.

NOW from the finish'd games the Grecian band
Seek their black ships, and clear the crouded [strand:
All stretch'd at ease the genial banquet share,
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.
Not so Achilles: he to grief resign'd,
His friend's dear image present to his mind,
Takes his sad couch, more unobserv'd to weep;
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep.
Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,
And all his soul on his Patroclus fed:
The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind,
That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,
What toils they shar'd, what martial works they wrought,
What seas they measur'd, and what fields they fought;
All past before him in remembrance dear,
Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.
And now supine, now prone, the hero lay,
Now shifts his side, impatient for the day:
Then starting up, disconsolate he goes
Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes.
There, as the solitary mourner raves,
The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves:

Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd:
The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.
And thrice, Patroclus! round thy monument
Was Hector dragg'd, then hurry'd to the tent.
There sleep at last o'ercomes the hero's eyes;
While foul in dust th' unhonour'd carcase lies,
But not deserted by the pitying Skies.
For Phœbus watch'd it with superiour care,
Preserv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air;
And ignominious as it swept the field,
Spread o'er the sacred corpse his golden shield.
All Heaven was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go
By stealth to snatch him from th' insulting foe:
But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies,
And th' unrelenting Empress of the skies:
E'er since that day implacable to Troy,
What time young Paris, simple shepherd boy,
Won by destructive lust (reward obscene)
Their charms rejected for the Cyprian Queen.
But when the tenth celestial morning broke;
To Heaven assembled, thus Apollo spoke:
  Unpitying Powers! how oft each holy fane
Has Hector ting'd with blood of victims slain!
And, can ye still his cold remains pursue?
Still grudge his body to the Trojans' view?
Deny to consort, mother, son, and sire,
The last sad honours of a funeral fire?
Is then the dire Achilles all your care?
That iron heart, inflexibly severe;
A lion, not a man, who slaughter's wide
In strength of rage and impotence of pride;

Who

Who haſtes to murder with a ſavage joy,
Invades around, and breathes but to deſtroy.
Shame is not of his ſoul; nor underſtood,
The greateſt evil and the greateſt good.
Still for one loſs he rages unreſign'd,
Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;
To loſe a friend, a brother, or a ſon,
Heaven dooms each mortal, and its will is done:
A while they ſorrow, then diſmiſs their care;
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
But this, inſatiate, the commiſſion given
By Fate exceeds, and tempts the wrath of Heaven:
Lo! how his rage diſhoneſt drags along
Hector's dead earth, inſenſible of wrong!
Brave though he be, yet, by no reaſon aw'd,
He violates the laws of man and God.
If equal honours by the partial Skies
Are doom'd both heroes, (Juno thus replies)
If Thetis ſon muſt no diſtinction know,
Then hear, ye Gods! the Patron of the Bow.
But Hector only boaſts a mortal claim,
His birth deriving from a mortal dame:
Achilles of your own ætherial race
Springs from a Goddeſs by a man's embrace
(A Goddeſs by ourſelf to Peleus given,
A man divine, and choſen friend of Heaven).
To grace thoſe nuptials from the bright abode
Yourſelves were preſent; where this minſtrel-God
(Well pleas'd to ſhare the feaſt) amid the quire
Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre.

Then

Then thus the Thunderer checks th' imperial Dame:
Let not thy wrath the court of heaven inflame;
Their merits, not their honours, are the same.
But mine, and every God's peculiar grace,
Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race:
Still on our shrines his grateful offerings lay
(The only honours men to Gods can pay);
Nor ever from our smoking altar ceas'd
The pure libation, and the holy feast.
Howe'er, by stealth to snatch the corpse away,
We will not: Thetis guards it night and day.
But haste, and summon to our courts above
The azure Queen: let her persuasion move
Her furious son from Priam to receive
The proffer'd ransom, and the corpse to leave.
He added not: and Iris from the skies,
Swift as a whirlwind on the message flies.
Meteorous the face of Ocean sweeps,
Refulgent gliding o'er the sable deeps,
Between where Samos wide his forest spreads,
And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads.
Down plung'd the Maid (the parted waves resound);
She plung'd, and instant shot the dark profound.
As, bearing death in the fallacious bait,
From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight;
So pass'd the Goddess through the closing wave,
Where Thetis sorrow'd in her sacred cave:
There, plac'd amidst her melancholy train
(The blue-hair'd sisters of the sacred main)

Pensive

Penſive ſhe ſat, revolving fates to come,
And wept her God-like ſon's approaching doom.
Then thus the Goddeſs of the painted bow,
Ariſe! O Thetis, from thy ſeats below:
'Tis Jove that calls. And why (the Dame replies)
Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated ſkies,
Sad object as I am for heavenly ſight?
Ah, may my ſorrows ever ſhun the light!
Howe'er, be Heaven's almighty Sire obey'd—
She ſpake, and veil'd her head in ſable ſhade,
Which flowing long, her graceful perſon clad;
And forth ſhe pac'd, majeſtically ſad.
Then through the world of waters they repair
(The way fair Iris led) to upper air.
The deeps dividing, o'er the coaſt they riſe,
And touch with momentary flight the ſkies.
There in the lightning's blaze the Sire they found,
And all the Gods in ſhining ſynod round.
Thetis approach'd with anguiſh in her face
(Minerva, riſing, gave the Mourner place);
Ev'n Juno ſought her ſorrows to conſole,
And offer'd from her hand the nectar-bowl:
She taſted, and reſign'd it: then began
The ſacred Sire of Gods and mortal man:
Thou com'ſt, fair Thetis, but with grief o'ercaſt;
Maternal ſorrows; long, ah long to laſt!
Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares:
But yield to Fate, and hear what Jove declares.
Nine days are paſt, ſince all the court above
In Hector's cauſe have mov'd the ear of Jove;

'Twas

'Twas voted, Hermes from his God-like foe
By ſtealth ſhould bear him, but we will'd not ſo:
We will, thy ſon himſelf the corpſe reſtore,
And to his conqueſt add this glory more.
Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bear;
Tell him he tempts the wrath of Heaven too far:
Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
Vent his mad vengeance on the ſacred dead:
But yield to ranſom and the father's prayer.
The mournful father, Iris ſhall prepare,
With gifts to ſue; and offer to his hands
Whate'er his honour aſks, or heart demands.
His word the ſilver-footed Queen attends,
And from Olympus' ſnowy tops deſcends.
Arriv'd, ſhe heard the voice of loud lament,
And echoing groans that ſhook the lofty tent.
His friends prepare the victim, and diſpoſe
Repaſt unheeded, while he vents his woes;
The Goddeſs ſeats her by her penſive ſon,
She preſt his hand, and tender thus begun:
How long, unhappy! ſhall thy ſorrows flow;
And thy heart waſte with life-conſuming woe:
Mindleſs of food, or love, whoſe pleaſing reign
Soothes weary life, and ſoftens human pain?
O ſnatch the moments yet within thy power;
Not long to live, indulge the amorous hour!
Lo! Jove himſelf (for Jove's command I bear)
Forbids to tempt the wrath of Heaven too far.
No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
Detain the relicks of great Hector dead;

Nor

Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain:
But yield to ransom, and restore the slain.
To whom Achilles: Be the ransom given,
And we submit, since such the will of Heaven.
While thus they commun'd, from th' Olympian bowers
Jove orders Iris to the Trojan towers:
Haste, winged Goddess to the sacred town,
And urge her monarch to redeem his son;
Alone, the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for so we will: no Trojan near;
Except, to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand,
May the slow mules and funeral car command.
Nor let him death, nor let him danger, dread,
Safe through the foe by our protection led:
Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey,
Guard of his life, and partner of his way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
His age, nor touch one venerable hair;
Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save,
Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,
And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives;
Where the sad sons beside their father's throne
Sate bath'd in tears, and answer'd groan with groan.
And all amidst them lay the hoary sire,
(Sad scene of woe!) his face, his wrapt attire,
Conceal'd from sight; with frantic hands he spread
A shower of ashes o'er his neck and head.

From room to room his penſive daughters roam;
Whoſe ſhrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome;
Mindful of thoſe, who, late their pride and joy,
Lie pale and breathleſs round the fields of Troy!
Before the king Jove's meſſenger appears,
And thus, in whiſpers, greets his trembling ears:
Fear not, oh father! no ill news I bear;
From Jove I come, Jove makes thee ſtill his care;
For Hector's ſake theſe walls he bids thee leave,
And bear what ſtern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for ſo he wills: no Trojan near,
Except, to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand,
May the ſlow mules and funeral car command.
Nor ſhalt thou death, nor ſhalt thou danger, dread;
Safe through the foe by his protection led:
Thee Hermes to Pelides ſhall convey,
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' ſelf ſhall ſpare
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair;
Some thought there muſt be, in a ſoul ſo brave,
Some ſenſe of duty, ſome deſire to ſave.
She ſpoke, and vaniſh'd. Priam bids prepare
His gentle mules, and harneſs to the car;
There, for the gifts, a poliſh'd caſket lay;
His pious ſons the king's command obey.
Then paſs'd the monarch to his bridal-room,
Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume,
And where the treaſures of his empire lay;
Then call'd his queen, and thus began to ſay:

Unhappy

Unhappy consort of a king distrest!
Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast:
I saw descend the messenger of Jove,
Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move;
Forsake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain
The corpse of Hector, at yon navy, slain.
Tell me thy thought: my heart impels to go
Through hostile camps, and bears me to the foe.
The hoary monarch thus. Her piercing cries
Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies:
Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?
And where the prudence now, that aw'd mankind;
Through Phrygia once, and foreign regions known;
Now all confus'd, distracted, overthrown?
Singly to pass through hosts of foes! to face
(Oh heart of steel!) the murderer of thy race!
To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er
Those hands, yet red with Hector's noble gore!
Alas! my Lord! he knows not how to spare,
And what his mercy, thy slain sons declare;
So brave! so many fall'n! To calm his rage,
Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.
No—pent in this sad palace, let us give
To grief, the wretched days we have to live.
Still, still for Hector let our sorrows flow,
Born to his own and to his parents' woe!
Doom'd, from the hour his luckless life begun,
To dogs, to vultures, and to Peleus' son!
Oh! in his dearest blood might I allay
My rage, and these barbarities repay!

For

For ah! could Hector merit thus, whose breath
Expir'd not meanly in unactive death?
He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight,
And fell a hero in his country's right.
Seek not to stay me, nor my soul affright
With words of omen, like a bird of night
(Reply'd, unmov'd, the venerable man).
'Tis Heaven commands me. and you urge in vain.
Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid,
Nor augur, priest, or seer, had been obey'd.
A present Goddess brought the high command,
I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.
I go, ye Gods! obedient to your call:
If in yon camp your powers have doom'd my fall,
Content—By the same hand let me expire!
Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched sire!
One cold embrace at last may be allow'd,
And my last tears flow mingled with his blood!
From forth his open'd stores, this said, he drew
Twelve costly carpets of refulgent hue,
As many vests, as many mantles told,
And twelve fair veils and garments stiff with gold.
Two tripods next, and twice two chargers, shine,
With ten pure talents from the richest mine;
And last a large well-labour'd bowl had place,
(The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace).
Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,
For one last look to buy him back to Troy!
Lo! the sad father, frantic with his pain,
Around him furious drives his menial train:

In vain each ſlave with duteous care attends,
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.
What make ye here? officious crouds! (he cries)
Hence! nor obtrude your anguiſh on my eyes.
Have ye no griefs at home to fix you there;
Am I the only object of deſpair?
Am I become my people's common ſhow,
Set up by Jove your ſpectacle of woe?
No, you muſt feel him too; yourſelves muſt fall;
The ſame ſtern God to ruin gives you all:
Nor is great Hector loſt by me alone;
Your ſole defence, your guardian Power, is gone;
I ſee your blood the fields of Phrygia drown,
I ſee the ruins of your ſmoking town!
O ſend me, Gods! ere that ſad day ſhall come,
A willing ghoſt to Pluto's dreary dome!
He ſaid, and feebly drives his friends away:
The ſorrowing friends his frantic rage obey.
Next on his ſons his erring fury falls,
Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls;
His threats Deïphobus and Dius hear,
Hippothoüs, Pammon, Helenus the ſeer,
And generous Antiphon: for yet theſe nine
Surviv'd, ſad relicks of his numerous line:
Inglorious ſons, of an unhappy ſire!
Why did not all in Hector's cauſe expire?
Wretch that I am! my braveſt offspring ſlain,
You, the diſgrace of Priam's houſe, remain!
Neſtor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
With Troileus, dreadful on his ruſhing car,

And laſt great Hector, more than man divine,
For ſure he ſeem'd not of terreſtrial line!
All thoſe relentleſs Mars untimely ſlew,
And left me theſe, a ſoft and ſervile crew,
Whoſe days the feaſt and wanton dance employ,
Gluttons and flatterers, the contempt of Troy!
Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
And ſpeed my journey to redeem my ſon?
The ſons their father's wretched age revere,
Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
High on the ſeat the cabinet they bind:
The new-made car with ſolid beauty ſhin'd;
Box was the yoke, emboſs'd with coſtly pains,
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins;
Nine cubits long, the traces ſwept the ground;
Theſe to the chariot's poliſh'd pole they bound,
Then fixt a ring the running reins to guide,
And cloſe beneath the gather'd ends were ty'd.
Next with the gifts (the price of Hector ſlain)
The ſad attendants load the groaning wain:
Laſt, to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring
(The gift of Myſia to the Trojan king).
But the fair horſes, long his darling care,
Himſelf receiv'd, and harneſs'd to his car:
Griev'd as he was, he not this taſk deny'd:
The hoary herald help'd him, at his ſide.
While careful theſe the gentle courſers join'd,
Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind;
A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine,
(Libation deſtin'd to the Power divine)

Held

Held in her right, before the ſteeds ſhe ſtands,
And thus conſigns it to the monarch's hands:
Take this, and pour to Jove; that, ſafe from harms,
His grace reſtore thee to our roof and arms.
Since, victor of thy fears, and ſlighting mine,
Heaven, or thy ſoul, inſpire this bold deſign:
Pray to that God, who high on Ida's brow
Surveys thy deſolated realms below,
His winged meſſenger to ſend from high,
And lead thy way with heavenly augury:
Let the ſtrong ſovereign of the plumy race
Tower on the right of yon ætherial ſpace.
That ſign beheld, and ſtrengthen'd from above,
Boldly purſue the journey mark'd by Jove;
But if the God his augury denies,
Suppreſs thy impulſe, nor reject advice,
'Tis juſt (ſaid Priam) to the Sire above)
To raiſe our hands; for who ſo good as Jove?
He ſpoke, and bade th' attendant handmaid bring
The pureſt water of the living ſpring
(Her ready hands the ewer and baſon held);
Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd;
On the mid pavement pours the roſy wine,
Uplifts his eyes, and calls the Power divine:
Oh firſt, and greateſt! Heaven's imperial Lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd!
To ſtern Achilles now direct my ways,
And teach him mercy when a father prays.
If ſuch thy will, diſpatch from yonder ſky
Thy ſacred bird, celeſtial augury!

Let the ſtrong ſovereign of the plumy race
Tower on the right of yon ætherial ſpace:
So ſhall thy ſuppliant, ſtrengthen'd from above,
Fearleſs purſue the journey mark'd by Jove.
Jove heard his prayer, and from the throne on high
Diſpatch'd his bird, celeſtial augury!
The ſwift-wing'd chacer of the feather'd game,
And known to Gods by Percnos' lofty name.
Wide as appears ſome palace-gate diſplay'd,
So broad, his pinions ſtretch'd their ample ſhade,
As ſtooping dexter with reſounding wings
Th' imperial bird deſcends in airy rings.
A dawn of joy in every face appears;
The mourning matron dries her timorous tears:
Swift on his car th' impatient monarch ſprung;
The brazen portal in his paſſage rung.
The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,
Charg'd with the gifts: Idæus holds the rein:
The king himſelf his gentle ſteeds controls,
And through ſurrounding friends the chariot rolls.
On his ſlow wheels the following people wait,
Mourn at each ſtep, and give him up to Fate;
With hands uplifted, eye him as he paſt,
And gaz'd upon him as they gaz'd their laſt.
Now forward fares the father on his way,
Through the lone fields, and back to Ilion they.
Great Jove beheld him as he croſt the plain,
And felt the woes of miſerable man.
Then thus to Hermes: Thou whoſe conſtant cares
Still ſuccour mortals, and attend their prayers;

Behold

Behold an object to thy charge consign'd :
If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind,
Go, guard the sire ; th' observing foe prevent,
And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent.
The God obeys, his golden pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,
That high, through fields of air, his flight sustain,
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main :
Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye ;
Thus arm'd, swift Hermes steers his airy way,
And stoops on Hellespont's resounding sea.
A beauteous youth, majestic and divine,
He seem'd ; fair offspring of some princely line !
Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
And clad the dusky fields in sober gray ;
What-time the herald and the hoary king
(Their chariots stopping at the silver spring,
That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows)
Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose.
Through the dim shade the herald first espies
A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries :
I mark some foe's advance : O king ! beware ;
This hard adventure claims thy utmost care :
For, much I fear, destruction hovers nigh :
Our state asks counsel. Is it best to fly ?
Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall,
(Two wretched suppliants) and for mercy call ?
Th' afflicted monarch shiver'd with despair ;
Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair ;

Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;
A ſudden trembling ſhook his aged frame:
When Hermes, greeting, touch'd his royal hand,
And gently thus accoſts with kind demand:
Say whither, father! when each mortal ſight
Is ſeal'd in ſleep, thou wander'ſt through the night?
Why roam thy mules and ſteeds the plains along,
Through Grecian foes, ſo numerous and ſo ſtrong?
What could'ſt thou hope, ſhould theſe thy treaſures view;
Theſe, who with endleſs hate thy race purſue?
For what defence, alas! could'ſt thou provide;
Thyſelf not young, a weak old man thy guide?
Yet ſuffer not thy ſoul to ſink with dread:
From me no harm ſhall touch thy reverend head;
From Greece I'll guard thee too; for in thoſe lines
The living image of my father ſhines.
Thy words, that ſpeak benevolence of mind,
Are true, my ſon! (the God-like ſire rejoin'd)
Great are my hazards; but the Gods ſurvey
My ſteps, and ſend thee, guardian of my way.
Hail, and be bleſt! for ſcarce of mortal kind
Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.
Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide
(The ſacred meſſenger of Heaven reply'd);
But ſay, convey'ſt thou through the lonely plains
What yet moſt precious of thy ſtore remains,
To lodge in ſafety with ſome friendly hand:
Prepar'd, perchance, to leave thy native land?
Or fly'ſt thou now?—What hopes can Troy retain;
Thy matchleſs ſon, her guard and glory, ſlain?

The

The king, alarm'd: Say what, and whence thou art,
Who ſearch the ſorrows of a parent's heart,
And know ſo well how God-like Hector dy'd?
Thus Priam ſpoke; and Hermes thus reply'd:
You tempt me, father, and with pity touch:
On this ſad ſubject you enquire too much.
Oft have theſe eyes that God-like Hector view'd
In glorious fight, with Grecian blood embrued:
I ſaw him when, like Jove, his flames he toſt
On thouſand ſhips, and wither'd half an hoſt:
I ſaw, but help'd not: ſtern Achilles' ire
Forbade aſſiſtance, and enjoy'd the fire.
For him I ſerve, of Myrmidonian race;
One ſhip convey'd us from our native place;
Polyctor is my ſire, an honour'd name,
Old like thyſelf, and not unknown to fame:
Of ſeven his ſons, by whom the lot was caſt
To ſerve our prince, it fell on me, the laſt.
To watch this quarter my adventure falls:
For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls;
Sleepleſs they ſit, impatient to engage,
And ſcarce their rulers check their martial rage.
If then thou art of ſtern Pelides' train
(The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again)
Ah, tell me truly, where, oh! where are laid
My ſon's dear relicks? what befalls him dead?
Have dogs diſmember'd (on the naked plains)
Or yet unmangled reſt his cold remains?
O favour'd of the Skies! (thus anſwer'd then
The Power that mediates between Gods and men)

Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent,
But whole he lies, neglected in the tent:
This the twelfth evening since he rested there,
Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is spread,
Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead:
Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,
All fresh he lies, with every living grace,
Majestical in death! No stains are found
O'er all the corpse, and clos'd is every wound;
Though many a wound they gave. Some heavenly care,
Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair:
Or all the host of heaven, to whom he led
A life so grateful, still regard him dead.

Thus spoke to Priam the celestial guide!
And joyful thus the royal sire reply'd:
Blest is the man who pays the Gods above
The constant tribute of respect and love;
Those who inhabit the Olympian bower
My son forgot not, in exalted power;
And Heaven, that every virtue bears in mind,
Ev'n to the ashes of the just, is kind.
But thou, oh generous youth! this goblet take,
A pledge of gratitude, for Hector's sake;
And, while the favouring Gods our steps survey,
Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way.

To whom the latent God: O King, forbear
To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err:
But can I, absent from my prince's sight,
Take gifts in secret, that must shun the light?

What

What from our master's interest thus we draw,
Is but a licens'd theft that 'scapes the law.
Respecting him, my soul abjures th' offence;
And, as the crime, I dread the consequence.
Thee, far as Argos, pleas'd I could convey;
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way:
On thee attend, thy safety to maintain,
O'er pathless forests, or the roaring main.
He said, then took the chariot at the bound,
And snatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the lash around!
Before th' inspiring God, that urg'd them on,
The coursers fly, with spirit not their own.
And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found
The guards repasting, while the bowls go round:
On these the virtue of his wand he tries,
And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes:
Then heav'd the massy gates, remov'd the bars,
And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars.
Unseen, through all the hostile camp they went,
And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.
Of fir the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
With reeds collected from the marshy shore;
And, fenc'd with palisades, a hall of state,
(The work of soldiers) where the hero sate.
Large was the door, whose well-compacted strength
A solid pine-tree barr'd, of wondrous length;
Scarce three strong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,
But great Achilles singly clos'd the gate.
This Hermes (such the power of Gods!) set wide;
Then swift alighted the celestial guide,

And

And thus reveal'd—Hear, prince! and underſtand
Thou ow'ſt thy guidance to no mortal hand:
Hermes I am, deſcended from above,
The King of arts, the Meſſenger of Jove.
Farewell: to ſhun Achilles' ſight I fly:
Uncommon are ſuch favours of the Sky,
Nor ſtand confeſt to frail mortality.
Now fearleſs enter, and prefer thy prayers;
Adjure him by his father's ſilver hairs,
His ſon, his mother! urge him to beſtow
Whatever pity that ſtern heart can know.
Thus having ſaid, he vaniſh'd from his eyes,
And in a moment ſhot into the ſkies:
The king, confirm'd from heaven, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car.
With ſolemn pace through various rooms he went,
And found Achilles in his inner tent:
There ſate the hero; Alcimus the brave,
And great Automedon, attendance gave:
Theſe ſerv'd his perſon at the royal feaſt:
Around, at awful diſtance, ſtood the reſt.
Unſeen by theſe, the king his entry made;
And, proſtrate now before Achilles laid,
Sudden (a venerable ſight) appears;
Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears;
Thoſe direful hands his kiſſes preſs'd, embrued
Ev'n with the beſt, the deareſt of his blood!
As when a wretch (who, conſcious of his crime,
Purſued for murder, flies his native clime)
Juſt gains ſome frontier, breathleſs, pale, amaz'd!
All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gaz'd:

Thus

Thus ſtood th' attendants ſtupid with ſurprize;
All mute, yet ſeem'd to queſtion with their eyes:
Each look'd on other, none the ſilence broke,
Till thus at laſt the kingly ſuppliant ſpoke:
Ah think, thou favour'd of the Powers divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!
In me, that father's reverend image trace,
Thoſe ſilver hairs, that venerable face;
His trembling limbs, his helpleſs perſon, ſee!
In all my equal, but in miſery!
Yet now, perhaps, ſome turn of human fate
Expels him helpleſs from his peaceful ſtate;
Think, from ſome powerful foe thou ſee'ſt him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.
Yet ſtill one comfort in his ſoul may riſe;
He hears his ſon ſtill lives to glad his eyes;
And, hearing, ſtill may hope a better day
May ſend him thee, to chace that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes, remain:
The beſt, the braveſt, of my ſons are ſlain!
Yet what a race! ere Greece to Ilion came,
The pledge of many a lov'd and loving dame!
Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead!
How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled!
Still one was left, their loſs to recompenſe;
His father's hope, his country's laſt defence.
Him too thy rage has ſlain! beneath thy ſteel,
Unhappy, in his country's cauſe he fell!
For him, through hoſtile camps I bend my way,
For him, thus proſtrate at thy feet I lay;

Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;
O hear the wretched, and the Gods revere!
Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpless and as old!
Though not so wretched: there he yields to me,
The first of men in sovereign misery!
Thus forc'd to kneel, thus groveling to embrace
The scourge and ruin of my realm and race:
Suppliant my childrens' murderer to implore,
And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore!
These words soft pity in the chief inspire,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his fire.
Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulg'd the gush of woe;
And now the mingled tides together flow:
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
A father one, and one a son, deplore:
But great Achilles different passions rend,
And now his sire he mourns, and now his friend.
Th' infectious softness through the heroes ran;
One universal solemn shower began;
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.
Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine Achilles rose;
The reverend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
On his white beard and form majestic gaz'd,
Not unrelenting: then serene began
With words to soothe the miserable man:
Alas! what weight of anguish hast thou known
Unhappy prince! thus guardless and alone

To

To pafs through foes, and thus undaunted face
The man whofe fury has deftroy'd thy race!
Heaven fure has arm'd thee with a heart of ſteel,
A ſtrength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
Riſe then: let reaſon mitigate our care:
To mourn, avails not: man is born to bear.
Such is, alas! the Gods' ſevere decree:
They, only they, are bleſt, and only free.
Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever ſtood,
The ſource of evil one, and one of good;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Bleſſings to theſe, to thoſe diſtributes ills;
To moſt, he mingles both: the wretch decreed
To taſte the bad, unmix'd, is curſt indeed;
Purſued by wrongs, by meagre famine driven,
He wanders, outcaſt both of earth and heaven.
The happieſt, taſte not happineſs ſincere;
But find the cordial draught is daſh'd with care.
Who more than Peleus ſhone in wealth and power!
What ſtars concurring bleſt his natal hour!
A realm, a Goddeſs, to his wiſhes given;
Grac'd by the Gods with all the gifts of Heaven.
One evil, yet, o'ertakes his lateſt day:
No race ſucceeding to imperial ſway;
An only ſon; and he (alas!) ordain'd
To fall untimely in a foreign land.
See him, in Troy, the pious care decline
Of his weak age, to live the curſe of thine!
Thou too, old man, haſt happier days beheld;
In riches once, in children once, excell'd;

Extended

Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,
And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain,
And all wide Hellespont's unmeasur'd main.
But since the God his hand has pleas'd to turn,
And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,
What sees the sun, but hapless heroes' falls?
War and the blood of men surround thy walls!
What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed
These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;
Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore,
But thou, alas! may'st live, to suffer more!
To whom the king: Oh, favour'd of the Skies!
Here let me grow to earth! since Hector lies
On the bare beach depriv'd of obsequies.
Oh, give me Hector! to my eyes restore
His corpse, and take the gifts: I ask no more.
Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores enjoy;
Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from Troy;
So shall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to see the light and live!
Move me no more! (Achilles thus replies,
While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes);
Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend;
To yield thy Hector, I myself intend:
For know, from Jove my Goddess-mother came
(Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame);
Nor com'st thou but by Heaven: nor com'st alone,
Some God impels with courage not thy own:
No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,
Nor could the boldest of our youth have dar'd
To pass our out-works, or elude the guard.

Cease;

Ceaſe; leſt, neglectful of high Jove's command,
I ſhow thee, king! thou tread'ſt on hoſtile land;
Releaſe my knees, thy ſuppliant arts give o'er,
And ſhake the purpoſe of my ſoul no more.
The ſire obey'd him, trembling and o'er-aw'd.
Achilles, like a lion, ruſh'd abroad;
Automedon and Alcimus attend
(Whom moſt he honour'd ſince he loſt his friend);
Theſe to unyoke the mules and horſes went,
And led the hoary herald to the tent;
Next heap'd on high the numerous preſents bear
(Great Hector's ranſom) from the poliſh'd car.
Two ſplendid mantles, and a carpet ſpread,
They leave, to cover and inwrap the dead.
Then call the handmaids, with aſſiſtant toil
To waſh the body and anoint with oil,
Apart from Priam; leſt th' unhappy ſire,
Provok'd to paſſion, once more rouze to ire
The ſtern Pelides; and nor ſacred age,
Nor Jove's command, ſhould check the riſing rage.
This done, the garments o'er the corpſe they ſpread;
Achilles lifts it to the funeral bed:
Then, while the body on the car they laid,
He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' ſhade:
If, in that gloom which never light muſt know,
The deeds of mortals touch the ghoſts below:
O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfill
(Reſtoring Hector) Heaven's unqueſtion'd will.
The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy ſhrine.

He said, and, entering, took his seat of state,
Where full before him reverend Priam sate:
To whom, compos'd, the God-like chief begun—
Lo! to thy prayer restor'd, thy breathless son;
Extended on the funeral couch he lies;
And, soon as morning paints the eastern skies,
The sight is granted to thy longing eyes.
But now the peaceful hours of sacred night
Demand refection, and to rest invite:
Nor thou, O father! thus consum'd with woe,
The common cares that nourish life forego.
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once, whose sorrows equal'd thine:
Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,
In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades;
These by Apollo's silver bow were slain,
Those, Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain:
So was her pride chastis'd by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line;
But two the Goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd:
Those boasted twelve th' avenging two destroy'd.
Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,
Nine days, neglected, lay expos'd the dead;
None by to weep them, to inhume them none
(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone):
The Gods themselves at length, relenting, gave
Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
Herself a rock (for such was Heaven's high will)
Through deserts wild now pours a weeping rill;
Where round the bed whence Acheloüs springs,
The watery Fairies dance in mazy rings,

There

There high on Sipylus's ſhaggy brow
She ſtands, her own ſad monument of woe;
The rock for ever laſts, the tears for ever flow.
Such griefs, O king! have other parents known;
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The care of Heaven thy Hector has appear'd,
Nor ſhall he lie unwept and uninterr'd;
Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
And all the eyes of Ilion ſtream around.
He ſaid, and, riſing, choſe the victim ewe
With ſilver fleece, which his attendants ſlew.
The limbs they ſever from the reeking hide,
With ſkill prepare them, and in parts divide:
Each on the coals the ſeparate morſels lays,
And, haſty, ſnatches from the riſing blaze.
With bread the glittering caniſters they load,
Which round the board Automedon beſtow'd:
The chief himſelf to each his portion plac'd,
And each indulging ſhar'd in ſweet repaſt.
When now the rage of hunger was repreſt,
The wondering hero eyes his royal gueſt;
No leſs the royal gueſt the hero eyes,
His god-like aſpect and majeſtic ſize;
Here youthful grace and noble fire engage;
And there, the mild benevolence of age.
Thus gazing long, the ſilence neither broke,
(A ſolemn ſcene!) at length the father ſpoke:
Permit me now, belov'd of Jove! to ſteep
My careful temples in the dew of ſleep:
For, ſince the day that number'd with the dead
My hapleſs ſon, the duſt has been my bed;

Soft ſleep a ſtranger to my weeping eyes;
My only food my ſorrows and my ſighs!
Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give,
I ſhare thy banquet, and conſent to live.
With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,
With purple ſoft, and ſhaggy carpets ſpread;
Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the coverings lay.
Then he: Now, father, ſleep, but ſleep not here;
Conſult thy ſafety, and forgive my fear;
Leſt any Argive (at this hour awake,
To aſk our counſel, or our orders take)
Approaching ſudden to our open'd tent,
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.
Should ſuch report thy honour'd perſon here,
The king of men the ranſom might defer;
But ſay with ſpeed, if aught of thy deſire
Remains unaſk'd; what time the rites require
To inter thy Hector? For, ſo long we ſtay
Our ſlaughtering arm, and bid the hoſts obey.
If then thy will permit (the monarch ſaid)
To finiſh all due honours to the dead,
This, of thy grace accord: to thee are known
The fears of Ilion clos'd within her town;
And at what diſtance from our walls aſpire
The hills of Ide, and foreſts for the fire.
Nine days to vent our ſorrows I requeſt,
The tenth ſhall ſee the funeral and the feaſt;
The next, to raiſe his monument be given;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by Heaven!

This

This thy requeſt (reply'd the chief) enjoy;
Till then, our arms ſuſpend the fall of Troy.
Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent
The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;
Where fair Briſeïs, bright in blooming charms,
Expects her hero with deſiring arms.
But in the porch, the king and herald reſt;
Sad dreams of care yet wandering in their breaſt.
Now Gods and men the gifts of ſleep partake;
Induſtrious Hermes only was awake,
The king's return revolving in his mind,
To paſs the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
The Power deſcending hover'd o'er his head:
And ſleep'ſt thou, father! (thus the viſion ſaid)
Now doſt thou ſleep, when Hector is reſtor'd?
Nor fear the Grecian foes, or Grecian lord?
Thy preſence here ſhould ſtern Atrides ſee,
Thy ſtill-ſurviving ſons may ſue for thee,
May offer all thy treaſures yet contain,
To ſpare thy age; and offer all in vain.
Wak'd with the word, the trembling ſire aroſe,
And rais'd his friend: the God before him goes;
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
And moves in ſilence through the hoſtile land.
When now to Xanthus' yellow ſtream they drove
(Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove)
The winged Deity forſook their view,
And in a moment to Olympus flew.
Now ſhed Aurora round her ſaffron ray,
Sprung through the gate, of light, and gave the day:

Charg'd with their mournful load, to Ilion go
The sage and king, majestically slow.
Cassandra first beholds, from Ilion's spire,
The sad procession of her hoary sire;
Then, as the pensive pomp advanc'd more near
(Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier)
A shower of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries:
Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons, of Troy!
If e'er ye rush'd in crouds, with vast delight,
To hail your hero glorious from the fight;
Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow!
Your common triumph, and your common woe.
In thronging crouds they issue to the plains;
Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains:
In every face the self-same grief is shown;
And Troy sends forth one universal groan.
At Scæan's gates they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.
The wife and mother, frantic with despair,
Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair:
Thus wildly wailing at the gates they lay;
And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day:
But god-like Priam from the chariot rose;
Forbear (he cry'd) this violence of woes,
First to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead.
The waves of people at his word divide,
Slow rolls the chariot through the following tide;

Ev'n

Ev'n to the palace the ſad pomp they wait;
They weep, and place him on the bed of ſtate.
A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive ſighs, and muſick's ſolemn ſound:
Alternately they ſing, alternate flow
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
While deeper ſorrows groan from each full heart,
And nature ſpeaks at every pauſe of art.

Firſt to the corpſe the weeping conſort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms ſhe threw,
And, oh, my Hector! oh, my lord! ſhe cries,
Snatch'd in thy bloom from theſe deſiring eyes!
Thou to the diſmal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, deſolate, alone!
An only ſon, once comfort of our pains,
Sad product now of hapleſs love, remains!
Never to manly age that ſon ſhall riſe,
Or with increaſing graces glad my eyes;
For Ilion now (her great defender ſlain)
Shall ſink a ſmoking ruin on the plain.
Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who ſaves her infants from the rage of war?
Now hoſtile fleets muſt waft thoſe infants o'er
(Thoſe wives muſt wait them) to a foreign ſhore!
Thou too, my ſon! to barbarous climes ſhalt go,
The ſad companions of thy mother's woe:
Driven hence a ſlave before the victor's ſword;
Condemn'd to toil for ſome inhuman lord:
Or elſe ſome Greek, whoſe father preſt the plain,
Or ſon, or brother, by great Hector ſlain;

In

In Hector's blood his vengeance ſhall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the towers of Troy.
For thy ſtern father never ſpar'd a foe:
Thence all theſe tears, and all this ſcene of woe!
Thence many evils his ſad parents bore,
His parents many, but his conſort more.
Why gav'ſt thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I thy laſt command?
Some word thou would'ſt have ſpoke, which, ſadly dear,
My ſoul might keep, or utter with a tear;
Which never, never could be loſt in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!
Thus to her weeping maids ſhe makes her moan:
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.
The mournful mother next ſuſtains her part:
Oh thou, the beſt, the deareſt to my heart!
Of all my race thou moſt by Heaven approv'd,
And by th' Immortals ev'n in death belov'd!
While all my other ſons in barbarous bands
Achilles bound, and ſold to foreign lands,
This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghoſt,
Free and a hero, to the Stygian coaſt.
Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,
Thy noble corpſe was dragg'd around the tomb
(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had ſlain);
Ungenerous inſult, impotent and vain!
Yet glow'ſt thou freſh with every living grace;
No mark of pain, or violence of face;
Roſy and fair, as Phœbus' ſilver bow
Diſmiſs'd thee gently to the ſhades below!

Thus

Thus ſpoke the dame, and melted into tears.
Sad Helen next, in pomp of grief, appears:
Faſt from the ſhining ſluices of her eyes
Fall the round cryſtal drops, while thus ſhe cries:
Ah, deareſt friend! in whom the Gods had join'd
The mildeſt manners with the braveſt mind;
Now twice ten years (unhappy years!) are o'er
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan ſhore;
(O had I periſh'd ere that form divine
Seduc'd this ſoft, this eaſy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
When others curſt the authoreſs of their woe,
Thy pity check'd my ſorrows in their flow:
If ſome proud brother ey'd me with diſdain,
Or ſcornful ſiſter with her ſweeping train;
Thy gentle accents ſoften'd all my pain.
For thee I mourn; and mourn myſelf in thee,
The wretched ſource of all this miſery!
The fate I caus'd, for ever I bemoan;
Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone!
Through Troy's wide ſtreets abandon'd ſhall I roam!
In Troy deſerted, as abhorr'd at home!
So ſpoke the fair, with ſorrow-ſtreaming eye:
Diſtreſsful beauty melts each ſtander-by;
On all around th' infectious ſorrow grows;
But Priam check'd the torrent as it roſe:—
Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require,
And fell the foreſts for a funeral pyre;
Twelve days, nor foes nor ſecret ambuſh dread;
Achilles grants theſe honours to the dead.

He ſpoke; and, at his word, the Trojan train
Their mules and oxen harneſs to the wain,
Pour through the gates, and, fell'd from Ida's crown,
Roll back the gather'd foreſts to the town,
Theſe toils continue nine ſucceeding days,
And high in air a ſylvan ſtructure raiſe;
But when the tenth fair morn began to ſhine,
Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,
And plac'd aloft: while all, with ſtreaming eyes,
Beheld the flames and rolling ſmokes ariſe.
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With roſy luſtre ſtreak'd the dewy lawn.
Again the mournful crouds ſurround the pyre,
And quench with wine the yet-remaining fire.
The ſnowy bones his friends and brothers place
(With tears collected) in a golden vaſe;
The golden vaſe in purple palls they roll'd,
Of ſofteſt texture, and inwrought with gold.
Laſt o'er the urn the ſacred earth they ſpread,
And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead
(Strong guards and ſpies, till all the rites were done,
Watch'd from the riſing to the ſetting ſun).
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
A ſolemn, ſilent, melancholy train:
Aſſembled there, from pious toil they reſt,
And ſadly ſhar'd the laſt ſepulchral feaſt.
Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful ſlept the mighty Hector's ſhade.

THE END OF THE ILIAD.

CONCLUSION OF THE NOTES.

WE have now paſſed through the Iliad, and ſeen the anger of Achilles, and the terrible effects of it, at an end: as that only was the ſubject of the poem, and the nature of epic poetry would not permit our author to proceed to the event of the war, it may, perhaps, be acceptable to the common reader, to give a ſhort account of what happened to Troy and the chief actors in this poem, after the concluſion of it.

I need not mention that Troy was taken ſoon after the death of Hector, by the ſtratagem of the wooden horſe, the particulars of which are deſcribed by Virgil in the ſecond book of the Æncis.

Achilles fell before Troy, by the hand of Paris, by the ſhot of an arrow in his heel, as Hector had propheſied at his death, Book xxii.

The unfortunate Priam was killed by Pyrrhus the ſon of Achilles.

Ajax, after the death of Achilles, had a conteſt with Ulyſſes for the armour of Vulcan; but, being defeated in his aim, he ſlew himſelf through indignation.

Helen, after the death of Paris, married Deïphobus his brother; and, at the taking of Troy, betrayed him, in order to reconcile herſelf to Menelaüs, her firſt huſband, who received her again into favour.

Agamemnon, at his return, was barbarouſly murdered by Ægyſtus, at the inſtigation of Clytemneſtra,

his wife, who, in his abſence, had diſhonoured his bed with Ægyſtus.

Diomed, after the fall of Troy, was expelled his own country, and ſcarce eſcaped with life from his adulterous wife Ægiale; but at laſt was received by Daunus in Apulia, and ſhared his kingdom; it is uncertain how he died.

Neſtor lived in peace, with his children, in Pylos his native country.

Ulyſſes alſo, after innumerable troubles by ſea and land, at laſt returned in ſafety to Ithaca, which is the ſubject of Homer's Odyſſeys.

I muſt end theſe remarks by diſcharging my duty to two of my friends, which is the more an indiſpenſable piece of juſtice, as the one of them is ſince dead: the merit of their kindneſs to me will appear infinitely the greater, as the taſk they undertook was, in its own nature, of much more labour, than either pleaſure or reputation. The larger part of the extracts from Euſtathius, together with ſeveral excellent obſervations, were ſent me by Mr. Broome: and the whole eſſay upon Homer was written, upon ſuch memoirs as I had collected, by the late Dr. Parnell, archdeacon of Clogher in Ireland: how very much that gentleman's friendſhip prevailed over his genius, in detaining a writer of his ſpirit in the drudgery of removing the rubbiſh of paſt pedants, will ſoon appear to the world, when they ſhall ſee thoſe beautiful pieces of poetry, the publication of which he left to my charge, almoſt with his dying breath.

For what remains, I beg to be excuſed from the ceremonies of taking leave at the end of my work; and from embarraſſing myſelf, or others, with any defences or apologies about it. But, inſtead of endeavouring to raiſe a vain monument to myſelf, of the merits or difficulties of it, (which muſt be left to the world, to truth, and to poſterity) let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendſhip, with one of the moſt valuable men, as well as fineſt writers, of my age and country: one who has tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do juſtice to Homer: and one, who (I am ſure) ſincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him therefore, having brought this long work to a concluſion, I deſire to dedicate it; and to have the honour and ſatisfaction of placing together, in this manner, the names of Mr. CONGREVE, and of

MARCH 25, 1720. A. POPE.

Τῶν Θεῶν δὲ εὐπαΐα—τὸ μὴ ἐπὶ πλέον με προκόψαι ἐν Ποιητικῇ καὶ ἄλλοις ἐπιληδεύμασι, ἐν οἷς ἴσως ἂν καλεσχέθην, εἰ ἠσθόμην ἐμαυτὸν εὐόδως προϊόντα.

M. AUREL. ANTON. de ſeipſo. l. i. § 14.

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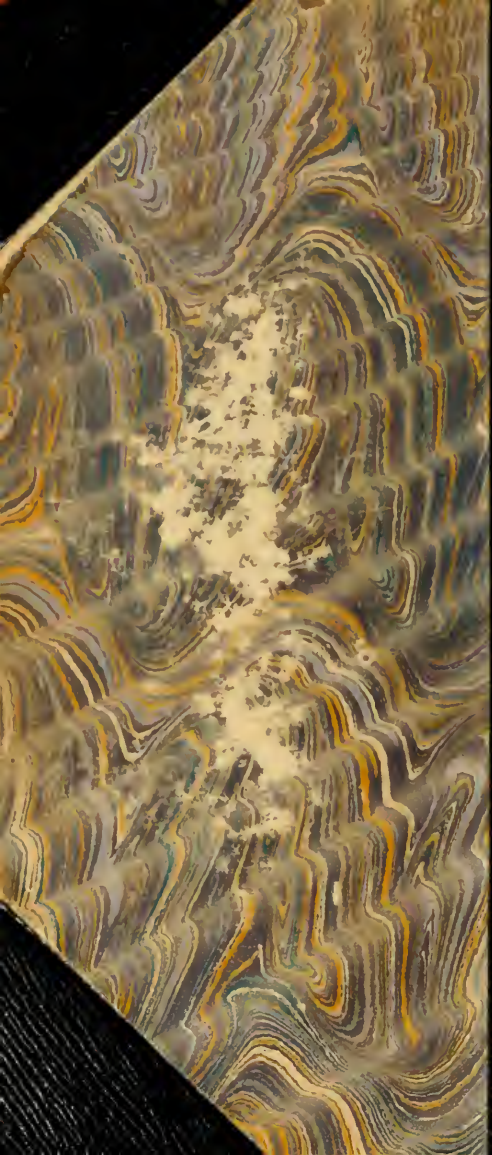
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